



Czech Republic | Prague

## „The Phantom of the Nusle Bridge“

I used to live with my parents under the Nusle Bridge. I was then about 15, 16 years old. My parents allowed me to go out in the evening to play with my friends. Each time they would tell me: “Just don’t go over the Nusle Bridge!” I would ask: “Why not?” But they said they wouldn’t discuss it. I should simply accept it and not cross the Nusle Bridge.

Of course this made doing it all the more exciting to me. I asked my friends; their parents had said exactly the same thing.

One day I simply decided to try it. It was ten o’clock in the evening and I was supposed to be home in half an hour. I stood before the bridge; my heart was beating wildly. I started, looking in front of me. Nothing; behind me – nothing. I looked down – pretty far down. Suddenly I had the feeling as if I were walking through a tunnel. And then all at once I realized I was already standing before the Palace of Culture and had reached the end of the bridge. And nothing at all had happened!

What was the problem they all had about the Nusle Bridge? I tried crossing it again a couple of times. Nothing! Nothing ever happened ...

After the fall of the Eastern Bloc – I was already studying at university – I was in a bar. This was about 1990. I was waiting for a buddy and reading a newspaper. And there on the front page was a headline – I still remember the exact words today.

And then I finally got it:

“The Deadly Nusle Bridge. Coddled Communist Brats Used to Throw Defenseless Passers-by Into the Abyss”.

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