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A DAY TO REMEMBER

'Today, we make for Ulvik then Bergen – an easy run,' said Father, passing me the map on that holiday in 1952.

Shall I ever forget that 'easy run'?

We wanted to savour every minute of our wonderful holiday in Norway. We had stayed in Oslo's Holmenkollen Hotel (built entirely of wood and site of the famous ski jump) and had been royally entertained by our hosts in the King of Norway's hunting lodge. We had tasted many new dishes and then, even when compelled to buy umbrellas and heavy shoes in the Kungsgatan (Oslo's Regent Street) to combat the warm and friendly Norwegian rain, our spirits had not been dashed. After going on to explore the Teletony region (birthplace of cross-country skiing) with just two days left, we were finally starting north for the Bergen ferry home. Norway now had earned a special place in our hearts and we were deeply sorry to leave.

'Get me on to that road,' said father, pointing on the map, 'It's the only one to Ulvik and quite straightforward. We'll stop for lunch halfway at Haukeliseter.'

'Famous last words,' I laughed later. The map showed Oslo in heavy type, a town of some importance, of course. I assumed from the dark print of Haukeliseter on the map that it would also be a fair sized town.