

Monday night and it is over, so very over. I am well back home in Oslo, and I could easily list a couple of things I'd rather do than write this. But somehow newsletter editor ethics pop up. What has been started, must be finished.

Today was supposed to be the easy last day, as campaign formally ended yesterday. But due to the unhappy snow canceling of the Sunday flights, our great friends (the servants of The white beauty) had proposed an early morning flight today. First plan was to take off at 6 a.m, but this was postponed a couple of times due to the observed low being extraordinarily slow in its movements. But eventually, at 8:15 she left.

A nice 3.5 hour trip it was. The crew admitted that it was kind of strange to turn around and go back when they had come half way to Germany. But stranger things have happened on this campaign. (As the fact that we left several liters of ice cream in the Range freezer.)

Meanwhile the operation room was more and more stripped of equipment. Jón Egill and Øyvind was allowed to see the first drop sonds appear on the screen, but then yours truly called it the day. The two scientists made desperate attempts to hit the refresh button, but to no use. Network, firewalls etc, it all had to go. It shall be admitted that the two scholars quite soon adapted to the new situation, and was rather eager to leave our base.

At 1 p.m. The white beauty of the northern skies left Andøya for her final flight back to Pfaffenübferhopen. I had then taken farewell with her in the hangar, feeling that the actual lift off would be too much of an emotional strain. But as a sign from above I later noted her elegantly ascending over the village roofs. Perfect as always.

Those of us that did not have access to a private jet, had to accept the services of Widerøe. Some via Bodø and some via Tromsø. Due to the extra morning flight, packing was a little delayed, but at last the 145th network cable was rolled up, and the Icelandic with the loud foot and I were ready to leave the rocket range. Somehow JEK had the impression that we were late, and he did not at all enjoy a stop to fill the tank of our rental car. But rules are rules.

His look at me when the lady at airport check-in told him he was too late, will never be forgotten. Well, it soon turned out that he was too late for the earlier flight he was not supposed to be on, so his blood pressured normalized quite quickly. After having had a decent security check of his foot, he - as well as the rest of us - could enter the de luxe lounge at Andøya airport.

After a time our ways parted, I waited some hours for my flight out of Tromsø. But now I have landed safely in Oslo, and I was splendidly met by best friends, as one of today's pictures will show. Now I will uphold my Easter holidays, before I start the exciting work of finding out if we managed to keep within budget.

This was the last of this series of rambling news, it has been fun writing them, even if it might have gotten a little out of hand at times. Now it is time to let the scientists write the fake story of the campaign. I will try to keep you posted on media references, though. (Today's feature in Dagsavisen was nice, although the printed version had completely ruined my excellent photo. Better on the web.)

It was nice to meet you all. I will miss you a lot: Andreas' chuckling, Mel's stories, Jón Egill's foot, Emma's potatoes, Christian's dancing, Muralidhar's pasta, Vanda's crepes (never tasted by me), Øyvind's guitar (never heard by me), Fode's silly jokes (never understood by me), ~E I could go on as you all know. And of course I will miss the Andøya friendliness. But I will not miss The beauty, since I've got a picture of her and I've got my dreams.

Until we meet again,  
toodeloo

Yours truly  
the campaign coordinator  
of Thorpex (Truly Hilarious Overtime Ruins Planned Estimate of Xpenses)

(Emma writes she is safe back. Good to hear.)

# The beauty leaving for her last mission



# The German Olympic Team in Gymnastique Modern



The beauty returning from her last mission



# Easter motif: The last supper



# Ready to go (bye bye)



# The guys at home waiting for me

(So fa, so good)

