

# Download File PDF Confessions Of A Stranger

## #Jenny



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Cool! I'am really happy

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## #Diego Butler



so many fake sites. this is the first one which worked! Many thanks

You some more stories that I heard about the city.  
No doubt those who told them expected them to be taken with a grain of salt, or even, in the case of the horse's tail story, with a pound of salt. You will probably take them in the same way.  
"Look at me," said a rotund friend compassionately while I checked over the lime de departure of airlines in a press-ender advertisement I had often admired. "When I went to Brisbane I was a fine, slim boy. I didn't last long. You'll get the beer, will get you. You've got to drink. There's nothing special to do."  
He sighed and sat down. "It's hot here," he said. "But you wait! You wait until you get to Brisbane. You don't know what heat is. You won't be able to move. You'll be dripping with perspiration. You'll have to change your suit three times a day. You'll need dozens of suits a year. You'll see. And you'll have to travel so much to get to anything like a decent beach. Mark my words."  
Again that faraway sigh. "Look at my hair," he said. "I had thick hair once. See how I'm going bald. That's Brisbane for you. You won't have to worry the barbers for long. You'll have nothing to cut. It's the air that does it. If you wear a hat, the perspiration kills your hair. It's no use putting oil on it. That won't save it. And it's no use going without a hat. The sun will kill your hair just the same."  
"I think it's got something to do with the water. You'll see. You won't be able to get a lather from the water. It's no use trying to wash."  
Again he was silent and thoughtful. "I suppose you wouldn't like to go back to Brisbane?" I asked.  
"The answer was the one I expected: 'I wouldn't mind,' he said.

### Observing Traffic Lights

ANOTHER friend, younger than the mournful one, retained quite a different impression. He had spent six months here. "It's a wonderful climate," he said. "Balmey air; not like Melbourne. And you wait until you see the young women. You'll bump into people in the street admiring them. They're the best looking in Australia."  
I haven't bumped into anyone in the street yet. But perhaps I have been too busy looking at the other attractions of the city.  
One warning that I heard frequently was: "If you ever want to look up a reference book or read any up-to-date literature, don't waste your time going to the Public Library. You won't find a book there printed later than 1950."  
I did not believe that story, but in the last week I have begun to take it more seriously. I have been told here that in one year Elia was spent on new books. But that, of course, is incredible.  
One of the first features of the city that the stranger notes is the traffic organization, especially for pedestrians. The visitor finds it rather confusing. Only once so far have I had the grim hope that the earth would open up and swallow me.  
That was when I forgot the red light because no traffic was passing and absentmindedly wandered into the roadway. A shrill whistle started me. A hand waved me back.  
That four yards back to the pavement felt as long as a journey over the Sahara. A middle-aged woman from Melbourne whom I met in the city had a similar experience a few days ago, only in her case words were exchanged which provided a worth-while commentary on the system.  
She walked on to a street. In the face of a red light. The policeman walked over to her and reprimanded her.

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