

## **Left hanging above Lucerne by Rosemary Thurlow**

Our hotel overlooked the lake with its Swiss chalets, green meadows, cows with collared bells on and the occasional citizen wearing national costume on show. Shopping was on my agenda, however on working out the prices economy was required, after all, paying the equivalent of £8 for cotton hankies came as a surprise. Instead we caught a lift up to the top storey of a restaurant with its incredible panoramic views and enjoyed mugs of hot chocolate with rum. Who needs hankies anyway?

But it was the eventful cable car ride a few days later that we talked about on our return home. The years have passed but the memory lingers on and I'm still reluctant to get into one of those things again.

The day started off well, arrangements went ahead with Swiss precision, like clockwork really. Clear weather had been ordered, so a wonderful view was guaranteed and the promise of a typical Swiss lunch at a scenic café on the mountain top. What could possibly go wrong? Six of us in each cable car which was made of clear glass so if you wanted to you could gaze down at the mountainside as it went by. We started with a slight jolt, then oh so slowly progressed out onto the hanging cable, nothing beneath us apart from granite rocks, above us blue sky and inside the cable car people cracking nervous jokes. In front of us several cars all moved at a sedate pace when an almighty jerk and shudder was felt and we all stopped dead. Like curtain hooks hanging from a rail we swung a bit, I think the wind had got up. It seemed ages until a German voice on the intercom told us to sit still and not move around please. Nobody was moving, the minutes went by, although it seemed to be hours when with another shudder the cable car moved and we progressed along the rail.

Lunch was good and the shared experience gave us all something to talk about!