

Escaped from Metropols. Easy-going through Hungary.

To the Black Sea we planned a rest for our activities for peace. We enjoyed the way as our honey-moon. On a airfoil-boat we went from Vienna to Budapest. In Hungary we were friendly welcomed by Mutlangen's partner-city Vaskut. Brigitte's lumbago we overcame in a wellness-hotel.

From the Danube-path you don't always have a view on the Danube. The Danube often flows some kilometers away. So we entered a boat, which goes from Vienna to Budapest, also to save time.

Behind Vienna long pasture-woods extended for kilometers on both river-sides. At Hainburg civil protests could prevent that the Danube were regulated.

How terrible this can appear we experienced on the following part on our river-trip.

At first the Danube becomes hundreds of meters broad by a damming-up-sea. Then Danube is pressed into a channel. Very straight Danube flows through the landscape. Instead of pasture-woods we have to look at damming walls. Hungary is very different from Slovenia. They left these gigantic projects because of environment causes. Would they have done it the Danube were forced for further 100 kilometers into a shape.

Danube's changing character

In front of Erstergom we were compensated by picturesque loops of the Danube. We enjoyed the wonderful look at the Basillica to which we straight went.

Budapest we only saw from our ship and we immediately left the City.

We looked for a rest from the stress and wanted to enjoy again going by bicycle.

At first we had to go through the hectic traffic in Budapest. No fun really but not as bad as it was announced in our guide. Then it soon became pastoral. We often were terrified by barking dogs. But they stayed behind the hedges. But all streets look similar and the Danube-description has lacks. We seemed to go in a circle. All directions led to Szigethalom.

In the evening we reached a little boarding house at an arm of the Danube. An Hungarian who had shown us the path visited us again knocked and brought us half a dozen for plum-dumplings.

"It's for your honey-moon" he said.

He also has printed a map out of the internet for us, which we would be able to use the next day, that we won't lose our way again.

It became a wonderful day by bike. The maps helped us. Nevertheless we had to fight at the end of the village to find our way for two kilometers through large corn- and sunflower-fields on a sandy and sometimes muddy path to our intentioned way. But then it worked very well.

The first time that we camped.

In the evening we reached a nature reserve at the Danube. There we wanted to camp. The camping-sites in the map we don't find and nobody knows anything about.

An Hungarian drives Brigitte to a village. There is a camping-site. But it's lausy there and we are allowed to camp for free.

But Brigitte wanted to go on. We finally find a wild camping-site on a free place of a weekendhouse-settlement. We had to chase away many frogs to be able to build up our tent. We enjoy the nearby Danube and the clear starry sky. We can't count all the shooting stars until we creep tiredly into our tent.

The next day Vakut is our destination. Vakut is the partner-city of Mutlangen. Mayor Seyfried has announced there our arrival. It's only 30 kilometers away but in the sultry heat we sweat liters of water and are exhausted as if we had gone 100 kilometers.

Vaskut welcomes us

At the beginning of the village a car comes along and wildly and sounded his horn. The driver cheers that we should stop. He is the journalist of the regional broadcast and wants to call his camera-man to film our arrival in Vaskut.

In front of the City Hall Mayor Alszegi welcomes us with all his co-workers and also Mrs. Vorös and Mrs. Krisztmann who had visited us in Mutlangen. Also a further camera-man and a journalist.

Our honey-moon has a break. We tell about our aims of our journey, about Mutlangen, the talks in Vienna and deliver as usually cranes of paper from Sadako.

For lunch we are invited by Mrs. Vörös in her restaurant. We hear a lot of the History of the Danube-Swabians

We have sightseeing of the city and have our retreat in a house for sportsmen to where the Mayor invited us. Mrs. Vörös´daughter drives us to Davod to a thermal swimming-bath the next day.

Shock while bathing

There on the meadow Brigitte has a further lumbago. Sometimes she is not able to walk and has to take pills. But the position in the tandem is convenient.

The next day we start as planned but we return to Davod to have a rest for two days in a wellness-hotel.

We are delighted of the stork´s nest on the top of the hotel. An Half-an-hour Thai-massage and two long therme visits help Brigitte a bit. So we decide to continue our journey to Serbia.

While we pack our tandem the next morning a hotel-guest in a white bathing-gown comes to us and shows us the report in the news-paper of Vaskut. Only with gestures we can talk but we understand that he admires us and agrees with our journey.

Our passports we pack on the top, because for Serbia we will need them. Carefully we continue our journey.

Cranes

We give hosts and talking partners the folded cranes of paper and Sadako´s story as a present. We have a box full of them with us. Margarete Brungs a member of the Hiroshima –working-circle in Cologne has made them for us. We experience joy and emotion at them whom we give our present.

The background:

In Japan a crane is the symbol for a long and happy life. An old Japan legend tells that if someone folds 1000 cranes the Gods fulfill a wish.

The Japan girl Sadako was two and a half year old when the atomic bomb was thrown onto Hiroshima. She grew up and seemed to be healthy. But when she was nine years old she got sick of leukaemia the atomic-bomb-disease.

She was convinced to survive if she would fold 1000 cranes. In 1955 she died before she had 1000 cranes. Camerades and friends went on folding cranes for her, cranes as a symbol for hope and life.

The children initiated that in the peace-park of Hiroshima a memorial for Sadako has been built. The inscription says:

“This is our proclamation, this is our pray peace all over the world.”

Sadako´s cranes became a symbol for the wish for a world without nuclear weapons. Because of that we give them out on our journey for peace.