

## SEVENTH DAY: THE COUNTRY OF THE RAIN

Exit towards the airport of **Evenes**, three hours of trip. When we already approached we see, finally a signal of 90. Would say who it! The limits to 80 is terrible although often it is impossible to surpass wanting them. The **roads** are very different from ours. Customary to our wide routes, when you move in this way gives you the narrowness sensation. You cannot get absent-minded nor a second because there are no margins to the sides, any distraction can be terrible. In some points of the roads two cars do not fit and, from time to time, you see some widening of the way facilitate the maneuver. A thing that you are thankful and makes you admire the love of the Norwegians by its nature is that you find **viewpoints** throughout. Many of them are not announced, simply there is a widening where you leave the car and you admire the beauty of the landscape. Others are more preparations to make a long shutdown where eat.

No problem in the airport. We celebrated it with a good lunch with *franckfurts, beer, wafel* and *coffee*. We arrive at **Ålesund**. After three quarters of hour fighting with our English we are made understand with the one of the rent of the car. It gives to us a **BMW series 1**. The thing of the keys is strange but non complicated. It remembers me the system of the **Citroën Dyane 6**. The car is not bad. Our small one certainly would envy to us. We arrive at the hotel and after an odyssey to park in the eighth plant of a building we left the suitcases. We are running to have dinner to the restaurant of the hotel. They are on the verge of closing and still they are not nor the nine. The dinner is not very special. We give a stroll by the city, but it's raining a lot. We become to rest.

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