



# AUSTRALIA

- Sumer 2017 -







My dear readers,

After a 14-hour plane trip (against all odds, I actually slept 13 hours straight), I safely landed in Australia! Goodbye Californian summer, hello austral winter! Actually, let me reassure you: the weather is still much more enjoyable than in our dear foggy SF!

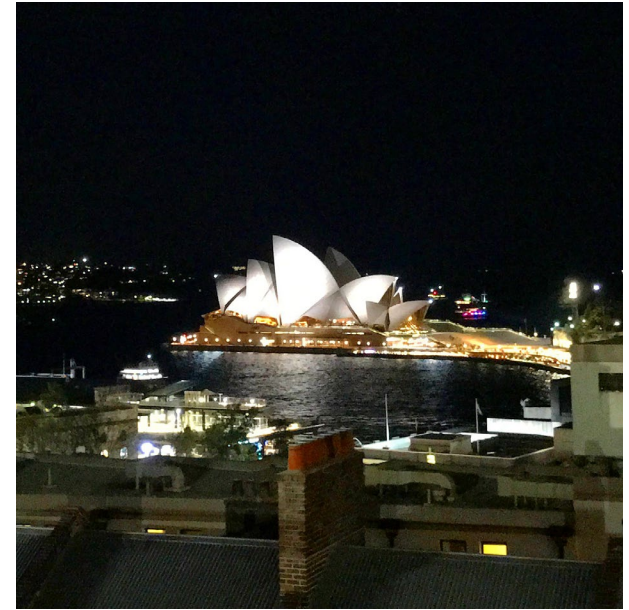
I have no plan, except for getting rid of any plan. So I booked nothing and just show up at youth hostels on the spot - perks of traveling off-season. I had actually only made one reservation: my first night, which I was hoping to spend in Byron Bay. Of course, things never go as expected and Destiny pulled up one of its good old tricks to get me in the mood for backpacking: my flight got cancelled and I had to improvise my first day in Sydney.



I'll get to talk about Sydney later during my travels. For now, I just want to share my amazement when I saw... no, not the Opera house... not the Harbour bridge either... of course the world-famous painting "Les énervés de Jumièges" (literally, the "tendon-less from Jumièges" - a ghastly story about king Clovis II's sons who got punished for rebelling against their daddy by getting their Achilles tendons ripped off).



Australian museums don't go on spending their money on lavish European painting, but when they do, clearly they show the finest taste. [Here, I need to be transparent and admit an insignificant conflict of interest: my cats and parents live in that very village named Jumièges]. Traveling to the edge of the world to hear about my tiny village within the first couple of hours: it looks like Normandy got cultural diplomacy right.



I was also impressed by the hostels. When I was young(er), I remember sleeping in dorms with 19 other people and sharing the only shower with all the cockroaches roaming the building. So far, the rooms open with magnetic keys like in legit hotels, showers and sheets are clean, there is wifi, rooftops and even swimming pools! They however maintained the traditions and preserved this one little detail that makes hostels authentic: snoring roommates!















I got to Byron Bay eventually. Locals there are exactly what we fantasize on when we think about Australian men: bare-foot long-haired boys, turned blond by salt and sun, a smell of sea breeze surrounding them, a guitar in one hand, a surf board in the other one... I'm digressing. Truth be told, when you put them all together, those Greek demi-gods turn into a summer camp of boyish hippies. Too much Aussie-ness at once.









I continued my trip up North along the Australian gold coast. I am currently writing to you from Brisbane. After a 10-year separation, I reunited with a long-lost high school friend who took me out on the river banks of Brisbane. The city is so enjoyable to discover: scenic walks, lay-down atmosphere and great weather. My trip continues however and in a few minutes I'll be boarding the bus to go to Noosa and its deep-blue water.



















Come on, you thought that I would leave you hanging like this? I very well know why you kept up with me so far. The real reason you're reading my monologue is because you want to see pictures of...







