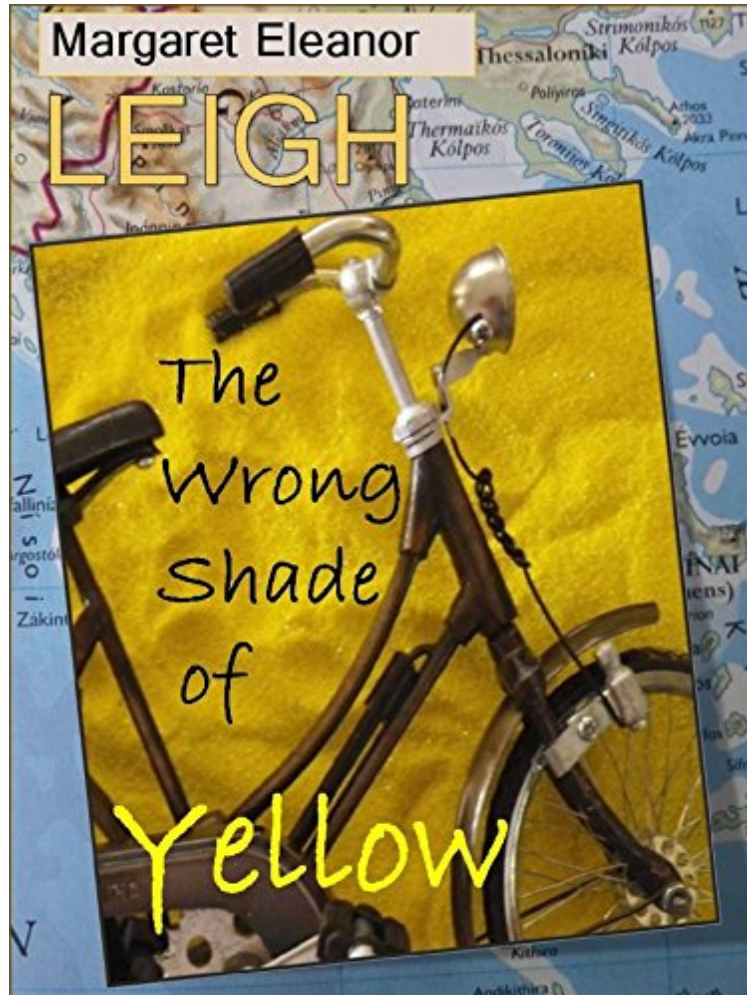


[Mobile pdf] The Wrong Shade of Yellow (English Edition)

## The Wrong Shade of Yellow (English Edition)

Von Margaret Eleanor Leigh

DOC | \*audiobook | ebooks | Download PDF | ePub



[Download](#)

[Read Online](#)

Produktinformation -Verkaufsrank: #693635 in eBooksVerffentlicht am: 2014-07-07Erscheinungsdatum: 2014-07-07File Name: B00LM7R360 | File size: 75.Mb

**Von Margaret Eleanor Leigh : The Wrong Shade of Yellow (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Wrong Shade of Yellow (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. GREECE - 'Where even the fish are happy' - and this reader was very happy!Von r j askewI want to escape, I need to escape, but it is always easy to defer the actual moment theres a drainpipe to fix, and the kids still need a bit of watching. And so we read-escape.I started reading Margaret Leighs THE WRONG SHADE OF YELLOW on a grey Monday morning in November. I had the makings of a cold at the time. Not ideal. I knew nothing of the author and nothing about the story, other than I liked the title and rather liked the splash of yellow on the cover. And I like bikes. And theres a bike on the cover.Heres to serendipity, I thought. Heres to escaping the known knowns in my life.THE WRONG SHADE OF YELLOW is delightful reading journey about an actual journey at a mid-point in the authors

life journey. Its the sort of journey many of us would love to make if only we.. The drainpipe, right? We are too busy, too settled, to dull to get off our comfy backsides to do it. The fact is probably a little less palatable to us, actually. We are probably too fearful to do it. We have too many possessions, too much to do, too much to lose. Too, too, too, too. Not Margaret Leigh. To be fair though, she has the right background for a cycle ride from London to Greece in search of a personal utopia. She had already moved around a bit in her life from three continents and avoided the usual middle-class career rut, basically by not having a career. A doctorate in church doctrine tells us she was never cut out to skyrocket through the glass ceiling to prominence in some serious busy-ness. She is the sort of person who prefers to plough their own furrow, or, more aptly, peddle their own bike. We need such people. Their vague impracticability is a sort of repository of useful genes, in a world where the quest for efficiency kills individuality. Our hopes for a better future are kept alive by such people because they are not afraid to take a risk, to get out there on a totally silly jaunt and just do it damn it! Margaret Leighs big bike ride is not what you would call a model of hyper-organised efficiency. She hasnt ridden a bike for decades and she is lugging all kinds of stuff she will never use, but cant bring herself to ditch. And guess what she does ditch. Her maps. Yes, the maps are gone before shes got out of Holland. The great thing about meeting new people, and we do meet Margaret Leigh through her charming little work, is that we learn their little ways. The author has very definite views about Belgium, Italy and dogs, for example. And she is not a purist about her journey. When she feels the need to is ready to resort to the odd train, though this causes her all sorts of problems, principally getting up and down stairs. So how does she fare? Brilliantly and terrible, in equal measure. She suffers a sinister pursuit by a small black car, a rib-cracking injury, gratuitous insults on the open road, increasing worries over money, 40-degree heat, the threat of savage dogs especially as she gets closer to her dreamed of utopia. But it is the annoying people she encounters who seem to drain her the most: surly ticket clerks, moronic bank staff back home, insane camp site owners, German tourists whove brought everything with them. Then theres the snakes, spiders, flies and a pan-handling dog. That said, she meets some beautiful people, especially when she reaches Greece. She catches their moments of pure joy in their company. Indeed, this is was the key characteristic of THE WRONG SHADE OF YELLOW for me, the joy the author conveys to us. It starts in Holland, once shes plucked up courage to pedal forth after being stuck on a pink gin palace with a lugubrious Brit. She experiences, a growing sense of freedom and joy and days of pure joy as she warms to being out on the road and alone in her tent at night, close to nature. The rhythm of the journey makes her philosophical, too. Theres something to be said for illusions, she says, They protect us for unpleasant realities to come. And this on reaching Nice, Theres something unspeakably lonely about cycling in the city. I never once felt lonely in the countryside. Her internal compass directs her ever southwards until she reaches Greece, where a native say as she looks out over an idyllic bay, see, even the fish are happy here. By the time she reaches Greece she is at times blissfully happy as she peddled among lonely mountains where her only companions were eagles. Yet not everything is perfect. She records the ugly blistering that tourism causes. And there are those damned Greek dogs definitely not pets vicious farm dogs. But even one of her worst encounters produces a moment of quite extraordinary grace, of providence. And then this, as some instinct draws her ever on to her utopia, There was no feeling quite like the one that came from freewheeling down a gentle slope, wind in my hair, and not a care in the world. Marvellous! If we close our eyes and concentrate for a moment, we can feel it, too, if we have it in us to. And so to Methoni utopia a place without even an artichoke festival to roll ones socks up and down. And a campsite unhygienic enough to deter Germans. Sauce! But we know what she means. You can be tooooooo hygienic. The author is in the land of doves cooing even if she can barely afford to eat and shes its furnace hot. Sparrows feed from her hand. But this is Greece, land of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, tragedy and there is a minor tragedy in THE WRONG SHADE OF YELLOW. Perhaps it is the nature of all utopias, all escapes to a better place and a better time. Ach, the human condition! You will have to read THE WRONG SHADE OF YELLOW to learn the significance of its winning title a title which sort of put its arm around my shoulder and whispered read me into my ear. May it do the same for you.

Kurzbeschreibung I was middle aged and homeless, soon to be penniless, and really and truly no different from that bag lady sitting on the bench over there. I couldnt jack it in and go home, because I didnt have a home to go to anymore. The bicycle and the tent were now home. Wherever I found myself on any given night was now home. And that meant, for tonight, Genoa Piazza Principe Railway Station was home. I was cycling across Europe in search of Utopia, a place I believed was located somewhere in Greece. When I found it, I would start a new life there. It was my big, fat, Greek midlife crisis. But now I was having a crisis within a crisis. What on earth had I been thinking? Kurzbeschreibung I was middle aged and homeless, soon to be penniless, and really and truly no different from that bag lady sitting on the bench over there. I couldnt jack it in and go home, because I didnt have a home to go to anymore. The bicycle and the tent were now home. Wherever I found myself on any given night was now home. And that meant, for tonight, Genoa Piazza Principe Railway Station was home. I was cycling across Europe in search of Utopia, a place I believed was located somewhere in Greece. When I found it, I would start a new life there. It was

my big, fat, Greek midlife crisis. But now I was having a crisis within a crisis. What on earth had I been thinking?ber den Autor und weitere MitwirkendeMargaret Eleanor Leigh is a writer without roots. Born and raised in apartheid South Africa, she's lived in Wales, New Zealand, England, Greece and Scotland. Now she's back in Wales, the land of her fathers. Her working past is just as colourful: she's been a journalist, a bureaucrat, a university tutor, a bookseller, and a proof-reader. This unsettled and chaotic life has its drawbacks. The only place she can honestly call home is the seat in front of her computer. But it also has its advantages: giving her a rich seam of experiences to mine-an invaluable resource for any writer.