Liechtenstein

Three train changes, two bus changes, and now I'm in Liechtenstein, one of the smallest countries in the world. The train cruised quietly past rolling hills and mini-forests that were in fall splendor, and the hills got greener and greener as we got closer to Liechtenstein. Then, all of a sudden, there they were--the snow-capped Alps.

The last bus was in Liechtenstein, and to make certain I'd get off at the right stop for the hotel I had prearranged, the driver agreed to tell me when to get off.

After climbing higher away from the capital city, Vaduz, and closer to the mountains, the bus stopped, and the driver walked back to tell me it was time to exit the bus. He took my two suitcases and put them on the sidewalk. He then got back in the bus and left me standing, wondering where I'd find the hotel.

Then, I saw a large yellow van that was a delivery service of some kind. The van stopped at a stop sign, and I waved a note at him, and he rolled down his window.

"Do you know where this is?"

He didn't speak English, but he knew what I wanted and told me to get in; he'd take me there. It was about 500

meters away.

I wouldn't have found it by myself.

I trudged into the hotel with my suitcases. It was silent.

And, the restaurant inside the lobby was also silent.

"Hello?" No one answered. Hmmm, wonder what I should do now.