

THE SKIES OPEN IN CHANDOLIN, AND TOURISTS REALISE THEY'RE ACTUALLY IN SAVIÈSE

When the time came to plan their holidays, Monique and Claude Détraz were sure they'd made a good choice. Friends from Valais had strongly recommended the Val d'Anniviers to them. Because of its sunshine, of course, but also because of its ski slopes, its hospitality and its après-ski.

Aperitifs but no pistes

Fully convinced of the pleasures of the Val d'Anniviers, the couple and their three children jumped into their SUV, turned on the GPS and drove all the way to Chandolin. “Our friends hadn't lied to us. As soon as we arrived, the locals gave us a warm welcome and invited us for an aperitif.” But they soon began to have their doubts. “There was no one in a ski suit, no catchy pop songs filling our ears or ski instructors hanging around Chloé, our eldest.”

The next day, the Détraz family put on their ski boots and headed for the slopes. That was their second surprise – tarmacked roads. Not a piste or drag lift in sight. “We tobogganed down the embankment along the side of the main road. It was fun to start with but, to be honest, after three hours we'd had enough.”

The skies as their guide

So it was a somewhat disillusioned family that returned to their lodgings that night. “We felt betrayed.” The skies saw to it that their doubts were dispelled once and for all. “At around 8pm the storm broke. That's when everything became clear: we weren't in the Val d'Anniviers at all!”

Without wasting another moment, the Détraz family packed their bags, left Savièse and crossed the Rhône plain, heading towards Chandolin. The real one. The one where “you

really are lucky with the weather!”