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In the "Literary Bureau Natalia Rubanova" there is a separate shelf of trainees, literary travels that help the reader go to seats marked with flags on the map of our dreams and memories. The author of the book of Tripov Gleb Davydov is interested in the present time and life, it dissolves in the depths of residential Italian quarters, looks into the strange houses of Middle Eastern cities, makes his ways through the CHIR-Tauna shorts in Bangkok, is wanted without a goal in Cuban streets Ganga and listens to the pulse and breathing these places to understand something about himself and the world. "The Book of Tripov" is metaphysical permutations, "offset at the point of assembly", the author says.

Gleb, your "big journey", which you describe in the book of trypov, began in about 2004. You visited the countries of the Middle East, Asia, lived for a while in Europe, how much did you happen and why you pulled you on the road, what did you search?

I wanted to change something. Outwardly, my life was, you can say, a sample of success. At least from the point of view of the then public stereotypes of the relative of what is "success". I was 23 years old, I was the editor-in-chief of the popular youth magazine Bravo (that is, it worked, in fact, the top manager in a transnational corporation, receiving a very high salary at that time), I had a lot of money, many beautiful girlfriends and cheerful friends, Many bright entertainment. Etc. And even my work I was completely loved. But at some point, everything became more likely to cover me with a distinct feeling that "something is missing" that I am "not in my place" that life is "drowning." And very soon nothing helped to drown out this feeling or ignoring it. In general, I could not change something in the fact that I then called these two funny words "my life."