

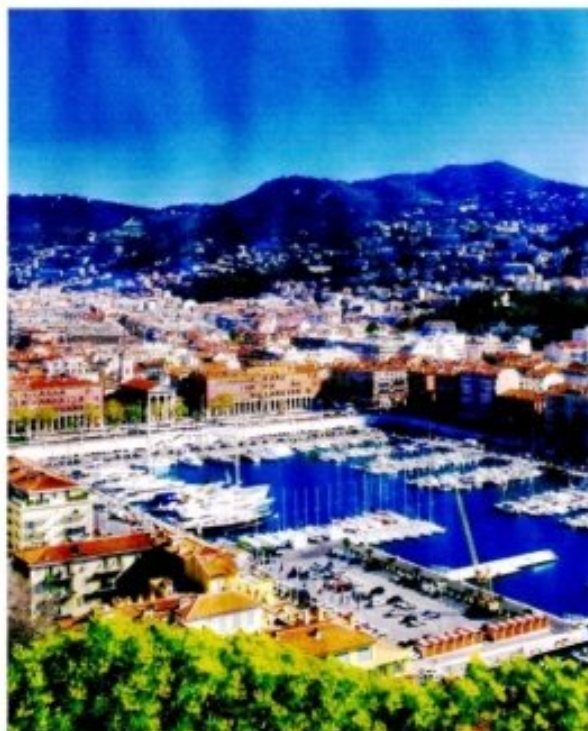
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Llewelyn Pritchard MA : Nice France Holiday: Brot Stutt Fri Fjarhagsaaetlun (Myndskreyta Dagbaekur Llewelyn Pritchard MA) (Volume 7) (Icelandic Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Nice France Holiday: Brot Stutt Fri Fjarhagsaaetlun (Myndskreyta

Dagbaekur Llewelyn Pritchard MA) (Volume 7) (Icelandic Edition):

Bjartari upp dagar inir og naetur [jafnvel a rigningardegi, misty veour!] Meo pvi ao njota allir gaman af Carnival meofram Promenade Anglais, bloma markaoinn; Parcs, Harbour og Old Nice i pessu oreglulegur, flautu- stoova skoounarfero um stutt -brot fjarhagsaaetlun fri i Nice, Frakkland. Sja konungur Franc eldneytisgjof nyju Euro mynt a Karnival fljota a Franska Riviera! [Includes dagbok seola og litljósmyndir meo yfirskrift.] [Icelandic Edition]

About the Author Interview with Llewelyn Pritchard: Where did you grow up, and how did this influence your writing? I grew up on the Black Mountain north of Swansea, South Wales. I haven't really got a clue how this influenced my writing except I suppose it instilled in me a great love of nature, adventure and the outdoors. I am the son of an elite collier and I would much rather take this opportunity to dedicate this great poem to his memory: "My father was a miner, He worked deep underground; The rush of drams and clanking chains. They were his daily sounds. He worked so far below the ground. Where coal was hewed by pick, The work so hard and wages small He didnt dare go sick. He crawled upon his belly. In drifts so low and narrow, The wind it whistled down the shaft. It chilled him to the marrow. He ate his food from a Tommy box, Shaped like a slice of bread, While squatting down upon the ground, Where spit and crumbs were shed. His water, it was in a Jack, to wet down clouds of dust, That gathered daily in his throat and lungs. Where it formed a deadly crust. We would listen for his footsteps, He then came into sight: This man, our Dad, as black as black, just like the darkest night; Right down his back white rivers ran amongst the dirt and grime, But you cannot wash away blue scars. That you get down the mine. Years now have passed. My father gone, But I am proud to say, My Father was a miner, until his dying day. by William Holden Llewelyn has worked with The Honourable Canadian Senator William (Bill) Rompkey, on writing the history of the Voluntary Service Overseas (VSO) in Labrador. This is what Bill wrote in his letter to the first get-together of the VSO teachers at Pateley Bridge, North Yorkshire 1-3 August 2003, "...Labrador called to you and we are calling you now. I hope you will do what you can during these few days to fill in the Labrador record with your recollections and reflections. This too will be an important contribution to Labrador history. But mainly I hope you enjoy your time together. Llewelyn Pritchard has done a remarkable job in bringing you together. He is as shrewd as Holmes and as persistent as Poirot. He could even be a great Canadian! We owe him more than we can say. It's his event and I know it will be successful. All good wishes. Bill Rompkey"