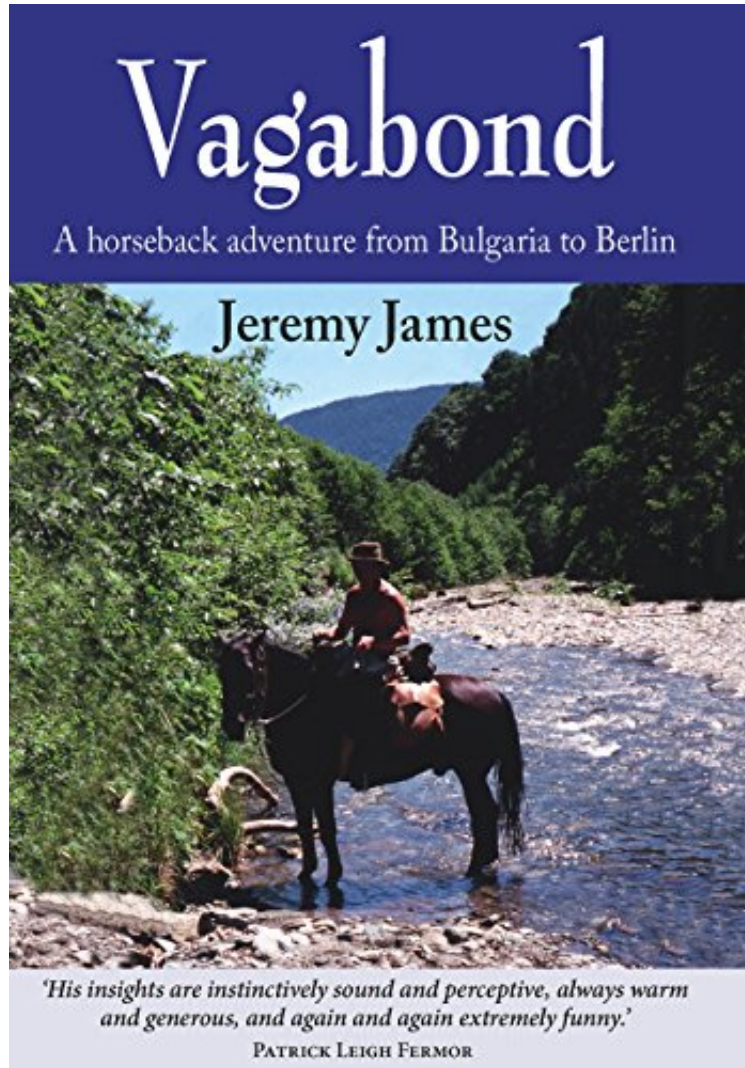


(Mobile book) Vagabond: A horseback adventure from Bulgaria to Berlin

Vagabond: A horseback adventure from Bulgaria to Berlin

Jeremy James

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Jeremy James : Vagabond: A horseback adventure from Bulgaria to Berlin before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Vagabond: A horseback adventure from Bulgaria to Berlin:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy CustomerThe first book to start making me think of taking a long ride. Inspiring.

The journey starts when author and long-rider Jeremy James buys two horses from gypsies at a fair in southern Bulgaria. He and his long-suffering friend Chumpie then set off on horseback winding northwards to Berlin and on the way encounter a marvellous array of local characters from all walks of life as they ride from Bulgaria to Berlin, via

Romania, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland. On a low budget, they are sustained by local fire-water, indigestible food and the forceful personalities of their horses who steal, run away, misbehave or suddenly comply at will and add a whole new dimension to the experience of travel. As Jeremy says, If you go by train or car, the world rushes past you, and you dont even get to smell it. But if you travel on a horse, you feel the world as you move through it, every step, every scent, every breeze, every dimple in the ground, and its always fresh. The horse carries you into village life: hes a point of reference, something to focus on. After five long months, they finally reach their destination. It has taken Jeremy through an Eastern Europe full of surprises, which, with the collapse of communism, has almost disappeared today.

"His insights into the countries he ambles across are instinctively sound and perceptive, always warm and generous and, again and again, extremely funny." -- Patrick Leigh Fermor
About the Author Born in Kenya in 1949, educated at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester and University of Wales, Jeremy James spent most of his early life working with horses and cattle in Africa and the Middle East. During the late 1990s he worked as Senior Consultant for the ILPH on the campaign opposed to the long distance transport of live horses for slaughter, which brought him into contact with many of the disappearing horse breeds of Eurasia. Jeremy lives in Shropshire where he now writes full-time for a living. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.
Karo was central to everything in all this time and I spent hours and hours with him. He was getting pretty tubby even though I exercised him every day and took him swimming. I enjoyed swimming him and was sure he enjoyed it too, because wed plunge into the water and do a big circle, then hed wade out all glossy and wet and roar around like a madman screaming his head off at the other horses before settling down to graze. The water kept him clean and in those temperatures the best thing you can do for a horse is keep him clean. And the reason I think he yelled his head off at the other horses was because he was still a bit lonely. I nearly lost him one day down in the barrage when I was trying to cross the stream where it turned into the river. It was thick with weeds but I thought Karo could wade through them and wed get to the other side, maybe twenty yards or so. In the middle he suddenly gave up. He just wouldnt go on and so I slid off his back and then realized he was slipping under the water and his hind legs were right underneath him. I bellowed in his ear and shouted and hollered; he pulled himself together, got going again and we reached the other side in one big froth but if I hadnt screamed at him I think he would just have slipped beneath the water and that would have been that. No more Karo! Then on the other side I took him into the barrage and swam him again, and he got out and threw himself round like a madman, so it didnt seem to do him any harm.