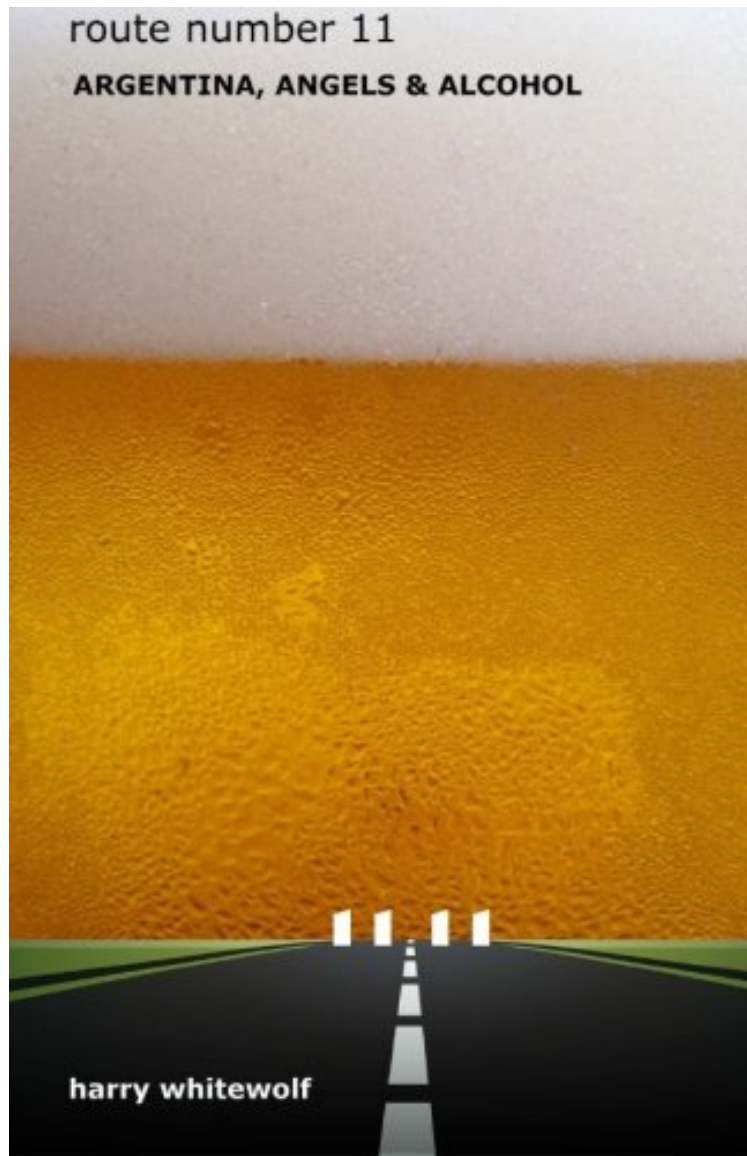


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Route Number 11: Argentina, Angels Alcohol

Harry Whitewolf

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Harry Whitewolf : Route Number 11: Argentina, Angels Alcohol before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Route Number 11: Argentina, Angels Alcohol:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. You can't find your way if you never get lostBy Arthur GrahamSpeaking as someone who's done his own modest share of backpacking around the world (Ireland, Japan, etc), I can say that Whitewolf's wanderings were a joy to read about, striking a familiar chord with me on many pages. All the random people and places, getting off the beaten path, finding what's actually out there. Really experiencing the

locales, as opposed to just passively viewing the surface versions passing through. I'm telling you, this author really knows how to travel, with no strict itinerary or destination in mind. I'll never understand the appeal of the five-countries-in-eight-days approach to tourism, hitting all the main attractions and really nothing else. I mean, if all I really want is a picture of the Eiffel Tower, why don't I just buy a postcard instead? This book reads like someone's personal travel journal (which it is), but also something much more. In addition to seeking what's out there, Whitewolf seeks what's within as well. I know, that must sound awfully cliché on the surface, "middle-aged white male writer embarks upon journey of self-discovery in foreign lands", but frankly it doesn't come across that way at all. It just so happens that, following a bad breakup, this middle-aged white male writer decides to get lost in South America for half a year as a means of absolution, drinking and romping and improving his Spanish, which he thinks is bad but is assuredly far better than mine. And, along the way, he has more than just a few deep insights and interesting observations to share. He gives us more than just an unconnected string of bemused anecdotes in this book. What makes the difference, I think, is Whitewolf's well-developed sense of self-awareness. He's aware of the fact that he's the tourist here every step of the way, and never once does he succumb to the cheap exoticism or the smug sense of entitlement that are so characteristic of much travel writing. I too have kept similar journals of my travels, but never have I published any of them before. And with good reason. Whereas mine are probably worth digging out every once in a while for a personal trip down memory lane, Whitewolf's, while sharing some of the same structure, they actually have something to impart. There's a message here and it seems to be love. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Interesting and different. By Jan Sikes I have to say in all honesty, I struggled to read this book all the way through. Perhaps it is a man's book, but I got bored reading about the tourist's constant state of drunkenness and chain smoking cigarettes. He had gone to South America after losing his girlfriend because he'd been spiritually directed to do so. I kept waiting for his enlightenment to happen and there were references to his guardian angel and the number 11 but that was soon drowned in more drunkenness and depression. If you are looking for a book about spirituality, you aren't going to like this story. If you are looking for a man's travel accounts through South America and the many different people he met along the way to share nights of drunken stupor with, you are going to love this book. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Such an interesting style of writing and word play! By bcopanos This Author's poems and stories always amuse and entertain me! You'll never get bored reading anything by this Author...he has a way with words.

All alone in Argentina, with only a guardian angel, a broken heart and an abundance of beer for company. With no plans, no time limit, and sometimes no sense, the nameless tourist travels not only around Argentina but also across the borders to Paraguay, Chile and Brazil, through a blur of smoky bars, sexy seoritas, backpackers, locals, lucky escapes and magnificent mountains, whilst being guided by signs and the mysterious 11:11 Phenomenon. This true story reads almost like fiction. Told in a tangle of cut up twisted timelines, showing snippets and snapshots with bustling city and small town backdrops, Route Number 11 is a beat driven, beer drinking, Mind Body Spirit book with sex, drugs and reggaeton...