

THIRD DAY: SVOLVÆR

Before leaving towards the **Lofoten Islands** (the tonic syllable is the first) we go to the **Opera**, raining. But it was precise to make a few photos and to take a walk by those inclined roofs. We take the superexpress towards the airport with the previous tickets thinking that they were of roundtrip. Total, nothing, when we arrived they make us to pass the tickets through the machine and, evidently, ours does not. Very gently they make us to pay the passages. Second luck of the trip.

Within the airport they already say to us that we must pay the luggage since it is not included in the ticket. Very surprised, and, after requesting explanations, in English, of course, we paid. They were only about 130 Nok but **Supersaver**, the company with which we contracted the flights, will hear to me of not warn.

We raise the airplane and they punish to us without food. The **Norwegian company** has the custom to receive by everything what gives. After a laborious and uncomfortable trip, we arrived at **Narvik**. We gather the car of rent while we waited for the suitcases. The boy is a Danish who has lived three years in **Gran Canaria** where he had a factory of cars. Very gently, he has explained us all what we need to know. He has warned to us of the speed limits. They are very stricts with the subject. The native remain without membership card during a long time, whereas the tourists only pay very instantaneously a succulent sum. We have not been able to verify it. The car is a new **Hyundai i30cw** of five doors. It goes fine. After almost three hours leading we arrived at **Svolvær**, at the **rorbuer** that we had rented. It is a small room with a bunk, table, chairs, armchair, refrigerator and cooks. After days we found it cosy. It has views to the port and every day a **gull** visits to us that puts itself in the railing of the corridor which we have in front of the window. Half meter separates to us. A day I gave half apple that enchanted to him by the happiness face he has. Another day, I was throwing bread pieces to him that took to the flight.

We make the first visit to the town. It is cloudy and it is not too much warm. We have dinner in the **Bacalao** that seems to be the center of the tourists of the zone. We request “codfish”, “baked potato” and a salad. The rations are well great. The “codfish” has little codfish and too much tomato. “Potato” is better, but not too much, and the salad is of those where they put all the ingredients separated and you mix them. A normal dinner. It is peculiar that you request the things in the bar indicating your table number. You take the drink to the table and a waiter the food when it is already prepared. Everything is payed before. In other places they give you the number but the rest is equal. We have dinner in a full terrace half closed with stoves, like which they were used before in the bathrooms. If with this you do not have sufficient you have travelling rugs to cover the legs. While we had dinner we observed a pair of climbers who raise the **Tip of the Goat**. We do not see them but we guessed its presence by the reflections of the helmets. I aim with the telezoom and then I see them, each one in a different tip and the cord in the middle. Spectacular!

(Sorry, my English is so bad. Page translated with “[Yahoo Babel Fish](#)”