

## Days of Many Moods

14 February 2008

Lago Fagnano, Tierra del Fuego, Southern Patagonia, Argentina  
S54.53362 W67.22849

We found a nice campsite along Lake Fagnano a couple of days ago.



The view was beautiful, but like the rest of our trip down Patagonia, the wind was blowing very hard.



Photo by Stephanie Hackney

We don't have a wind gauge, so I can't give you a precise wind speed, but I can tell you it was strong enough in the gusts to blow the tops off the waves.



As the sun set, the wind stayed strong and gusty, par for the course down here.

## Days of Many Moods



The next day dawned dark and ominous.



But as the mountains shook off their cloak of nighttime clouds, the day looked more promising.



And as the sun began to rise, the skies softened.

## Days of Many Moods



And, most remarkably, the winds were calm, the lake almost flat.

It was our first day in Patagonia without winds ranging from strong to howling.



It grew into a remarkable day, 72 F / 22 C and the lake with only ripples.



It was so calm I even dared to deploy the side awning, something I never dreamed I'd see down here in this region.

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Photo by Stephanie Hackney

But within a few hours, the winds cranked up again.



The temperature dropped and soon bundling was the order of the day.

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To ward off the cold we built a fire and watched the day's moods march across the sky like a high speed, time lapse exposure of Midwestern weather with a seasonal half life of about 15 minutes.



We watched the clouds bank up against the mountains.



And contemplated the subtleties of shades in the receding shoreline.

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Photo by Stephanie Hackney

All the while, we waited for the sunset, when the golden hour unleashes magic in the sky and all the shooters come out to play.



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And then it did.



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But eventually, God's own light show drew to a close.



And we were left to tend the fire.



And by its glow watch the last of the sun's rays withdraw over the horizon.

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The next day, Valentine's day, dawned warm and absolutely still, a dead calm.



The only waves on the water were the wakes from the waterfowl.

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By the time we pulled out, there was a little breeze, enough to push some tiny waves, but the air was warm and the day was sunny and bright.

Tierra del Fuego is the end of the world, the southernmost place on the planet unless you are in Antarctica. It is a place where the weather doesn't change by the day, it changes by the hour, if not by the minute.

It is a place where the days have many moods.

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Unless otherwise noted, all photos by Douglas Hackney

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Photo by Jorge Valdes

Douglas and Stephanie Hackney are on a two to three year global overland expedition.  
You can learn more about their travels at: <http://www.hackneys.com/travel/index.htm>