

Alone in my room. My evening meal is Paarlbrook, local bread with cheese.

5th April, Thursday

6:30 The morning light shining through the window niche wakes me up. I leave the house in silence.

Short walk. My thoughts become clearer. I shall call Lydia to apologise. Shower.

7:50 Breakfast. In the big common room one meets always everybody. F.S. sits next to me. He plans to go to the village. He mimes the emerald green to paint the mountains.

8:45 Walk to the "Bärenbrücke" bears bridge. The forest lives in the sunshine !!! Suddenly a snow curtain stretches on the valley from the Madatsch. It turns me back. The heavy snowfall passes through soon. Fresh animal prints in the snowy green grass - I am not alone.

12:00 Lunch. I get to know from the pale F.S. that from Trafon village he hitchhiked to the next bigger village Prad. His cheerful conversation

with the Youth Tyrolean and Italian couple got short. The car skidded on the snowy road already in the first curve. It became out of control. The iron barrier rescued them from the scarp. Fortunately only the car got damaged.

Map.

15:15 Another meeting with Paul in the yard. He has been here already for three weeks. He is enthusiastic. Full with ideas for his upcoming novel. I go down to the brook. Two ladies pack out the luggage from the shuttle bus in front of the reception house. New guests.