

13<sup>th</sup> of June

We've arrived early morning and had been met by man from our hotel. It was a good man who told us about sights around here. Furthermore, the weather was perfect and seemed like wasn't rainy yesterday, in spite of the fact, that air was humid here. So, after few hours in plane we felt ourselves very nice.

There wasn't a lot of traffic on the roads. When we were riding to the hotel, I saw a strike in a small square. There was not so much people. All of them were carrying large sheets with text on them, but I couldn't read, what was written there. When we were in a center of a town, I saw many overcrowded buses, which rode past us.

At ten thirty we got to the hotel and I went to my room. It was cozy and beautiful, there was a large window in one of walls, and at the opposite was standing a big wardrobe. I unpacked my luggage and went to watch our neighborhood.

When I left hotel, I saw a big castle on the mountain. There was an old building, and seemed like dark and horrible place. Although it seemed like there was a gorgeous view on the city. That's why I asked the receptionist about castle in the evening.

I felt asleep too late, thinking about visiting this castle on the mountain in the nearest time.