

## THIRTEENTH DAY: AT NIGHT

The day continues being gray, a little exasperating thing. We leave the car in the airport and return in bus. When arriving, we visited the **castle**. The one that takes our congratulations is the **Hanseatic museum** full of details of the time. Thanks to the **explanations of the guide** we understand the way to live and to do of those retailers.

Stroll by the **market of the fish** with the expectation to prepare the lunch. We will make a **combined plate** with **salmon** of different classes, fresh **whale** and a few **prawns**. We sat down in the communitarian tables and we enjoyed an exquisite food.

We take the 24 to visit the **Gamle Bergen** or the Old Bergen. It is a museum outdoors with **original houses of downtown** transferred here by questions of extensions of streets. They date from centuries **XVIII** and **XIX** and give, therefore, a very good vision of that one time.

We rent the **guided visit** and we see, first, a great house, of a rich man, simultaneously used for job and particular home. Peculiar things: the daughters were according to marrying and they were only dedicated to this. In order to contrast we go to the house of a worker. The complete family, the parents and the four children, slept in the hall dormitory. There is a small space reserved for the kitchen and another one for the cleanliness. In the part of above, in the platform, renting lived. The ventilation was rather little and the scent, therefore, was as it is possible to be imagined. We also visit the house of a dentist where we see the instruments of work of before having electricity and later. Other places: the umbrella maker, that marks the social differences by the white color of the skin, the furnace... It begins to rain and the guide tells us that when she went to the day-care center they taught the **proportions of the rain in** the following way: in Oslo, the water of rain arrives at the knees; however, in Bergen, it happens over the head. The city, tells, has the **record of continued days raining**, established in **88 days**, and that people cheer up when they go by 80<sup>th</sup> with the hope to beat it.

The visit finishes and we return with the 90. We rest. It rains very much. We know all the programs of the Norwegian TV. The foreign films and series do not bend to the Norwegian, simply called. That causes that the level of knowledge of the English is very high. It seems the rain is going down. We go to the **Peppe' s Pizza**. Open terrace with heating engineers. Dinner, light. It does not rain and it is made at night, incredible thing. We take to the camera and the tripod and make the Bergen of night: **Opera, Cathedral and the Bryggen**. Fantastic. In one of the photos I raise to a slope and stairs to photograph the Cathedral. The zone is very noisy, it is the zone of bars and restaurants of youth. A pair in the corner, she laughs, he pisses. When I arrive above, I open the tripod, I prepare the camera, I watch through the viewfinder and in this position and with the ass up I hear the pair of before laughing behind me. They go more loaded than a grape stock. She wants, everything in Norwegian, of course, that I make a photo of them dancing. Mutual smiles, curiosity on the part of them, doubt by part mine. I will hope until the last moment. He is wanted to go but she insists a few times on remaining. Moment of impass. I am on the verge of going. He takes her by the arm and takes her. Lightened breathing. The photo, I believe that it has not come out well but I will not repeat it.

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