

Chapter 1 : November 1, " Loose Gringa

*Tales from the Gringa [Ruth Tolerton] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. There is nothing extraordinarily special about author Ruth Tolerton and her husband, aside from their individual talents as human beings.*

When I was in Mexico, a friend asked me what I was most afraid of, and I replied, with not even a breath in between: No, he said, unblinkingly. The word death is not pronounced in New York, in Paris, in London, because it burns the lips. The Mexican, in contrast, is familiar with death, jokes about it, caresses it, sleeps with it, celebrates it; it is one of his toys and his most steadfast love. True, there is perhaps as much fear in his attitude as in that of others, but at least death is not hidden away: Life and death are inseparable, and when the former lacks meaning, the latter becomes equally meaningless. Mexican death is a mirror of Mexican life. And the Mexican shuts himself away and ignores both of them. Our contempt for death is not at odds with the cult we have made of it. When I started Loose Gringa this year, I felt spiritually dead. I was in a depleted relationship; I was bored, spent, exhausted creatively and physically; I needed rejuvenation. I had been living like a dead person. I was living in fear of change as though it were death itself. I was backed myself into a weird little nest of familiarity and comfort, and I suddenly wanted OUT. So I ended my relationship and went to Mexico. Admittedly, I took a while to loosen up. Even with all the tequila readily available. Did I want to learn to scuba dive? I was scared shitless. And on my first dive, on the way down, mid-panic attack, I forced myself to continue to descend. And I completed two dives that day. Did I want to climb the Coba pyramid? I had visions of falling and cracking my skull along its treacherous steps. But I forced myself to haul it to the top, and it was worth it. Swimming with the whale sharks? But sometimes, I felt as though death was even trailing me. Death at every turn. Pushing myself was difficult, but eventually I learned to let go of trying to control the outcome of everything. The release came in a Coba cenote, when I volunteered to jump from a ledge into an icy blue underground pool without even a second look, or an appraisal of how high-up I was. I threw myself into death. Now, on the eve of my 30th birthday, I commemorate my near-death pre-Mexico life. Being in Boston is hard enough! I am constantly looking up places I want to visit: Colombia, Australia, Thailand " checking airline prices and struggling to keep my imagination, and wallet, in check. Now I daydream about quitting my day job and just fleeing. Teaching English somewhere, scraping by, and loving it. When the world refuses to end on Dec. I wish my dreams were happening now, and that I could update this blog everyday with tales from the road " but, patience, dear reader. I return to Mexico on Nov. So I promise more Loose Gringa posts. That, I can deliver. Now a lingering cough is threatening to thwart my scuba diving plans. My, how life " and death " can change in not even a year. The gringa rides again! I started Loose Gringa in the summer of when I dumped my shitty boyfriend and uprooted my life to the island of Cozumel on a tour of the Yucatan for two months. I almost stayed forever " I fell in love with a man and got offered a job. Neither of those worked out.

Chapter 2 : Ruth Tolerton (Author of Tales from the Gringa)

Tales from the Gringa has 1 rating and 1 review. Yuliya said: This is an account of the travels of a retired Canadian couple and their husky dog in Mexic.

Matito Mixed culture couples may face some negative assumptions in Peru. Instead I took a long sip of too-sweet Pisco and lemonade and leant back against the cold kitchen counter-top. He appeared not to notice the jagged edges of my smile as I nodded and thanked him for telling me. I topped up my drink, and followed. The jokes about bricheros had started way back in my Spanish classes, sitting about in the patio laughing and warning the new students about charming Peruvian men and women sweeping them off their feet while emptying their wallets. In a more serious moment my teacher had described the procession of female students that had fallen head over heels, passing through her classroom detailing passionate love affairs in halting Spanish, only to be left bereft when the local heartbreaker tired of them and moved on to the next gringa. Yet, at least at the beginning, a small part of me that wondered. And even when I was sure, when the trusting side of me won, I felt just as sure I knew what people were thinking. Brichero and gringa, hand in hand in the Plaza de Armas, her smiling from ear to ear, blissfully adrift in Latino love, him cheerfully enjoying the small luxuries of a life paid for in crisp dollars. He went on to tell me just who thought that my male business partners and my boyfriend were systematically draining me of the endless fund of money I presumably, as a Westerner, had. Many of them were in my living room, drinking my vodka and dropping ashes on my floor. Guilty myself of fighting to wait on tables of Americans good tippers! But that night in the kitchen, I felt jolted out of my own skin. Earlier that week, I was in the office working while our security guard Javier distracted me with idle chatter. My passport was sitting on the desk and caught his eye. He asked if he could flick through it; I nodded, distracted by a stack of invoices to be recorded and filed. He paused at my stamp for Colombia, horrified. More to the point, my father and brother had allowed me to go to Colombia? I searched for diplomatic Spanish, reminding myself that he means well, is concerned for my safety. I attempted to explain that my parents had in fact said very little, that as far as they were concerned I was more capable more capable than my brother. Maria arrives with friends, quite early in the night by Peruvian standards at least. Introductions are made, and another round of the endless cheek-kissing that characterises any South American social encounter. She sits across the table, looks over at me and Jenny, two gringas sitting in a circle of Peruvian boys. Token gringa girlfriend, perhaps slightly stupid, certainly incapable of looking after herself, and her money. Swept off her feet by the irresistible Latino man, to be pitied, perhaps, not to be known.

Chapter 3 : Peace Corps experience books

Sales Tales is a humorous, insightful account of the people and companies that shaped a businessman's career in sales. Sales Tales is a collection of short stories deftly told by an accomplished raconteur, Jim Shannon.

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Chapter 4 : How to Spot a Gringa | Chilean Adventures of the Pelirroja Peligrosa

Tales from the Gringa recounts the funny, impractical, and inspirational post9/11 adventures the couple shares over eight months, along with their dog, in a VW Westfalia camper known as Juanita. The book is uniquely written from the perspective of both adults and even the dog.

October is when you get some of your best camping weather in Texas. Happily, I was mistaken. William and I left work a little early that Friday to pack up Pumba, the car and the eighteen-foot tandem Ocean Kayak, and drive the three hours to get to the park before headquarters was scheduled to close five pm. The park is located less than an hour due east of Shreveport, Louisiana, but still in Texas. It is on the banks of Caddo Lake, the largest naturally formed lake in the south, half of which is in Texas and the other half in Louisiana. Named after the Caddo Indians, the lake is now guarded by thousands of cypress trees bearded in Spanish moss which is actually not Spanish at all, but actually very much a native plant species. But from the moment we passed through the gates, the place had me. The narrow winding roads of the state park reminded me of Tyler State Park, also in the Piney Woods region of east Texas. As soon as we got down near the lakefront, though, it was like nothing I had ever seen. Tall bald cypress trees, some thought to be about years old, stretched from the door of our tent way out into the bayou, each one draped in grey-green Spanish moss, giving the place an ancient and mysterious aura. Despite the fact that the lake was about five feet below its usual water level at this time of year Texas is experiencing its worst drought in history , we were still right on the shore of Saw Mill Pond, close enough to hear the chorus of frogs and crickets in the evening. Site 60, at the end of the roundabout, has more privacy but is not waterfront and is closer to the highway with all its noise. We drove around getting the lay of the campground. There are tons of RV sites, quite a few screened in shelters and a handful of very cozy-looking cabins no pets allowed in the cabins, though. Although dusk was settling in, there were still several families trying their luck at fishing from the shore. The burn ban got me thinking about the drought again. The grass was dried out and crispy. I had heard about how the hay farmers and the vineyards were suffering, having to harvest what they could salvage of their crops early. This pushed prices up, making it harder for ranchers to feed their cattle, thus making a Texas steak and wine dinner too expensive for my thinned out wallet, again bringing us back to the dinner of dehydrated lentils at hand. Have you ever heard an alligator bark? It woke her early and she kept nervously glancing out the screen of the tent. At the sound of gunshots I think squirrel season was open and there was hunting allowed in the national reserve neighboring this little state park , a great big blue heron was spooked and came squawking and swooping his great big wings out of the foggy marshlands. That was quite enough for Pumba who, with nervous whines, refused to let me continue my slumber in my warm sleeping bag. The morning was in the 50s during the day it would get up into the 80s , which motivated us to get moving and hit the trails early. We did not come across any wildlife other than a few woodpeckers and cardinals and squirrels desperately escaping the hunters next door , but the environment itself was beautiful. Find trail maps for Texas An hour later we were back at camp packing up some peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and filling our water bottles for a trip out in the kayak. Pumba learned to sit and balance on a kayak at a young age, but I was glad she had been practicing over the summer, as I definitely did not want to flip over into this muddy, marshy, alligator-infested water! We paddled up Big Cypress Bayou admiring some of the lake homes on the eastern shore, many of them up on stilts with decks overlooking the bayou and the woods beyond, pretty much every one of them with a dock or a boat ramp. It soon got too shallow for the motorized fishing boats, but we were able to eke through on the kayak. Traveling up the channel, we came into more and more duckweed until we were covered in the miniscule green vegetation. We also saw more evidence of beaver the bases of the cypress trees were chewed up and began to see more ducks, egrets, heron, even some ibis and two red-shouldered hawks. Back on the Big Cypress Bayou we came across a group of kayakers who asked if we had done the full loop. They had done this for several years but were not sure if maybe this year the lake was too dried out and shallow. Well, we would just have to get our own map and look into this all a little more! Pumba wagged her tail and behaved beautifully on the leash, convincing Captain Johnny Fletcher that she could be trusted on his custom designed

electric paddlewheel boat. We climbed aboard with a group of about 13 women who had rented a cottage together on the nearby Taylor Island. Now this tiny place offers several cottages for tourists and visitors. The reason why any of these little towns were there to begin with is a fascinating and unique part of the history of this region. In the early s a series of log jams across the Red River caused water to back up over several decades. Caddo Lake was thus born from the swollen river and the old bayous. By the s there was a pretty steady stream of ferries from New Orleans way up to Caddo Lake and beyond to the town of Jefferson, TX. Of course, during the next few years, the waterways would dry up and it would become too shallow for the steamboats to maneuver up into the lake. This is when the cypress trees took root and there was a brief craze for fresh water pearls when huge mussel beds were discovered in the now shallow waters. The steamboat companies financed the beginnings of a massive dredging project. After a few years, when they had run out of money, the federal government chipped in, digging a 12 to foot deep channel way up to the Big Cypress Bayou, all by hand. One hundred and fifty men died in this endeavor from yellow fever, snake bites and heart attacks. By the time it was finished, the railroads crisscrossed the western frontier and no one used steam boats anymore. By then oil had been discovered under the waters of the lake. Under pressure from the oil companies to make waters deep enough for their barges and oil rigs to get through, the government rebuilt the dam that they had years earlier blown up in this conservative, republican part of the country, they love telling that part of the story , this time farther downstream in Louisiana. By the s the ebb and flow of the lake was completely controlled by manmade reservoirs and dams. By the s the biggest thing going on in this neck of the woods was the Bigfoot sightings. So many, in fact, that the Discovery Channel sent a crew down to check it all out. Bigfoot went into hiding. Nowadays the lake is again a fantastic habitat for fish, birds, reptiles and mammals maybe Bigfoot included. Current challenges are the invasive, non-native plant species like the water hyacinths and salvinia which the government is now battling with weevils “ really! They were hunters wanting to get an early start. I am actually somewhat grateful to them, I suppose “ despite their ruining the peace and quiet of the place, they got us off to an early start as well. We took a quick walk down to the fishing pier to take in the morning fog that moaned and crept its way through the drooping moss and the silent trees across the pond. A little ways up the channel we caught sight of a couple of unabashed beaver that came within three metres of us! A little farther up this quiet, narrow channel were two rather large fallen trees, blocking our way. No longer having the energy or the willpower to hoist the kayak up on land and around the obstacles, we shrugged our shoulders and turned around. It had been a fun outing, anyway. Three hours after we had set out we were back at camp, packing it up to go check out the acre national reserve next door. We walked these a bit, but not much, since bow and arrow season had just opened the day before and, being that Pumba is a chocolate lab, I was worried she might be mistaken for a deer I know, I know I am probably exaggerating. We did go to the visitor center to speak with the volunteers there and check out the Center for Invasive Species Eradication remember the weevils? Besides these paved roads, there are many secondary roads that remain as well, leaving about 50 miles of road with few to no cars to enjoy on a bike. The Auto Tour does take you down to the lakeshore and a boat ramp at one point. Although the water level was too low for us to get our kayak in from here, this spot did provide a fantastic view of the lake, full of huge American lotus and smaller water hyacinths. We bid farewell to Caddo Lake and headed northwest to the historic town of Jefferson about twenty minutes away. Along the back roads there was evidence of one of the many wildfires suffered in Texas this summer. Scorched earth and trees came within two metres of farmhouses and corrals! Jefferson itself is a fantastic and unique town, totally worth any time it may have added to our trip back to DFW. As such, many of the homes and bed and breakfasts have that plantation house air to them “ big, wide front porches, and second story balconies with curvy wrought-iron banisters. Yet the downtown was very old-school Texas town “ a solid wall of brick divided up into boutique and antique stores that were probably once the bank and the country store , each with their different cut-out pattern on the roof, the red bricks contrasting sharply with that big blue country sky. It is its own blend of old southern influences. In its heyday it had a population of over 25, people. Its population now is closer to Although, the second weekend of October they host a motorcycle rally as a charity fundraiser that explained the dozens of bikes we had seen in the area who had apparently arrived early. On that weekend, their population bounces back closer to the numbers of the good ole days.

Newly energized with some fudge from one of the antique stores, we made our way back home. Into the setting sun. Like an old Clint Eastwood movie.

Chapter 5 : Tales from the frontier of expat life: A white Western woman in Peru - Matador Network

"Tales from the Gringa" recounts the funny, impractical, and inspirational post-9/11 adventures the couple shares over eight months, along with their dog, in a VW Westfalia camper known as Juanita.

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Chapter 6 : Gringa Perdida Trail

Welcome to the Tales from The Gringa website: The journey was fun, the writing of the book a long and entertaining process, and the publishing expedition hard work!

It sounds so dry and mundane, depressing, to say it that way. It is redeemed somewhat by how her obituary read in the Cape Cod Times a few days following: Nancy Burlingame went by many names since her birth on June 22, To her husbands, she was Mrs. An Ingrid Bergman lookalike. Not one to give advice, she was someone we all learned from such as that a solitary winter, however brutal, can be enjoyed with the company of a good, loyal dog because, at least all of the summer people are gone. To her 12 grandchildren, 8 great-grandchildren, and many friends and neighbors, she was Grinny. Dispenser of salty Tootsie Pops. Hoarder of blue sea glass. Greatest fan of Tom Brady. Avid beach walker and lover of animals. Seer of mermaid scales and exotic birds where others saw shells and rocks. She never passed up a good cocktail or a CC on the rocks. An active listener of tall tales and great dreams. Believer of any science that said dark chocolate was good for your health, Grinny succumbed to a heart attack on Friday, February 3, in Osterville at the age of Grinny felt deep concern for our wounded soldiers and animals that have suffered. In lieu of flowers, donations to The Wounded Warrior Project or a gift to your favorite animal cause would be greatly appreciated. Instead, I came up with more questions, more doubts and more fears. More than a few people came up and said they were there in representation of the such-and-such family from Vermont Hey! Ya CAN get there from here! As I looked around the room that evening of her gathering, I felt a tremendous sense of loss. I felt not only the loss of Grinny - her awesome and lively soul - but of her Cape. The olde Cape Cod. I looked around and saw beautiful old faces of Lewises and Hinckleys and Crosbys and Farringtons " people who remember Cape Cod as it was for Grinny. People who knew to point out that she had been an Osterville Burlingame, not a Cotuit Burlingame. What happens when we lose that generation? Is that Cape Cod, their Cape Cod, no longer? I felt Grinny, her world and her times, slipping away from me and my heart sank. I stopped the conversation I was having. I took a split second to step back. I took a deep breath and another look around the room. But the tide had changed. I saw beautiful young faces now walking in and around the room " faces of Crockers and Peacocks and Averys and, yes, a splash of Burlingames. These faces mixed and mingled with the older ones, laughing and giving each other a hard time. These were the faces of the new generation who had heard all the stories of the olde Cape from their parents and grandparents and cherished them as much as anyone. If you know where to look, the olde Cape Cod is still there: These kids have taken the baton from that older generation and are running with it. Looking around at my family and our close friends, I thought maybe her soul, like her ashes, had scattered to the wind, a piece of her coming to each of us. Maybe all those things I thought I was flying to the Cape to say goodbye to were actually not really gone at all " not Grinny, not the memory of her, not her good old days, and not her Cape Cod. You might think that is a romantic notion: That was not why Grinny wanted to come back as a seagull. I will never walk the beach or look at a seagull the same way now. I will always wonder if it is Grinny and she is indeed coming to dive-bomb me. I will never trust a seagull again. But I will always think of her. I thought I was flying up to Cape Cod that weekend to say goodbye to my grandmother. Last, I realized that what I thought was lost, was found. And we carry on.

Chapter 7 : Dã-a de los Muertos " Loose Gringa

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Chapter 8 : Tales from the Gringa by Ruth Tolerton

Tales from the road. Among the many events at Daytona Bike Week this year was the new Editor's Choice H-D Bike

Show.

Chapter 9 : Tales from the Gringa - ePub - Ruth Tolerton - Achat ebook | fnac

Bootcut is a gringa, especially if they're nice jeans. There are just certain hairstyles that aren't that common on Chilean gals (all of these rules are applied to the generic student population).