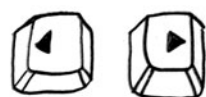




TODAY IS THE LAST DAY of the rest of your life

PART 4

by ulli lust



TURN OVER



EXIT

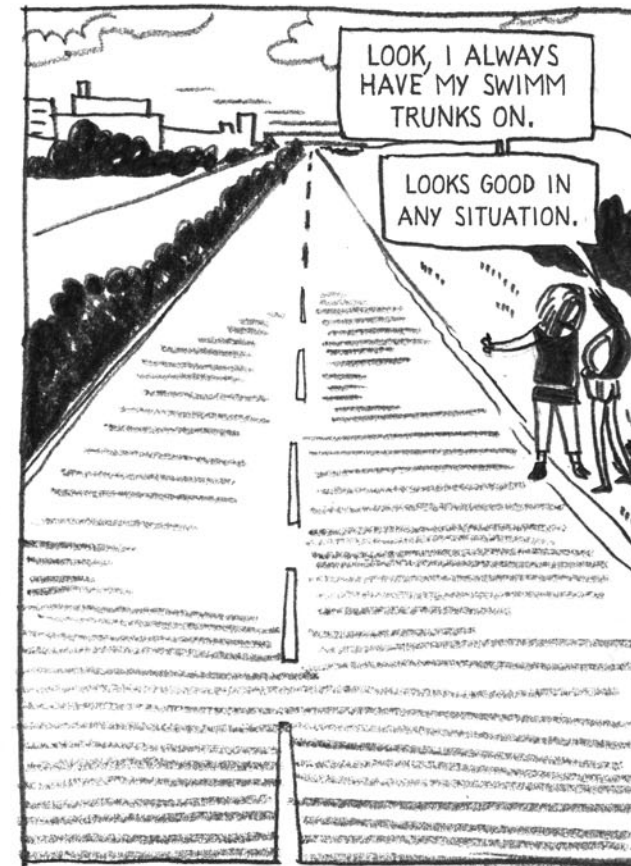
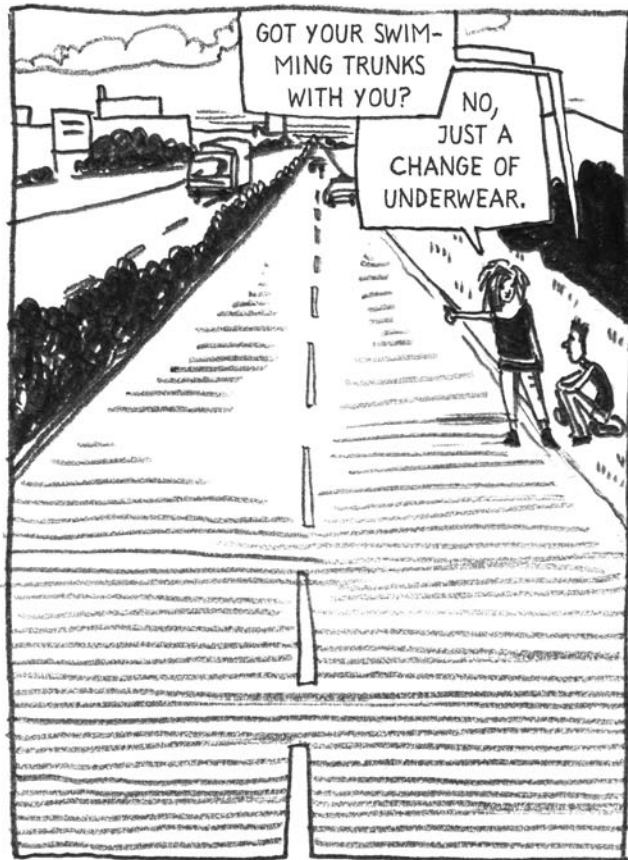
PLEASE LOOK AT THIS E-BOOK IN THE FULL SCREEN MODE: „strg + L”
TO LEAVE THE FULL SCREEN MODE PRESS THE KEYS: „ctrl + L” or „esc”



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mail@ullilust.de

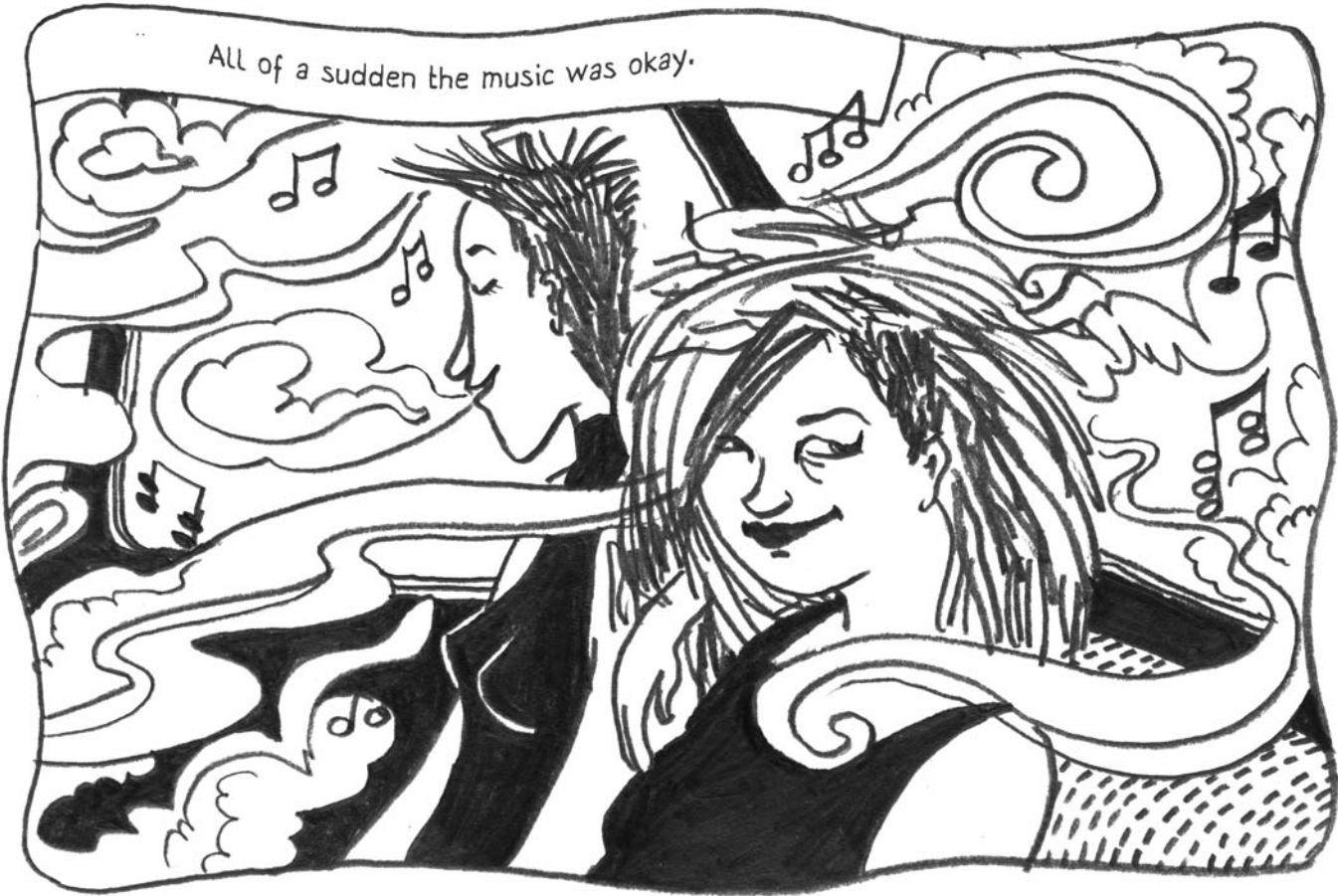




The „Wechsel“ was a mountain in southern Lower Austria where the almen, a hallucinogenic mushroom, grew.



We only knew about chanterelle mushrooms.

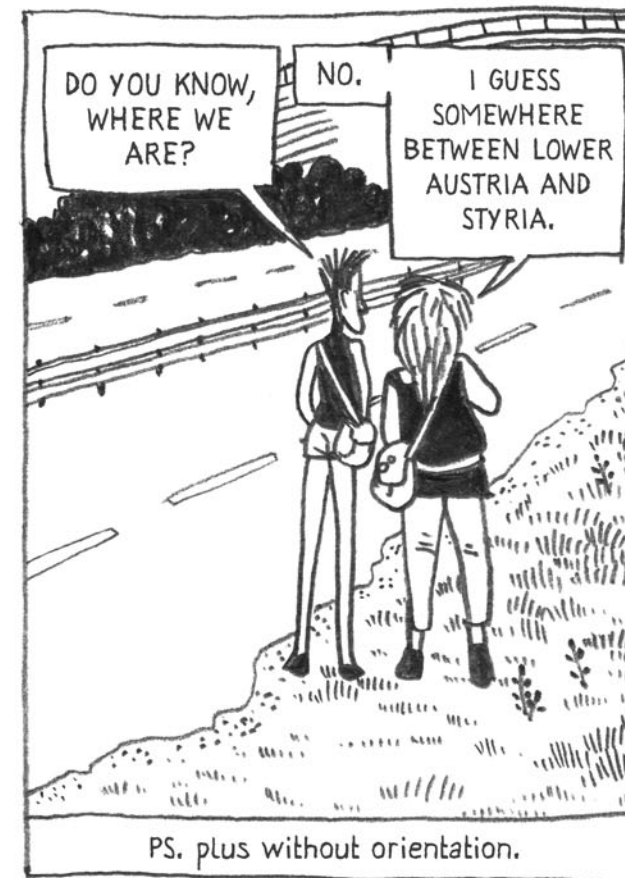
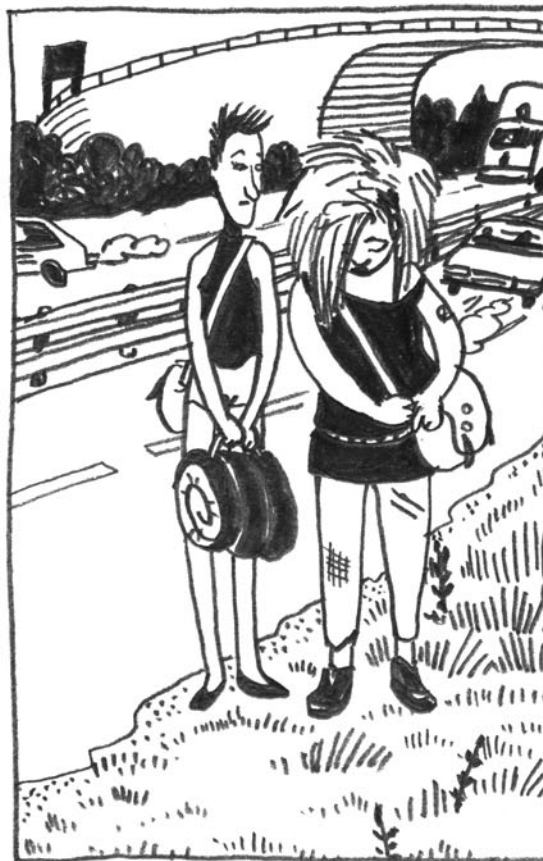




I got to grips with the total madness of our situation. Two 17-year girls hitchhiking to Italy – a country that I knew only from movies and books.

With nothing but a sleeping bag, blanket, no change of clothes, no money, no I.D.s
(In 1984 there were still border checkpoints between Italy and Austria. Austria was not yet a member of the European Union.)

The idea gave me the feeling I was the world's greatest adventurer. And what a feeling!
(from my travel journal, 1984)



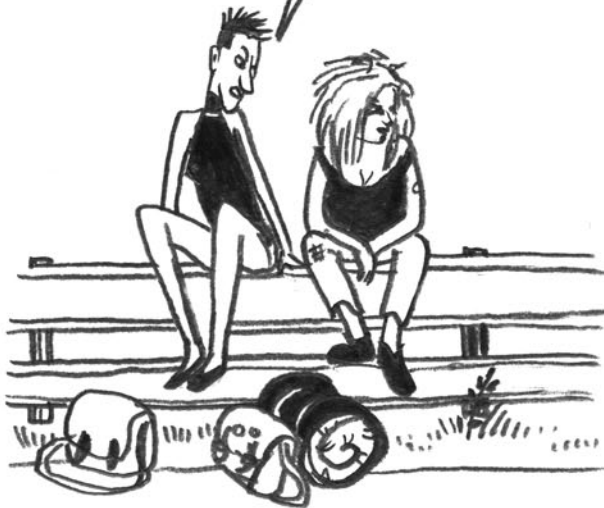
We spent no more than five minutes in the second car before we got to the next autobahn ramp.



The third driver gave us cigarettes and two cans of coke. We really needed it.

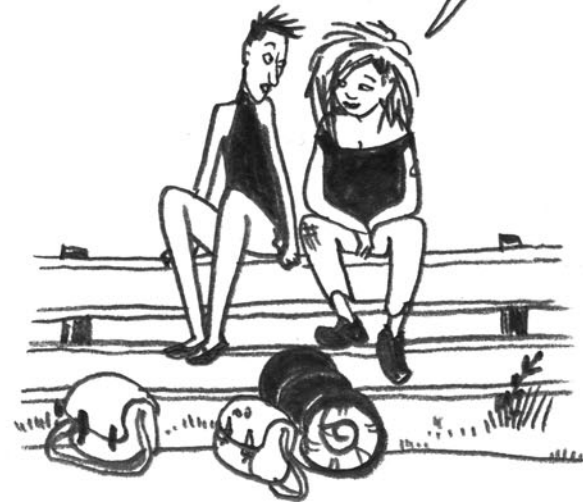


NOBODY'LL BE PICKING US UP HERE.



WE'RE IN STYRIA. WE'RE GONNA END UP GETTING STUCK HERE, I'M SURE.

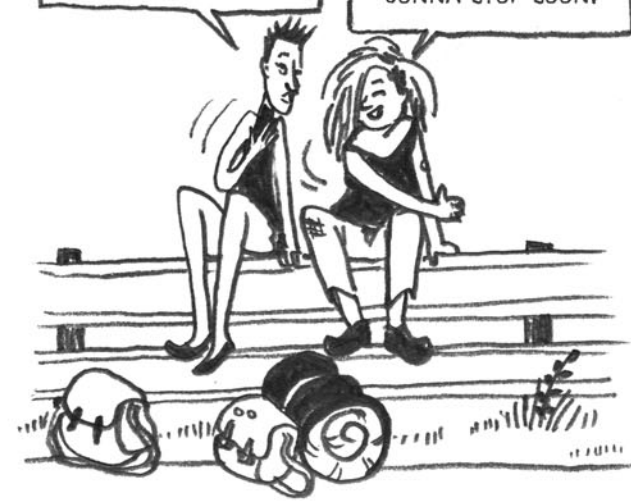
UP UNTIL NOW, EVERYTHING WAS GOING SWELL.

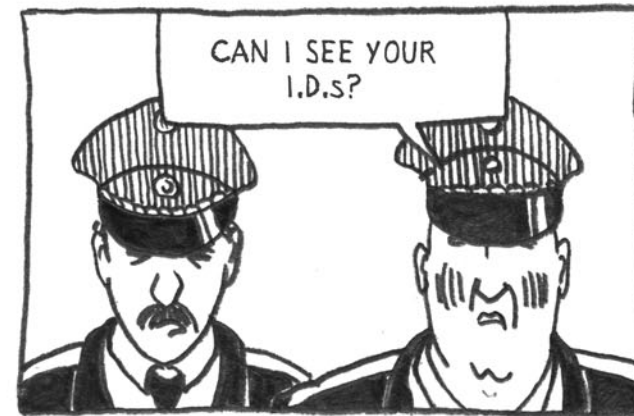
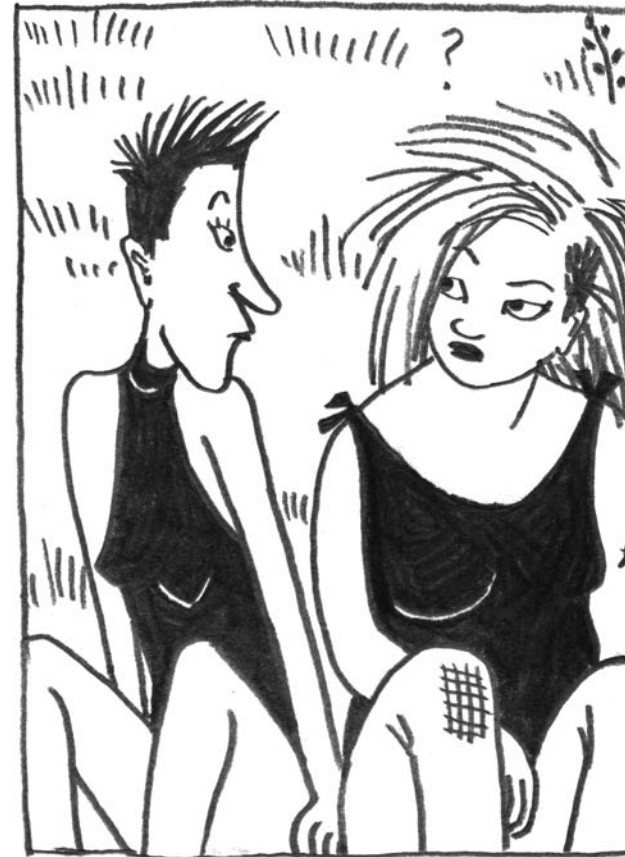
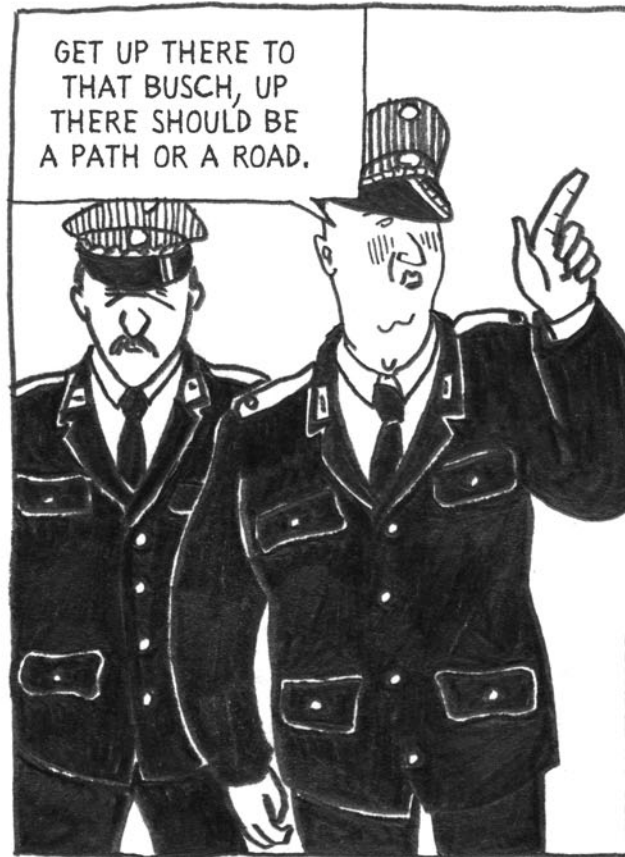
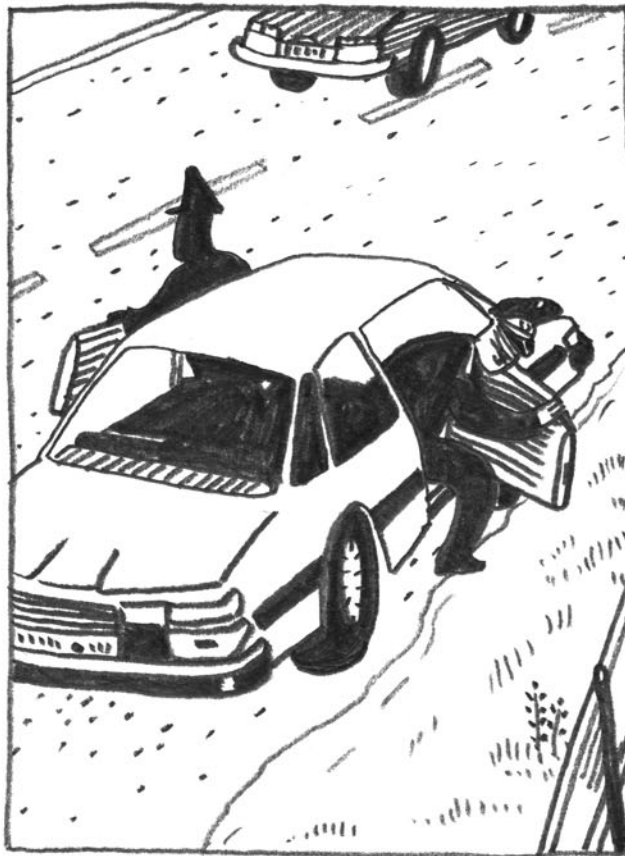


THERE IS AN OLD HITCHHIKER SAYING. HITCHHIKERS DON'T GET RIDES IN STYRIA.

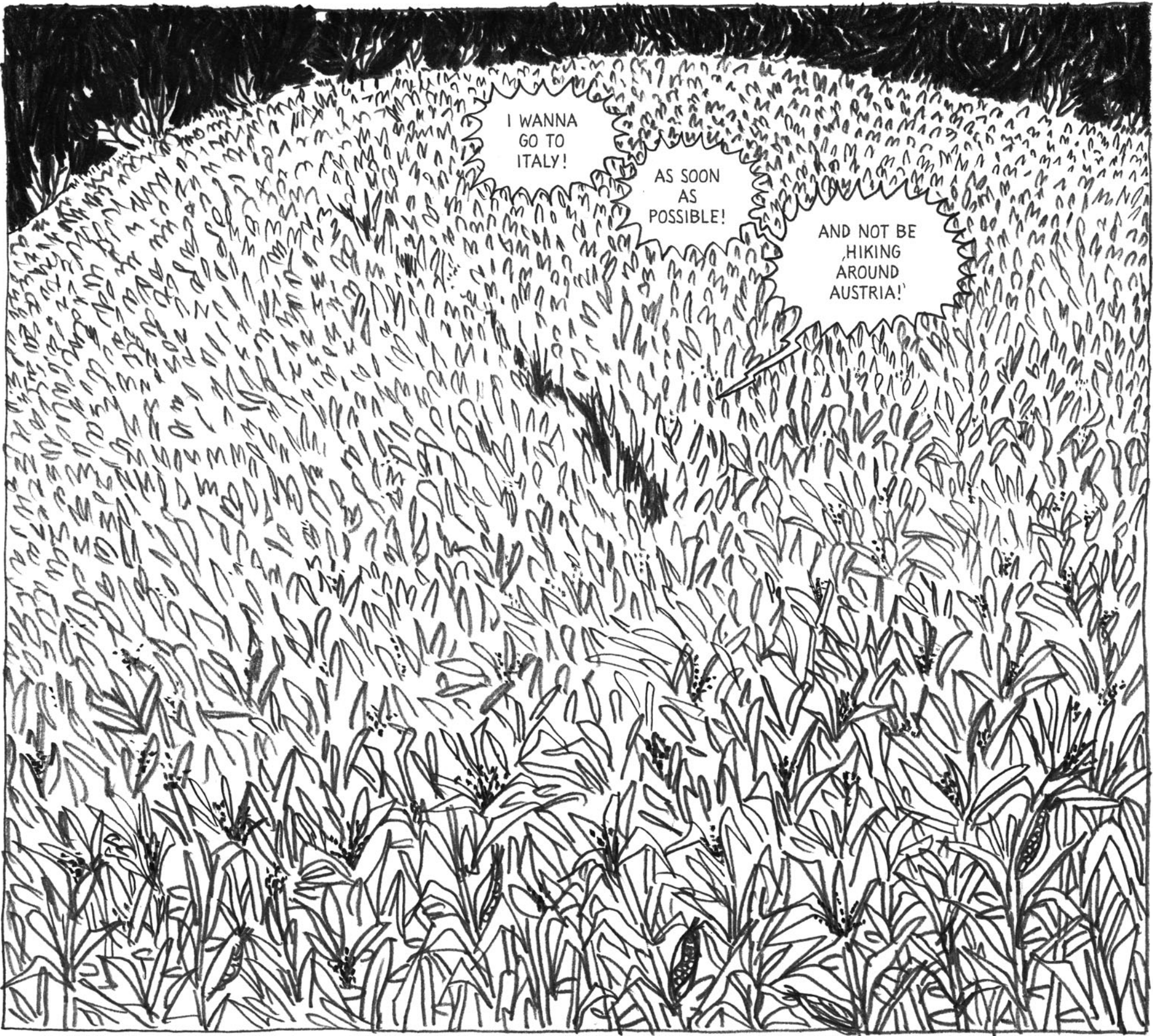
LET'S WAIT A WHILE.

I'M SURE SOMEONES GONNA STOP SOON.





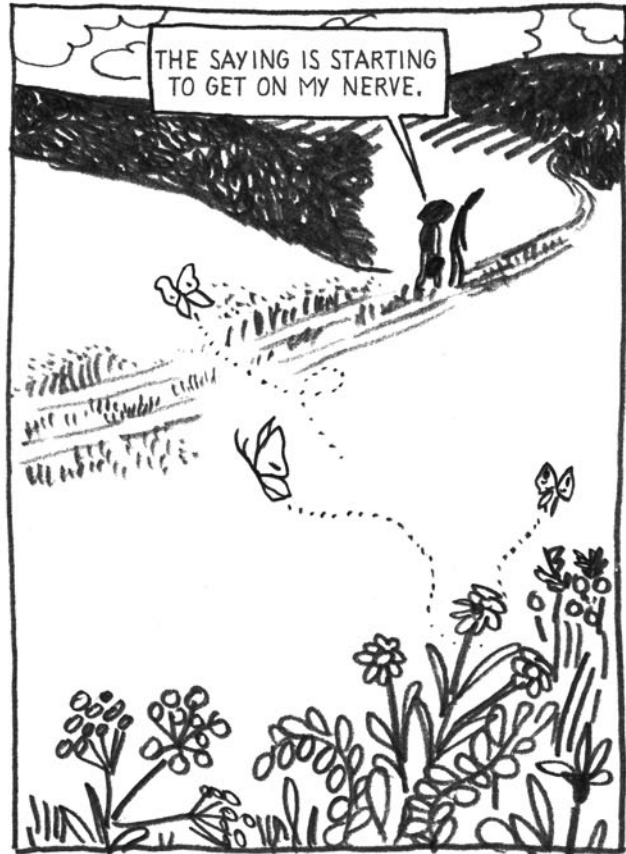




I WANNA
GO TO
ITALY!

AS SOON
AS
POSSIBLE!

AND NOT BE
'HIKING
AROUND
AUSTRIA!



Some country kids hanging round a crossing. For a brief moment we brought something different to their life. They decided to take us to Graz.



I'M HUNGRY.

ME TOO.

TOO BAD, BUT THAT'S THE WRONG DIRECTION.

MAN, THE ONLY PEOPLE STOPPING ARE THE ONES GOING TO YUGOSLAVIA.

AND THE CARS ARE PACKED TO THE ROOF. I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'RE GONNA FIND SPACE IN THERE.

ALL THE YUGOS ARE LEAVING VIENNA AND GOING HOME FOR THEIR VACATION.

WANNA GO TO YUGOSLAVIA?

NOPE.

ME NEITHER.

I'LL BET THEY HAVE TASTY PACK LUNCHES THEIR MAMAS MADE.

UNFORTUNATELY MAMA'S SITTIN' IN THE CARS.

ALONG WITH ALL THE AUNTS AND...

Time's running out.

MY STOMACH'S GRUMBLING.



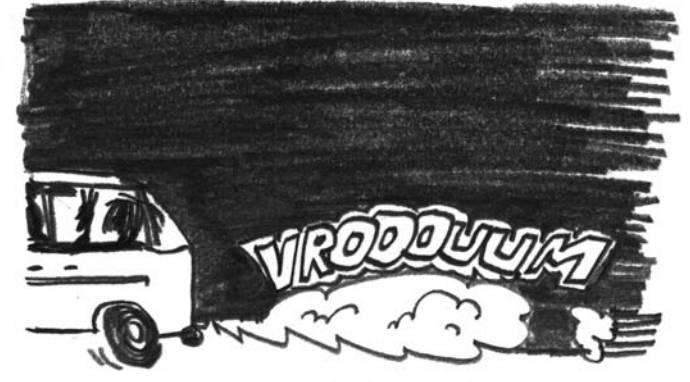
WHAT IF WE HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE?

MAYBE IN A DITCH ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.



YOU ARE GOING TO YUGOSLAVIA?

COULD YOU TAKE US WITH YOU FOR A WHILE?



VROOOOUM

At least it wasn't an overstuffed minibus.







IF THIS WERE THE MIDDLE AGES,
WE COULD JUST KNOCK ON SOME
FARMER'S DOOR AND ASK FOR
SOUP AND BREAD.



OH YEAH!
PLEASE
DO IT!



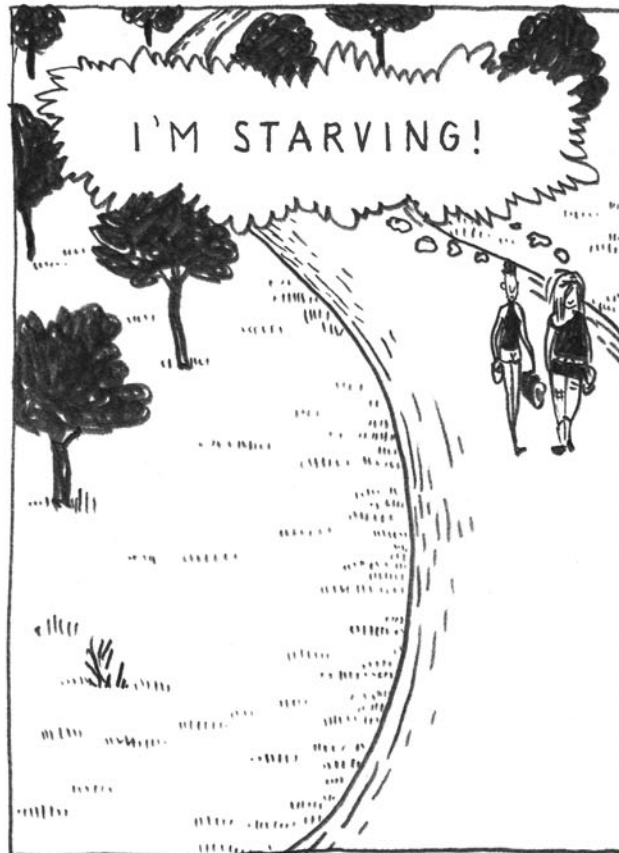
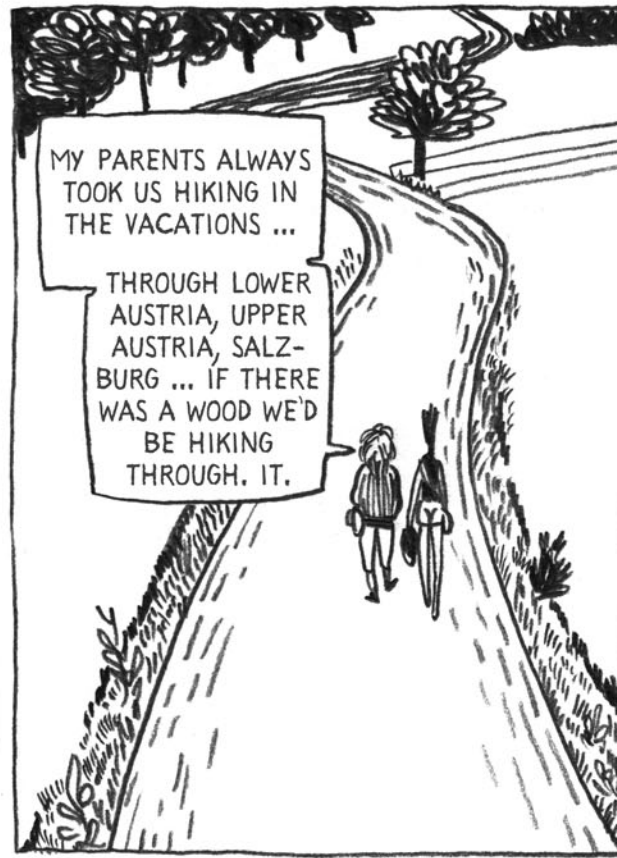
ABSOLUTELY NOBODY'S
ON THE ROAD!

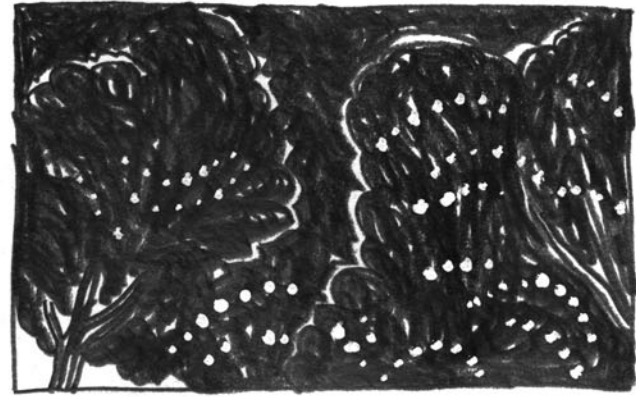
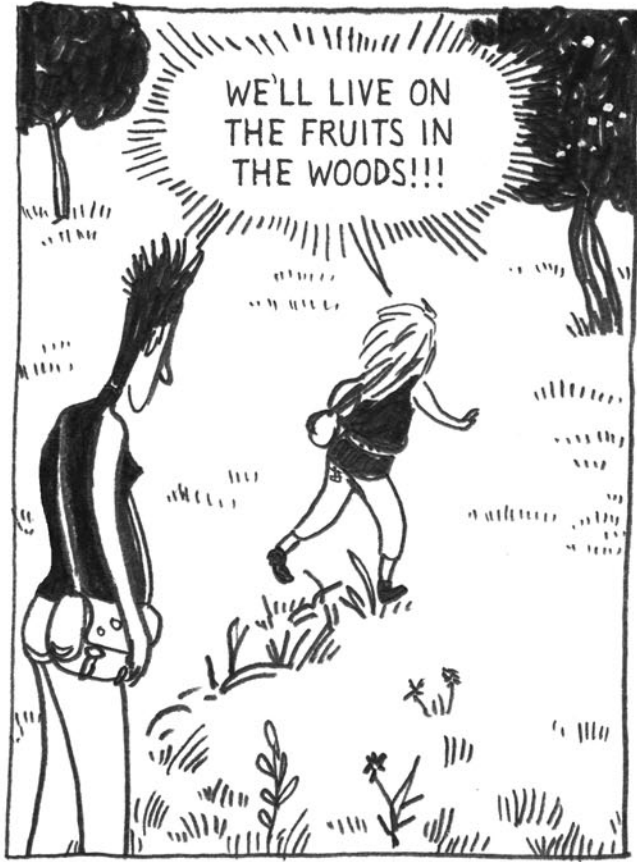


The last guy yesterday night to pick us
up dropped us off on a street which
was supposed to lead right to
Klagenfurth via a pass called Soboth.

NOBODY!
NOT A SOUL!

SHOULD WE
WALK A BIT
AND SEE IF
WE CAN
FIND A
HOUSE?





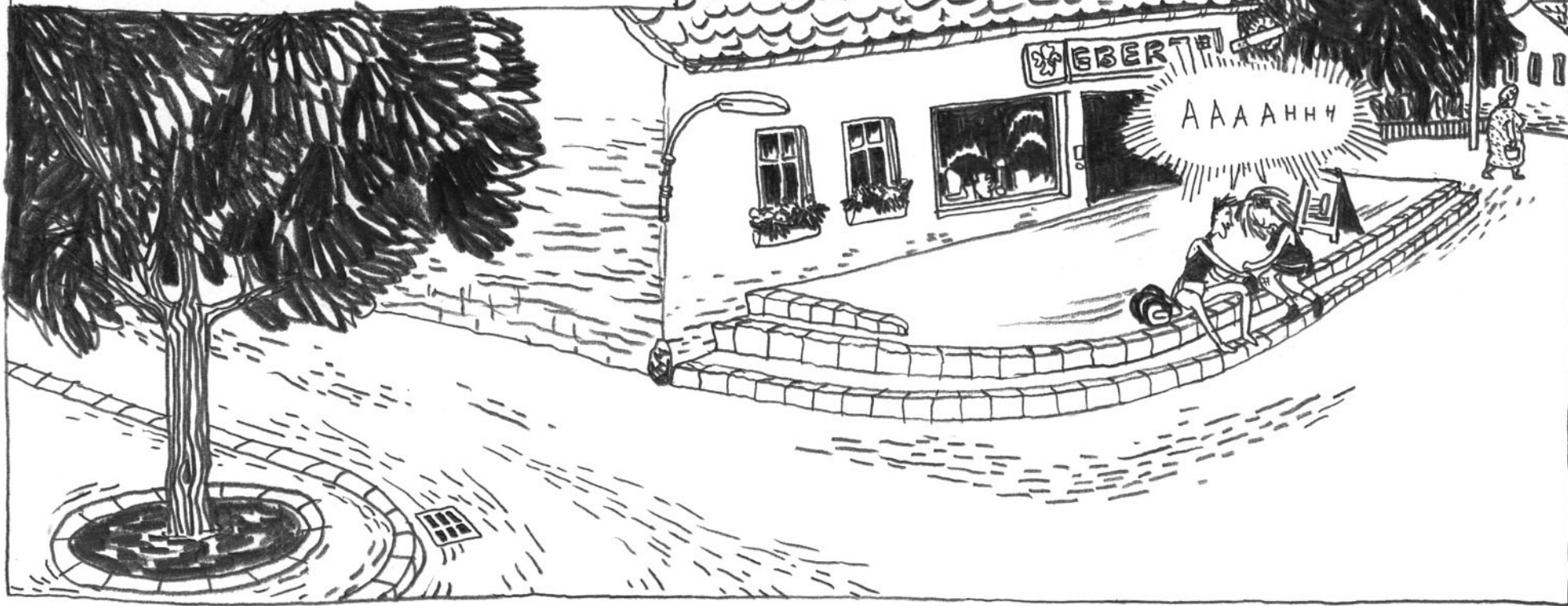
There were two young guys who took us down the next three kilometers. Suddenly the world was alright again and even that it started drizzling didn't bother us much.







We bought 3 bread rolls and 2 rolls of fizzy candy for 6 schillings and 50 groschens.



THE LADY BEHIND THE COUNTER KEPT HER EYES ON US THE ENTIRE TIME. I DIDN'T DARE TO SLIP ANYTHING INTO MY POCKETS.

FORGET IT.



YUMMY!

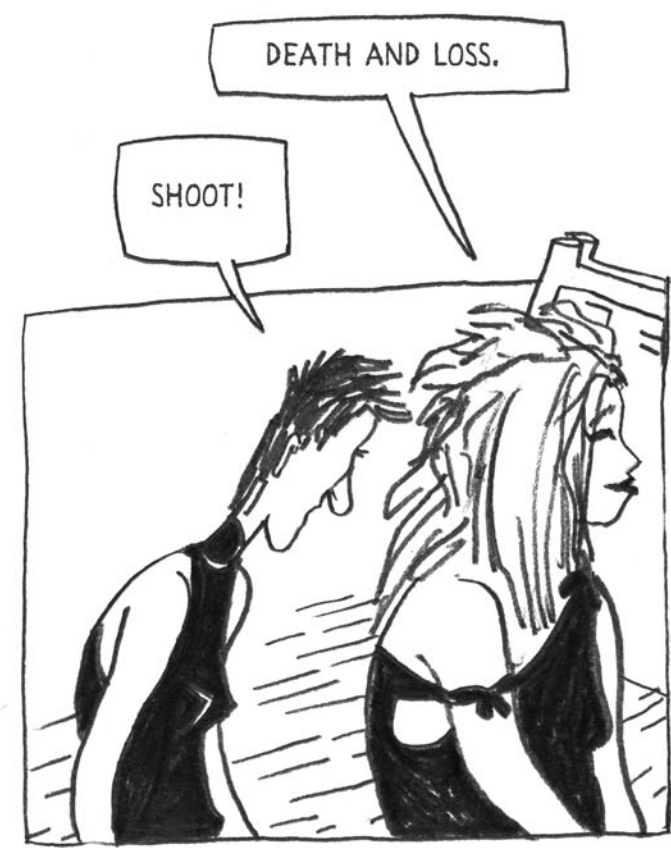
CHRRR

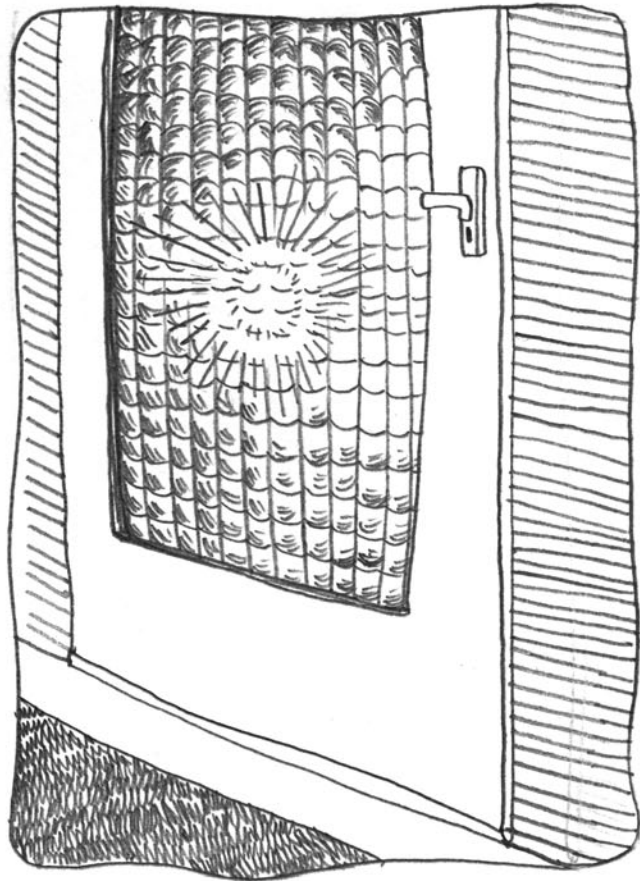


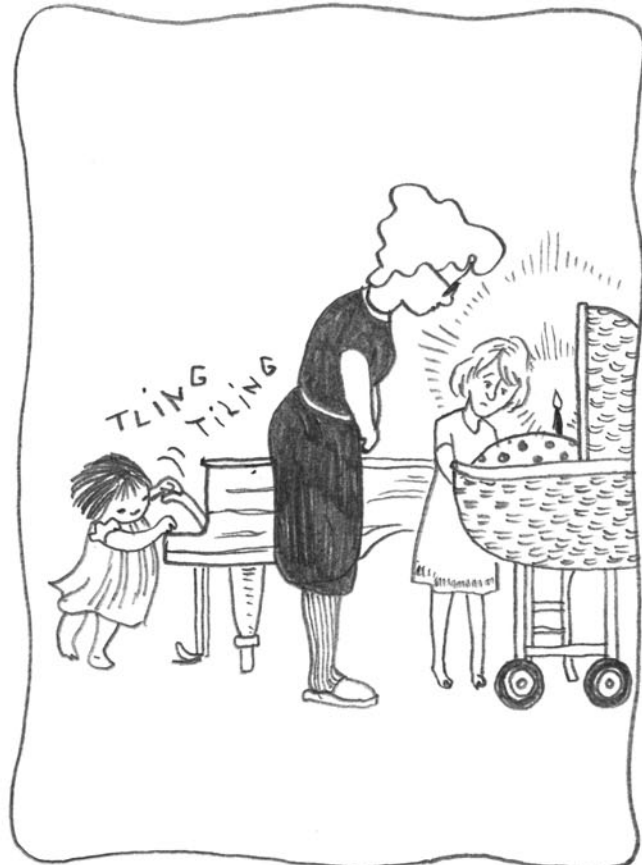
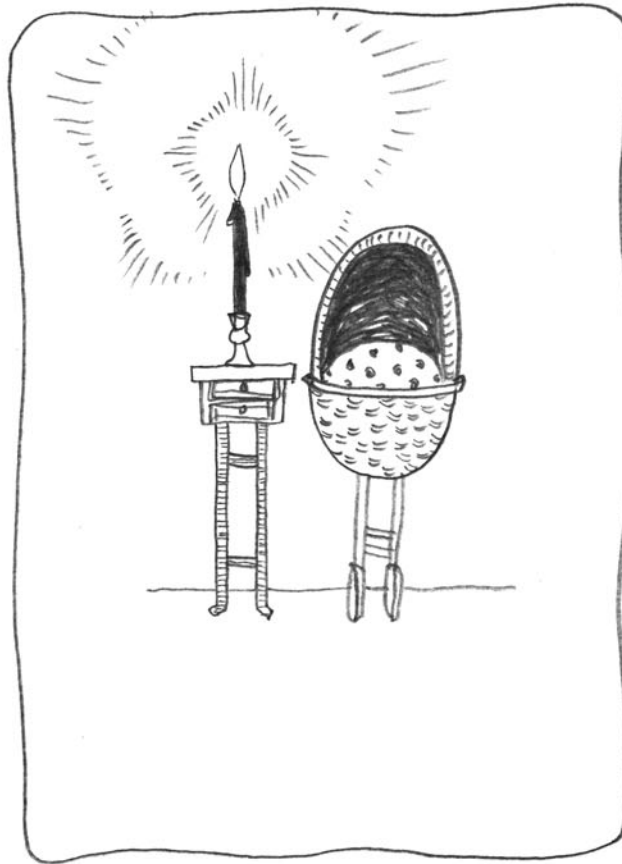
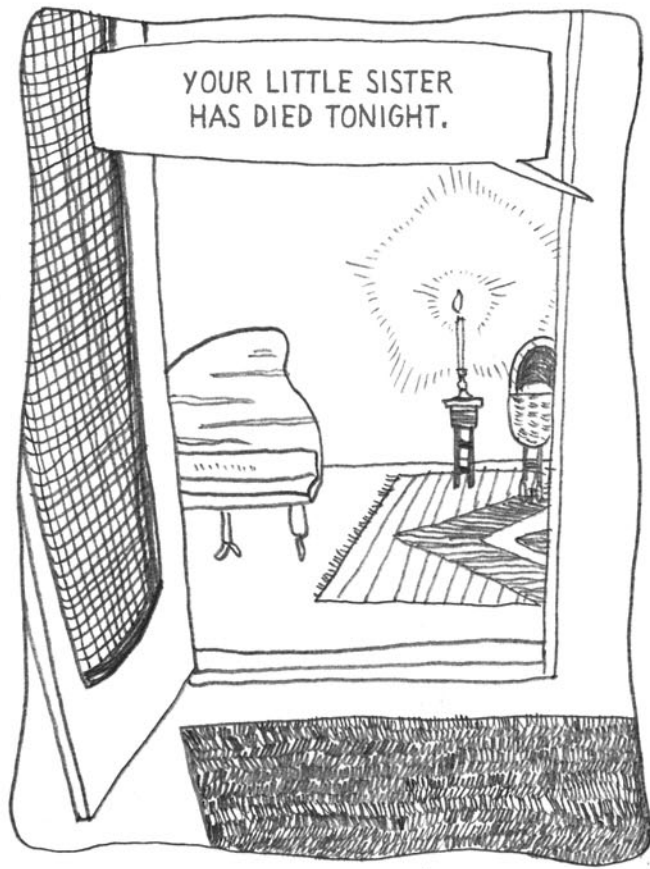
YUM

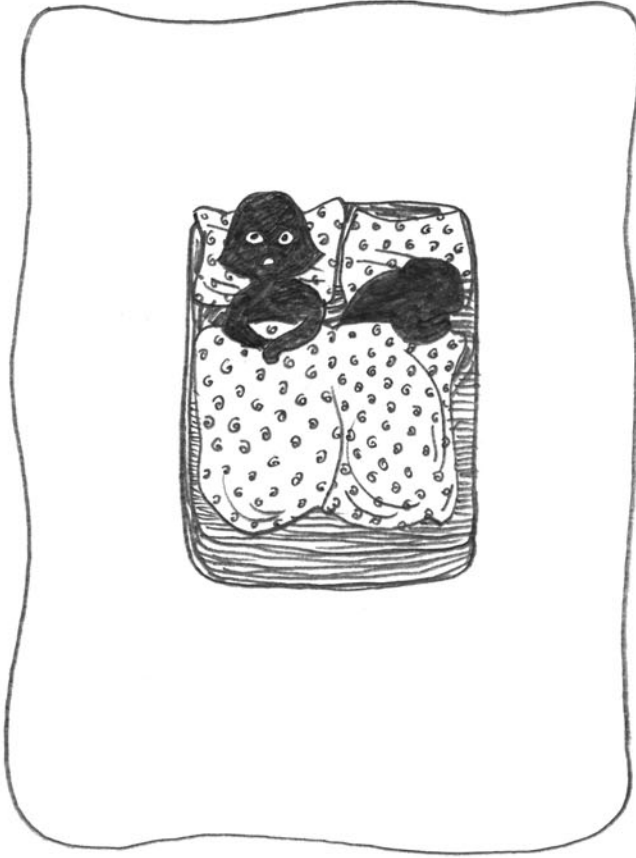




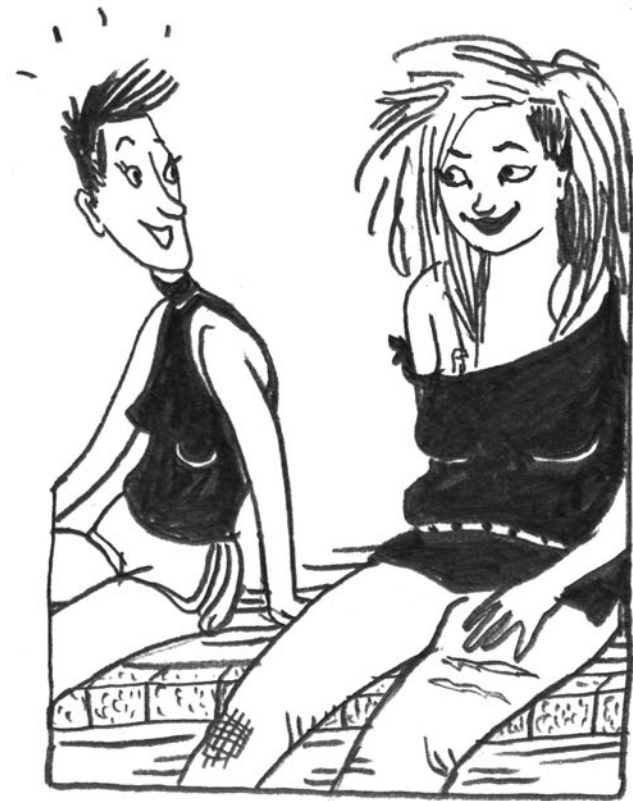


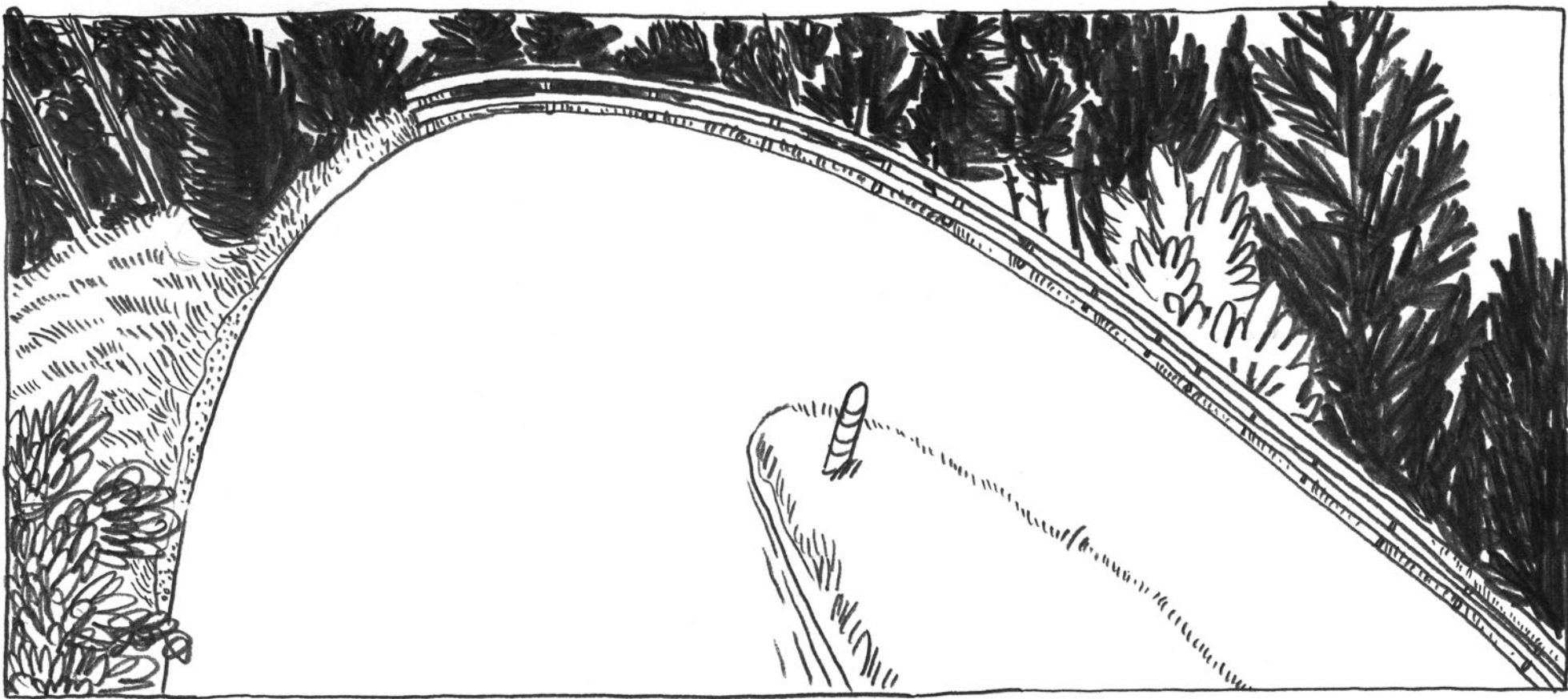








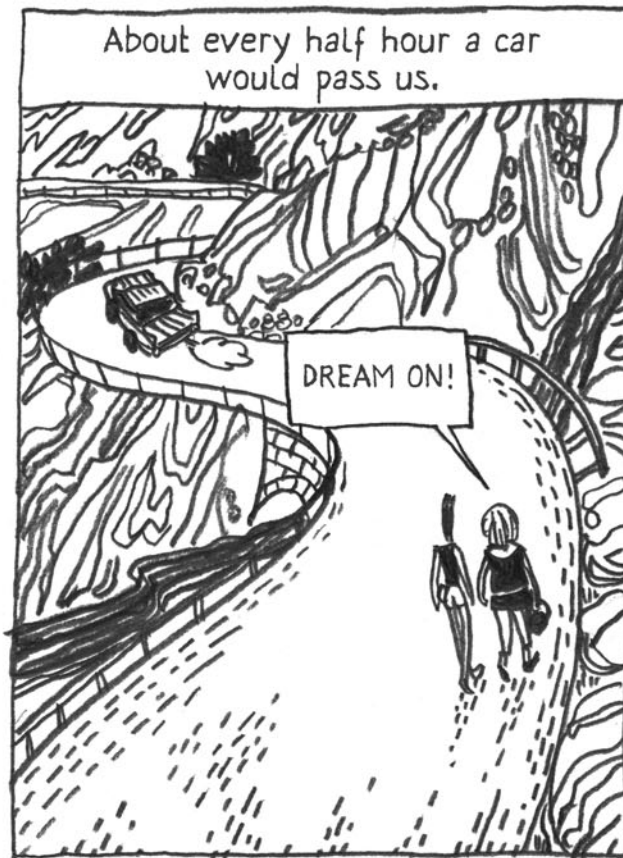
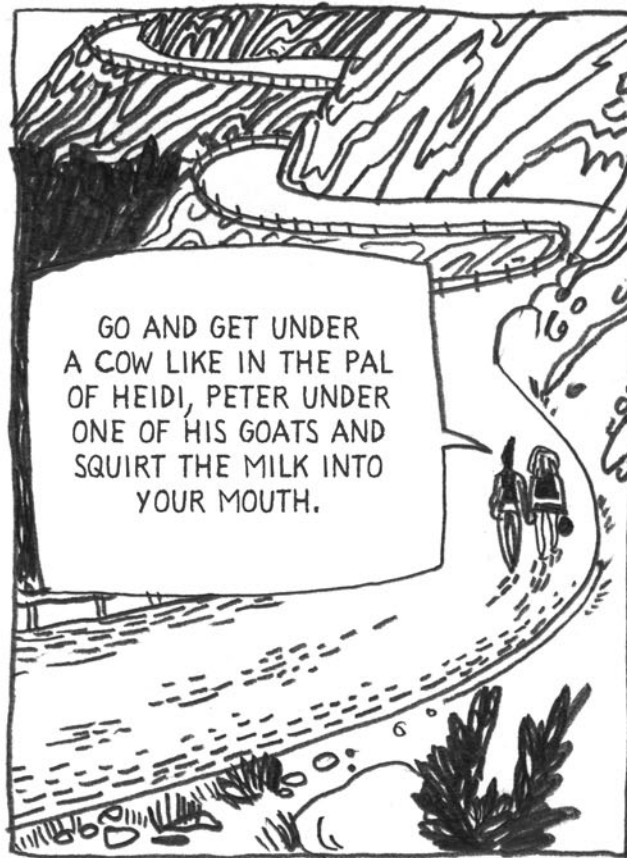












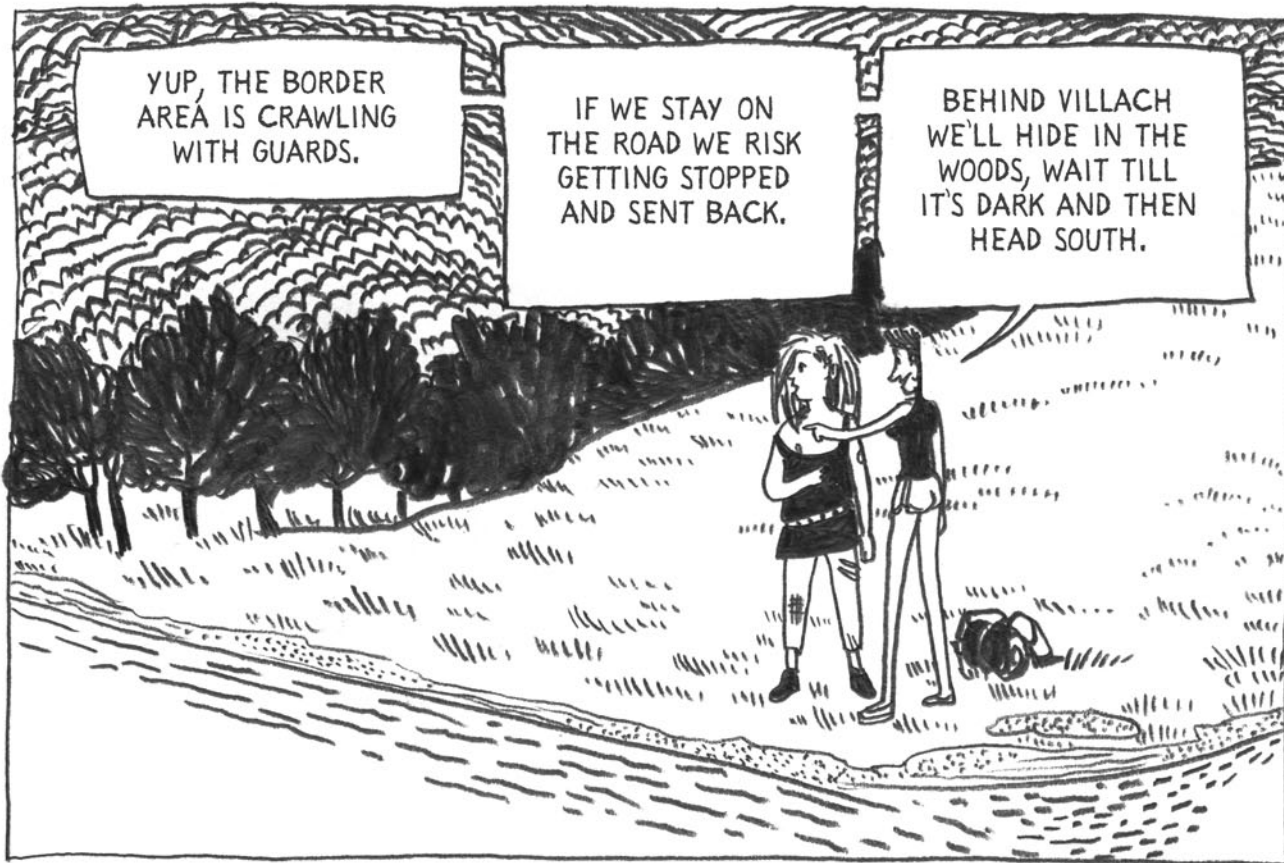
Before we knew it we were sitting in Gudrun's kitchen. She laid the table out with cold-cuts, cheese, eggs, butter, bread and hot coffee.

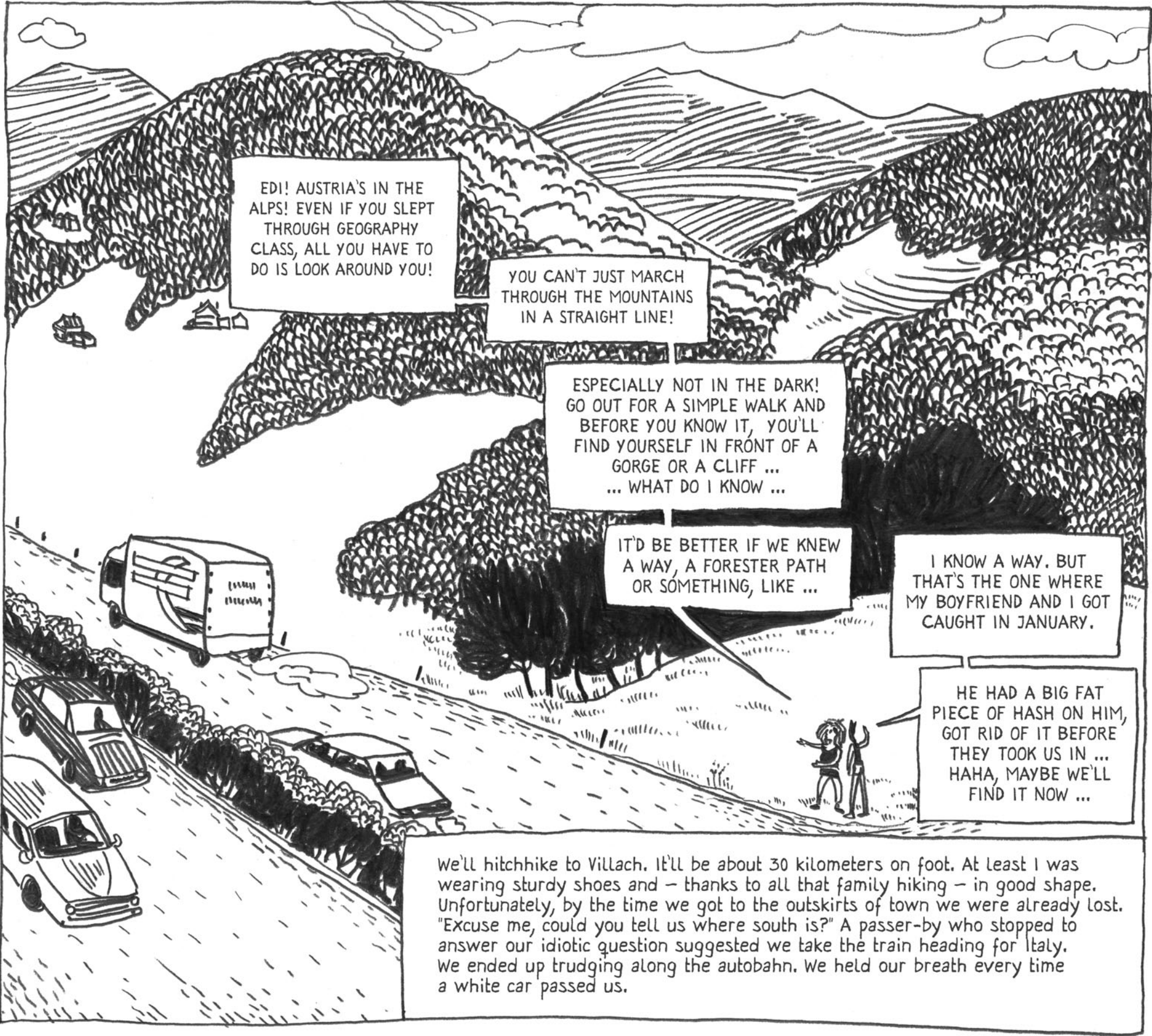


EXCUSE ME, BUT WOULD YOU MIND IF I TOOK SHOWER?



An hour later when we said goodbye we felt like completely different people. Thank you Gudrun! She even gave us 100 schillings (about \$9) and a pack of cigarettes. We spent two nights at Amanda's (and with Judith), a Klagenfurt punk rocker who was actually called Arnim. By Monday morning we were fully rested up and standing by the autobahn ramp, in the direction of Villach, along with some local blackbread, juice and 5000 liras (about \$5) in our pocket.





EDI! AUSTRIA'S IN THE ALPS! EVEN IF YOU SLEPT THROUGH GEOGRAPHY CLASS, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LOOK AROUND YOU!

YOU CAN'T JUST MARCH THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS IN A STRAIGHT LINE!

ESPECIALLY NOT IN THE DARK! GO OUT FOR A SIMPLE WALK AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF IN FRONT OF A GORGE OR A CLIFF ...
... WHAT DO I KNOW ...

IT'D BE BETTER IF WE KNEW A WAY, A FORESTER PATH OR SOMETHING, LIKE ...

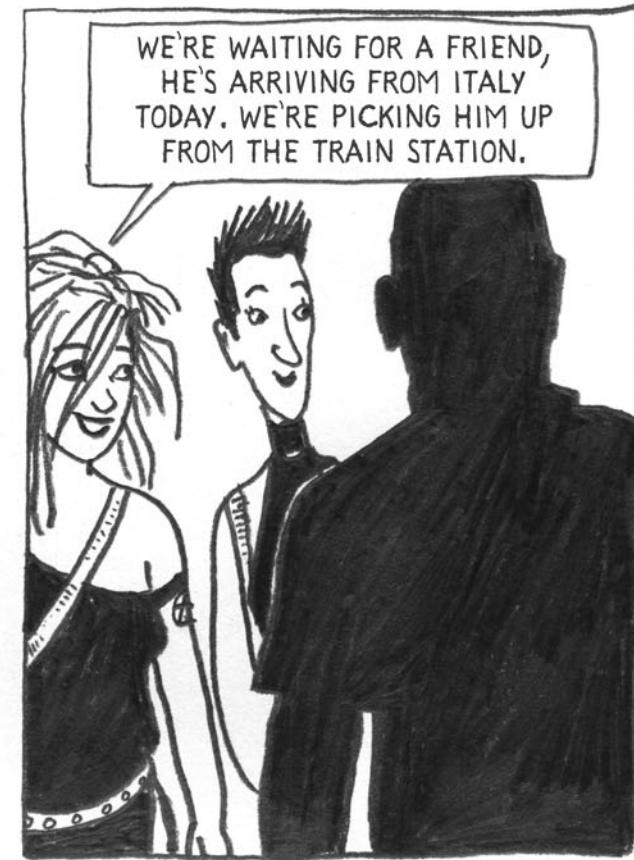
I KNOW A WAY. BUT THAT'S THE ONE WHERE MY BOYFRIEND AND I GOT CAUGHT IN JANUARY.

HE HAD A BIG FAT PIECE OF HASH ON HIM, GOT RID OF IT BEFORE THEY TOOK US IN ...
HAHA, MAYBE WE'LL FIND IT NOW ...

We'll hitchhike to Villach. It'll be about 30 kilometers on foot. At least I was wearing sturdy shoes and – thanks to all that family hiking – in good shape. Unfortunately, by the time we got to the outskirts of town we were already lost. "Excuse me, could you tell us where south is?" A passer-by who stopped to answer our idiotic question suggested we take the train heading for Italy. We ended up trudging along the autobahn. We held our breath every time a white car passed us.

Two cute Italian guys gave us a lift to the last village before the border. They would have preferred driving us all the way to Verona... We thanked them profusely, but...





The man rattled off some afternoon arrival times and wished us luck.



PHHHUUU WAS THAT CLOSE!

WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE FAST!



MY STOMACH'S GROWLING TOO.

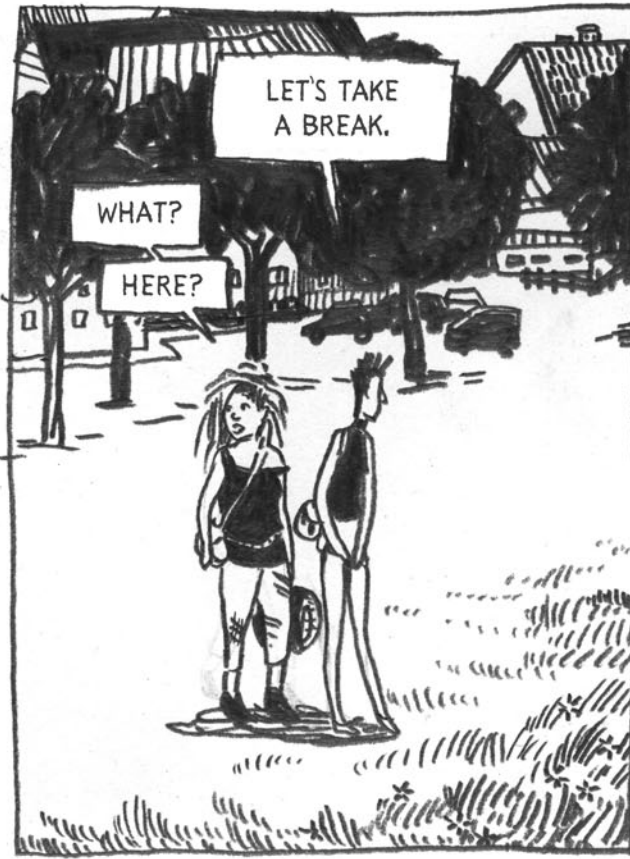
I'M HUNGRY.



LET'S TAKE A BREAK.

WHAT?

HERE?



Under the scorching sun, we finished off the rest of our food. It felt like the last meal before an execution. Then we followed exactly Edis plan: we marched through the mountains in a straight line.



to be continued



EXIT

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