

EIGHTH DAY: THE SEVEN SISTERS

We start early in the morning but it continues raining. The city must be wonderful to take a walk, all plenty of **modernist buildings** or **art nouveau** that says by other places. A fire burned the center. It is tuna to see as the different establishments decorate with **old objects**. It is as if they wanted to have present the past. Another thing that has surprised to us pleasingly is the good taste for the **decoration**.

We leave the hotel and we went to **Andalsnes** to begin the **route of the Trolls**. The car says to me how I must do to make a conduction more ecological. He is so wise! We approached the curves of the cataracts. Everything is impressive: the road that raise doing zigzags, the water that falls with as much force and so spectacularly. We make a few stops to extasy themselves of the natural wonders.

We take two ferries, from **Linge** to **Eidsdal** and the other one, rather more ahead, from **Gerangeir** to **Hellesylt**. This last one, wonderful, with a hard rain, but with incredible views of the **Seven Sisters** and the **Pretender**, spectacular cataracts. In order to finish the day we have lead until **Loen** where we will spend the night.

Surprise! They change the hotel by overbooking when we had the reserve done four months ago. We have won with the change because we have bathed in the conditioned swimming pools of the **Alexandra hotel**. In the other, the **Loenfjord**, there was a motorbike concentration.

We have visited the little village and we were astonished at the small church. In addition, we enjoyed the best light than we have found since we are here and we were useful to make some photos. Its interior is peculiar and tuna, plenty of details, like the hung boat of the ceiling, we suppose to bless the sailors of the town, a great fused iron stove, large windows, a modern mural, a good pulpit decorated and an beautiful altar. A delight. We take a shot of us with the lake at the background. The view is magnificent, like a good film.

We find dinner in **Olden**, a good piece of *meat* with a good *beer*. They serve them in short or length, as half liter or 0.6 liters, a peculiar marked measurement in the glasses.

We finish in the hotel chating with our major son that is in the Campus Party of València, living the computer science adventure. Years ago, to have computers in the hotels was unthinkable. Now it is usual and welcome because it helps you in this frenetic world that we live.

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