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LOOKING FOR THE BORDER ISLAND

Daytrip on Lake Peipus around the Estonian – Russian temporary demarcation line

Chroniclers of history, rejoice!

Complete story available at: <http://www.isamaa.ee/zona>

Border is the motor of change and everything we do has a border. When we eat, we turn dead into living. More abstractly, when we grow, we turn space into reality. Everything truly is a border. Life is the matter of border, and therefore the border is, and must be, our special attention *today*.



Wild puppy with an enormous fish

Introduction



This is Estonia. Russia to the right.



And this is Russia. Estonia to the left.



This is Lake Peipsi (or Peipus in English, or Chudskoe in Russian), the fifth largest lake in Europe (3555 km²), situated on the Estonian – Russian border.



If you look closely; in the middle of the water, where it gets narrow, you can spot an island there.

This island is called Piirissaar – Border Island (in English). And one beautiful Sunday morning, when the sun was shining, three friends decided to take an inflatable rubber boat and go there.

TAKE I: The Rubber Boots

The first thing I noticed when I saw Egert, the skipper, was his pair of brand new rubber boots.

Meelis: “Perfect shoes!!”

Egert: “Yes, Man, figured out I had my ankles uncushioned and, being better off, got a real pair of these blues from the Hinnapomm.”¹

Meelis (murmuring): “Watch out the brand, for heavens sake!”

Egert (wide grin): “So what, took a pair of “Winners”. They were the only ones.”

We loaded the inflatable rubber boat into the boot of my car, put the 8 horsepower Tohatsu engine on the back seat, and headed to the nearby non-central urban area where Hinnapomm was located, to grab a pair of real „Winners” for me and for Timo, the photographer, as well.

Meelis: “Think of the footwear as a perfect burglar alarm. You have one – you need the other.”

Egert: “And that’s still quite of a selling argument for a chunk of moulded rubber.”

Meelis: “Not a bad deal for dry socks at the end of a long day!”

Egert (grin): “Not so at all, my dear friend...”

I guess that we, two principal bachelors preparing our early September weekend vacation, already spread some smell of the freshwater waves of Lake Peipus. Together were quite appealing to the matter-of-fact counter-clerk in her thirties, as she added, handing over the precious merchandise:

Counter-clerk: “Well, actually we give no guarantee with these. But keep the bill, it’s valid for two years.”

Meelis: “So, there is the possibility of exchanging these for morphological reasons?”

Counter-clerk: “Let’s put it that way.”

Egert: “Alright!”

TAKE II: Passage to the Shop with Everything

We met Timo in the city, where he had meanwhile spent the time shopping for second-hand goods.

Timo: “Good Gosh, gotta try these babies out!

Guys, I owe you a big one.”

Meelis: “Did you grab another pair of these smooth Karhu’s?”

Timo: “No, I got these from the Garbage Man yesterday.”

Meelis: “So, are we not ready to run?”

Egert: “I still don’t have film for my analogue camera.”

Timo (inspecting the camera): “Smena...”

Egert: “Left my Lumix at home. You are the artists from the EU here.”

Timo: “Hehe, I got both of my Canons... But hey, turn right at the next one! I guess we’ll just see over to the Shop with Everything!”

Meelis: “The Shop with Everything?!?”

Timo: “Yes, right here. Opposite the department store.”

Egert: “You’re pretty sure I’ll get the film here?”

Timo: “This shop is special for two reasons. First, its got everything. And second, everything costs 25 kroons here.”

Meelis (grin): “If only we could check if the case is still protected from the sun’s rays...”

A visit to the Shop with Everything, where everything costs 25 EEKs, turned out to be a wonderful time off experience. Isn’t it a pleasure to find out, that when it has all disappeared, you can buy it back for 25 kroons from a man who looks like age is just a number, and has, of course, young preschoolers running around his shop, probably selling their family silver... No, we didn’t buy the

expensive KGB uniforms that were on sale in the left hand corner, nor the non-functioning camera sets for 25 EEK, because I had a better set of the same with film put aside for Egert, our skipper, at the factory, where I used to live. We drove there and got our stuff.

TAKE III: Guard of the Harbour



...So, it was still that same wonderful day, when we arrived at the small winding Laaksaarõ harbour, about 53 kilometers from Tartu, where around 20 cars of people living or visiting the island were parked within the grove of trees and about 10 or 20 small motor boats lied alongside the narrow quarried channel leading to the lake. A few wooden summer cottages were being built on the campsite, but they looked like they would still be waiting to be finished the following season.

Egert (resolutely): “OK. Here we are now. If we want to get to the island, you better start pumping the boat – it’ll take us at least an hour to inflate it.”

Timo: “And where are you heading?”

Egert: “I’ll go talk to the Guard of the Harbour. He might know where we could find a compressor here.”

Timo: "And where are you going?"

Meelis: "My clothes are asking me to change them."

When I returned in about 10 - 15 minutes, Timo was still carrying on with the PumpStepper™, but I couldn't but notice that his enthusiasm had left him...

Meelis: "That's a heavy load of air here...but not so much in the boat..."

Timo: "Looks like the fat dube is holed or something. I must be sweating, umm, a quarter of an hour here..."

Meelis: "Did you find the Guard?"

Egert: "Yes, but I got nothing out of that chap. He might easily have been under the influence of ether. I've heard they drink it occasionally in this border zone of Russia."

Meelis: "Oh, really?!"

Egert (looking away): "...and he didn't speak any Estonian either..."

Meelis (taking a cluster of red grapes from his pocket):

"Can you hold these, Timo, and let me give it a try? I always thought I was a good miler back in junior high."

Timo: "Umm, thanks man, but hold on, there's a boat coming in... Let's ask the captain, maybe he knows!"

...

Egert (a few steps closer): "Excuse me, would you know, where we could find the Guard of the Harbour?"

Fisherman: "No, not really. Don't think so."

Egert: "Perhaps we could find a compressor here?"

Fisherman (practically): "No, no. I don't think so. What is your problem?"

Egert: "Well, we want to use the compressor to inflate the boat. We even have the special adapter for the compressor, you know? We don't want to spend an age inflating the boat manually, or rather with our feet, that is."

Fisherman (practically, anxiously): "There is something wrong with the way you are doing it."

Meelis: "Are you sure we are in the right port? Maybe we should drive to another place – a place where they have the compressor?"

Fisherman (practically, anxiously looking at Timo, who is, although worn out, still slowly stepping on the pump): "No, I don't think so. There is something wrong with the way you do it."

The captain had probably seen city folk like us before, but - might it be our truly amateur spirit - he was not keen to help us. Carefully listening and sensing the pump, he easily figured out our problem: the extra valve for the compressor was left inside the pump tube, and we had been carrying on a bootless effort, to which would once again tighten our loose schedule and shorten the daylight time we had left for the trip. We tried to tire out the captain with gratitude, but he quickly stood aside, not offering us another good-for-nothing word; just inspecting and sharing competent tips with his crew about our 8 horsepower compact Tohatsu engine. That was the first moment of clarity for me. As the boat was quickly taking shape, I decided to go and yet once more try to talk to the Guard of the Harbour.



He was not far away, just about 100 meters from us, walking the dog (or the other way around) and inspecting his territory, which must already have been so well known for him. At the point when I got to him, he was carried away in thoughts over an old fishing rod he had found in the bushes. He and the rod, they seemed so out of place to me that I couldn't help sensing the taste of a bream chowder in my mouth.

Meelis (in bad Russian): "Good day!"

Guard (in Russian): "Good day."

Meelis: "Do you know where we could use the compressor?"

Guard: "What?"

Meelis (even worse Russian): "You know, we have a boat. And we need air, you know?"

Guard: "Well, yes. I know. I will bring it to you."

I walked slowly back to the boat and started pushing the pedal again, feeling restless inside and trying to avoid questions from my mates. I was worried if the Guard had understood my plea. But no more than 100 strokes had passed, when he appeared again, with a fishing rod in one hand, and a classic black car pump in the other. I felt a great relief. With two pumps, we were almost floating. Timo took some pictures and everybody was in a jolly mood again.

Then, suddenly I understood that we had no idea where exactly we were heading. I changed turns with Egert and took out the last cluster of grapes from the waterproof sack to offer it to the Guard still wandering nearby.

Meelis (in simplified Russian, offering grapes): "Please, here you are!"

Guard (in Russian, obviously perplexed): "What?"

Meelis: "You know, its glucose."

Guard: "I know, I know." Tries the grapes and looks stunned. "Kids, don't you want to take a fibre boat instead?"

Meelis: "Do you have a boat here?"

Guard: "Do I have...None of them I haven't driven."

Meelis: "Fantastic!"

Guard: "But you are – extremists! Going on the lake with your boat, that is extreme sports. It is – adrenaline."

Meelis: "Thank you!"

Guard: "But call me when you need help. Its

getting dark soon. Then I will come and pick you up."

Meelis: "Oh, that is very kind of you!"

Guard: "Yes, call me and..."

Meelis (searching for the mobile phone): "Just a sec.. eh.. what is your number?"

Guard (confused, looking where to put the grapes): "Oh I forgot... I can't remember. I must go and recheck it from in the house."

Meelis: "Let's go! Oh no, don't leave the grapes!"

Meelis: "It is very green here. And quiet."

Guard: "Oh yes, its perfect!"

Meelis: "How long have you been here?"

Guard: "Been here... what do you mean?"

Meelis: ...

Guard: "Well, I've been here. Yes, 5, 6 um,..."

Meelis: ...

Guard: "Soon I've been here a year."

Meelis: "Umm... I wanted to ask... I've heard that people drink ether here when they want to get high. Is it true?"

Guard: "Ether? No, no. It's the Setus that do that. They live further down, at Lake Pskov. They do."

Meelis: "Oh, but what do you do here?"

Guard (smiling): "What do we do here? We grow onions."

We had passed the turn to the house, and the guard went inside to fetch the telephone number while I stayed by the balcony. Under it, interrupted by my existence, a small South Caucasian wolfhound puppy was dragging around a dead beam, nearly the same size as itself. "Cute puppy," I called him, "come here," but he timorously climbed further into the dark under the balcony and brought audible tender whispered but involuntary snarl.

This tender snarl stayed inside me, and I felt myself like the little innocent puppy, who was to become either a evil slave of the chain or brave master of the herd. I stood on the top stair and reached higher standing on my rubber toes, and I knew there was the water, but all I could see were trees, trees, trees. And I felt like bitten by the know-it-all tree; I suddenly knew why guards were put between borders, policemen between traffic and words between meanings.

They were to show you the way to the Border Island. Guard (pointing, right hand): "Keep straight on in that direction and you will not miss it!"



Meelis (pointing, left hand): "So, we just keep going straight on and we'll come across the border island, right?"



Walking back to the boat, it dawned on us, that we had forgot the telephone number. While I was waiting for the Guard to fetch it, a new motor boat arrived, two Russian speaking men jumped out of it and started to throw dead bream onto the brushwood, almost shouting and generally behaving as though under the influence of amphetamine. Timo tried to get more information about the weather on the lake, but unnoticed, he took some pictures instead.



The Guard reappeared, but bumped into one of the men on the way, and they discussed some fish related topics for a while.

Meelis: "Are they good guys?"

Guard: "Yes, good guys. When they don't drink... They are very good guys, when they don't drink."

Meelis: "Oh, this is the number!"

Guard: "Yes, that is my number. Call me if you are in trouble and I will come and bring you back!"

Meelis: "Spasibo Ogoromnoje!!!"

Guard: "...and don't forget to call the border guards when you arrive."

Meelis: "Oh, do you³ have their number?"

Guard (smiling): "Oh, I forgot!"



text: Meelis Kaldalu photos: Timo Toots

This man, outside his private life, of which we only saw a snowflake falling on an iceberg, is the Guard of the Harbour. He shows you the way to the Border Island, gives you his number should you need him and suggests you speak with the Border Guards. All you have to do is ask him for some air and offer him a cluster of red grapes in return. If he is inclined to forget the numbers, this is because he is still lost in his thoughts about whose fishing rod it was that he has just stumbled upon.

TAKE IV: After-Battle Of The Ice

After a few warm-up runs along the channel, we loaded the provisions into the waterproof sack and Egert finally drove us out to the great blue plain. Egert: "What are you looking at?"

Meelis: "I was wondering about the engine, how



many gears does it have?"

Egert: "Three. Forward, backwards and neutral. Do you wanna try?"

Meelis: "Most certainly, if you trust me to!"

Egert (smiling): "I would prefer to stay in control, but I have a little green friend, who needs my attention, too."

It was the first time I had driven the 8 horsepower



text: Meelis Kaldalu photos: Timo Toots

Tohatsu, or any other similar engine. I was looking around to see the white horses, and as we gained distance, I first spotted them in front, and then at the back of the boat. We were driving in turns, and only stopped to change position. The boat was actually a little bit small for the three of us, but after a sluggish start, the engine did a sturdy job and ran well. We might have been under way for half an hour or so, when the coastline disappeared and we decided to stop and lean back for a while to enjoy the view.

Indescribable peace and harmony settled over us while



we were counting the different blues in the picture before us with utmost pleasure. We decided to call the event our "Departure into Bluedom", and Egert passed around the Jägermeister while I found a box of cottage cheese with some chives to go with it from the bag. The sight was idyllic.

Meelis: "What would you guys do if I took a strip of LSD out of the pocket right now?"

Timo: "If you have it, we are forced to remove the evidence. Remember, we're in the border zone!"

Egert (in a dreamy voice): "Right now, I would not mind becoming a wave myself. Or turning into a meerscham."

Timo: "I think that it is harder and harder to retain your personality in today's world of drugs, where each season, or even each month, tens of different psychotic molecules are designed and made available in e-shops."

Meelis: "Was that the reason you weighed your head last

time at Egert's birthday? Its good that you brought it up. I am still curious if it was a plain and simple attempt to measure your intellect or a more archetypal cry for understanding?"

Timo: "Look who's talking! If I remember right, you were spitting half-chewed Lay's onto the faces of your friends that night... Could we smell a communication problem there?"

Meelis: "Words are not quite always enough to show your feelings..."

Egert (curiously): "But what would you do if you had a strip of LSD in your pocket right now?"

Meelis: "I would wait until we get to the Border Island."

Timo (looking into binoculars): "Which I am right now trying to spot."

Timo: "Guys, are you sure we are heading in the right



direction? I think not."

Egert: "What do you see?"

Timo: "If we continue straight on, we might run into the gates of Vladivostok, or wherever. If we turn 90 degrees left, there is at least a church, or is it a lighthouse..."

Meelis: "But it's far too small to be the Border Island. It is probably just an islet."

Egert: "We must go closer to get a better look."

Egert (observing): "Suddenly, the coastline has divided. Where we saw *terra incognita*, there now lies three islands."

Timo: "There are two Russian islands between Border Island and the mainland, I remember from the map."

Meelis: "These might as well be Estonian islets which are just too small to be mapped. I still assume that Border Island is right in front of us. I think the harbour is further to the right, by the radio mast over there."

Egert: "It's getting windy. I've heard that weather can change within five minutes on Peipus. We need a fast decision here."

Meelis: "In that case, let's continue straight ahead. That is where the coast is the nearest."

Meelis (alarmed): "What are those hanks doing over there?! Should I slow down?"

Timo: "These must be the Gates of Vladivostok now. Sing and celebrate Russia, our Motherland!"

Egert: "Take it slowly! We are running into fishing nets, and we better avoid tangling the engine."

Meelis (takes a sharp turn): "I cannot avoid a collision. Help!!!"

Egert: "Just stop the engine now! I'll take over."

We revved up the engine, manoeuvred through the nets with paddles, and continued our crusade. In about 10 – 15 minutes, we finally ran ashore, just as happy as we were unsure about our location.

Egert (lighting a cigarette): "Welcome to Marlboro Country!"



Timo: "At least with Sandy Beaches"

Meelis: "If we're in Russia, we might as well relax and wait for the chopper. Otherwise we should

find a place for the boat."

Egert: "I doubt if the radar can spot a rubber boat."

Meelis: "Just in case, I'll turn my life-vest into blue. Its better to avoid any confusion."

Timo (checking his cell phone): "Hey! I have 2 new SMS. Yeah, Welcome to RusTel Networks!!"

Egert: "Do you have colour WAP?!"

Meelis: "I do have colour WAP"

Egert: "Let's try to locate ourselves through the EMT Go! portal."

Meelis: "I thought that it's good for finding the nearest ATM's or gas stations. I doubt if there's any in the vicinity"

Egert: "Trust me with it. They have map support."

Meelis: "Here you are. I'll have an analogue look around here, while you try to bit us out."

Egert: "Right. Don't get lost."

I descended a few steps into the coastal grass, and had already lost sight of my friends. The bulrush thicket was high and closed around me, but I found a narrow dry path and leapt forward to get a better view. Going along, I became overcome by an awkward levity, which felt like losing some of the effects of gravity, but as I was so excited about everything around me, I considered it to be the after effects of the landfall and didn't stop walking. In a few minutes, I reached higher ground and had a view of the neighbourhood.

It was a magnificent sight. The path was soon to disappear into the bulrushes, which covered the whole plateau. Only a few elm trees were immersed in it, severely disfigured by the wind from the lake, almost turning them into Japanese ikebana, in sharp contrast with the overall lack of interference. They had probably invaded the field from the thick coniferous forest which spread out on the horizon, slowly wreathing the landscape to embrace the lake from both sides. Far right, a radio mast signalled the only signs of human presence over the forest.

Was this really the Border Island?

I stood frozen, mouth open, sensing the unbearable lightness which had crept all over me and was slowly knitting my thoughts into dream-like matter. The warm September wind was gently swaying the bulrushes, and nearly blowing into my lungs. I was not sure if I could handle the situation. I was not sure if I was not dreaming. "What the heck," I mumbled, "I must move." And I suddenly felt like a little boy.

I was 5 years old, and it was quiet hour in the kindergarten. Everybody, except me, was sleeping. Or perhaps some were just pretending to be asleep, but I was the only one who had earned the exclusive permission to stay out of bed and read in the library. I was in passionate love with my very first book. A real book, not the counterfeit picture album they bored us with in class.

No, it was a real book, not a comic strip or fairy tale. No, it was my mother's old history textbook which I had found in my grandparents' farm house during the summer holidays. A comprehensive guide to the history of Our Homeland for Form 6 or 7, starting from the pre-historic era of mammoth hunts and sabre-toothed tigers and continuing up to the future of communism, where rivers were running backwards from the sea, and everybody went happily together shopping for free after a day's work in the factory; a lyrical book to teach the millions and millions of Soviet kids about the great past and future of the Russian - Soviet nation, neatly packed with historical facts. By the time that Kiev and Novgorod began to unite other principalities around them, I had become completely habituated to the plot, and thirstily ingested every new battle, invention and development; flying on the magic red carpet through years, decades and centuries.

But now, dark black clouds had risen from the Mongolian steppes over Motherland Russia. The barbarian cavalry of ruthless Chingis Khan was quickly forging along towards the heart of the country, subordinating principality after principality. At the same time, German Teutonic knights

treacherously decided to use the harsh situation to pursue their hideous plans to eliminate the Russian threat forever. They began the offensive from the west, conquering Pskov and threatening Novgorod, massacring kids and raping women on their way.

In deepest woe, insolent boyars were forced to join their forces and form a common army to protect them from complete oblivion. Altogether 15,000 men converged under the leadership of 20-year-old Alexander Nevsky, a charismatic and unsullied commander. Heartened by their courageous leader, the Russian army ambushed the Teutonic knights at Pskov, forcing them to withdraw to their recently conquered Livonian estate, where they immediately began preparations for a general attack and convinced Denmark to ally with them.

In the beginning of April 1242, the army, commandeered by Prince-Bishop of Dorpat⁴, Hermann I of Buxhoeveden and consisting of Teutonic “Sword Brothers”, Danes, Livonian feudal knights, and local footmen, departed from Dorpat. Warned in time by his spies, Prince Alexander waited on the Eastern side of Lake Peipus, at the place where it was narrowest, assuming that the enemy would take the most direct course to Novgorod, and was planning to cross the ice-covered lake on the way.

This all appeared to me in a momentary glimpse, as clearly as I had held the book in my hands again. I could even visualize the diagram of the battleground on the yellowing, starchy and stained sheets of the textbook. The next moment, I heard the roar of the battle in my ears; the ringing of fanfares, hacking of swords, thumping of armour, shrieks, cries, neighs... the battle was a fever all around me. I lost the last glue holding me back as the vortex of the battle sucked me into it. I started to run irresistibly along the path, and when it ended, I still charged forward through the bulrushes, eyes twisted and mind exalted by the fierce despair, destruction and agoraphobia of the battleground.

I must have run for a few hundred metres, when the roar

of the battle faded away and a crystal clear voice came through calling my name. This was a personal call to action to all the billions of cells in my body, signed by the all-mighty adultery herself. I felt like a stream of energy had been injected into my weightless blood. The wide open field narrowed in my imagination, at the same time as the gloomy forest spread to both sides of the horizon in my attempt to grasp it. I leapt forward.



Excerpt from “Alexander Nevsky” (1938, Sergei Eisenstein)

Another hundred metres might have passed when the vague palpitations of a boat engine got caught in my head, and simultaneously I heard the cry of my name for a second time. My friends were calling me. I knew I had to choose. I stopped and closed my eyes in front of the forest. I felt momentarily sick of running. What should I do? Where should I go, who will I meet, and what would I become? Will I be remembered, or will I remember? Why am I here, after all? Emptiness came, as came the knowing that I am not able to choose. I will never forgive myself if I leave my friends. I will hate them forever if I turn around. Where is my squire to turn to? Why aren't the

fanfares calling, where are the flags? Where is the enemy whom I need to attack?

Gravity returned and I felt like I sank into the soft ground of the shore. All of a sudden, my name was called for a third time. A palatalized hair-raising voice penetrated to the marrow of my bones.

“Mjiiieeeeeeljis!!!”

I shivered.

On the early morning of April 5th, the Russians went to the Voron stone, moving across the ice. At dawn the knights and Chudes⁵ who were helping them came to the ice field. Mounted knights used the compact “pig’s snout” scheme of attack which had always helped them defeat infantry. The “snout” drove through the Russian infantry but the knights were immediately surrounded by Russians. The Russian cavalry gave them the last blow. According to the chronicle 400 knights and numerous Chudes perished. Those who remained alive were pursued up to the Western shores of the Lake. The ice was thin and many fleeing knights wearing heavy armour fell through it and drowned.

“Mjiiieeeeeeeeeeljis!!!!!!”

I don't know what would have happened if I had stayed there. I turned around, and ran, ran, ran leaning forward, ran back for my life.

Trying to zip up the open pocket of my rain jacket on the run, I dropped the spoon, which I had put there during the “Departure into Bluedom”. I slackened my footfall, and looked back to spot it, but it had fell into the high grass, and I didn't feel like stopping to search for it.

I ran to the coast.



“The Battle of the Ice” by Julia Zatanina (Samara Art School, 13 years)

Meelis: “What happened? Did I hear a chopper?”

Timo: “Some fishermen passed by with their boat.”

Meelis: “Any idea of our location?”

Egert: “No clues here. Seems like we're out of the map or something.”

Meelis: “Basically, we have two choices.”

Timo: “Yes?”

Meelis: “Chase the boat, or wait for a new one. Trekking through the forest would take us ages.”

Egert (driving the boat): “Try to spot the flag!”

Timo (looking into the binoculars): “I think its Estonian.”

Meelis: “I doubt if we can reach them, if they don't reduce speed.”

Egert: “Let's try and catch their attention! Hold the rudder, Mel! I'll take off my white T-shirt.”

Egert (waving the T-shirt): “Looks like they stopped!”

Meelis: “Hehe, have a look at the flag of this floating tank of scrap metal...”

Timo: “Whoops, it's upside down”

Egert: “Are these humans or orcs?”

Timo: "Their boss is smiling. The sun is reflecting from his gold teeth"

Meelis: "No Panic!"

Meelis (in Russian): "Good health!"

Gold Teeth (in Russian): "Good health! Privet!"

Meelis: "Can you tell us, where is Piirissaare?"

Gold Teeth: "Piirissaare?"

Meelis: "Yes, we are looking for the Border Island."

Gold Teeth (pointing far left): "Look behind me, then. Here you'll find no Border Island!" He crosses fingers for # sign.

"Here you can find this, boys" The crew bursts into laughter.

Meelis: "A thousand thanks! Can we take a picture of you?"

Gold Teeth: "Go ahead boys! We are sailors, but you had better take off quickly from here!"



We took off to follow his advice. As we managed to turn the boat around, the Russian fishermen had started off as well, losing any interest they might have had in us. We were half a kilometer from the Russian coast, and by all assumptions, still in Russian territorial waters.



Egert's words about the weather proved true and the blue became mixed with black. The first droplets of nausea invaded our membranes.

Everybody was suddenly focused and sharp. There was not a second thought of our destination any more – the small dot on the left, that we had misjudged in the first place, was Border Island.

We were on the move again, but this was no joyride any more. The wind had whipped up the waves, and three people was really the utmost limit for the boat. Every now and then I cried "Wave!", and it came to boost our spirits, clothes and supplies with a wet "Hello!". Timo found a scoop from the floor and started the fight with the excess



water. Egert tried to find the lightest balance at the front of the boat, and sitting with his back to the prow, ignored the threats.

Here we were. Tim and Mel. Two guys in a storm on a lake with a keen desire to become more professional. Wanting to realize their wild ideas. Or to "Jump, Laugh & Develop" as it says on Tim's photopage at <http://timo.dart.ee>. No intention to harm others. Let it be open source software for turning useless old monitors into *haute couture* collector items or previous generation P2P with personality, where nods exchange real matter through the post.

And over there was Egert. Leaning to the future, eyes closed, and clouds like fluffy angel wings at his side. One of the sweetest, I guess, if boys were marshmallows. Searcher of Freedom. Rider of the Storm and The One Who Knows How To Bring Forth The Good Side. Ever changing and never bored, he was badly splashed that day, but only God knows if he did or did not enjoy it deep inside.

Driving, driving, driving; I felt how I slowly turned into an animal. We had used up almost all of the gasoline, and were completely wet. One moment I noticed a lonely buoy on our left side, probably demarcating the temporary border line. Obsession was the only tool to grasp, and I fixed my eyes on the cross of the church, and, clenching the handle of the tiller, decided that if any of the gyrating seagulls will fly through the middle of it, God exists.

None of them did, but nevertheless, we reached the Island, and once again had to take precautions to avoid the fishing nets. But it was not so difficult, really. We were looking for a good spot to land when we noticed a guy waving at us. He was standing on board an old wrecked cargo ship, the "Titanic". We wanted to paddle in a straight line to get closer, but he pointed to the sheltered creek in the shade of some willows where a flotilla of small fishing boats were at rest.



Meelis: "Such a trip! Pleasure to see you! Finally on Border Island, right?!"

Egert: "Uh, it was harsh!"

Timo: "Soaking wet, but alive!"

Border Guard: "Off the boat, one-by-one! Take out your identification!! Go nowhere!!!"

We had a reason to take his words seriously. He was wearing a pistol on his belt.

THE END

While following journalistic method and principles, all text and photos in the above text are fictional

(Footnotes)

¹ Hinnapomm (Price Bomb) is a cheap Hong Kong counterfeit goods chain in Estonia

² "Utmost Alouded out loud Thanks" a very respectful, but yet very personal phrase of thanks with several prosodic and somatic markers; one of the most phenomenal miracles of the Russian language.

³ Second person adjectives ("Sina") are written with an initial capital letter in Estonian courtesy addresses. But we must remember that there are different words for the singular ("Sina") and plural/honorific ("teie") forms of second person in Estonian.

⁴ Name of Tartu under German rule.

⁵ Name of Estonians in Old Russian.