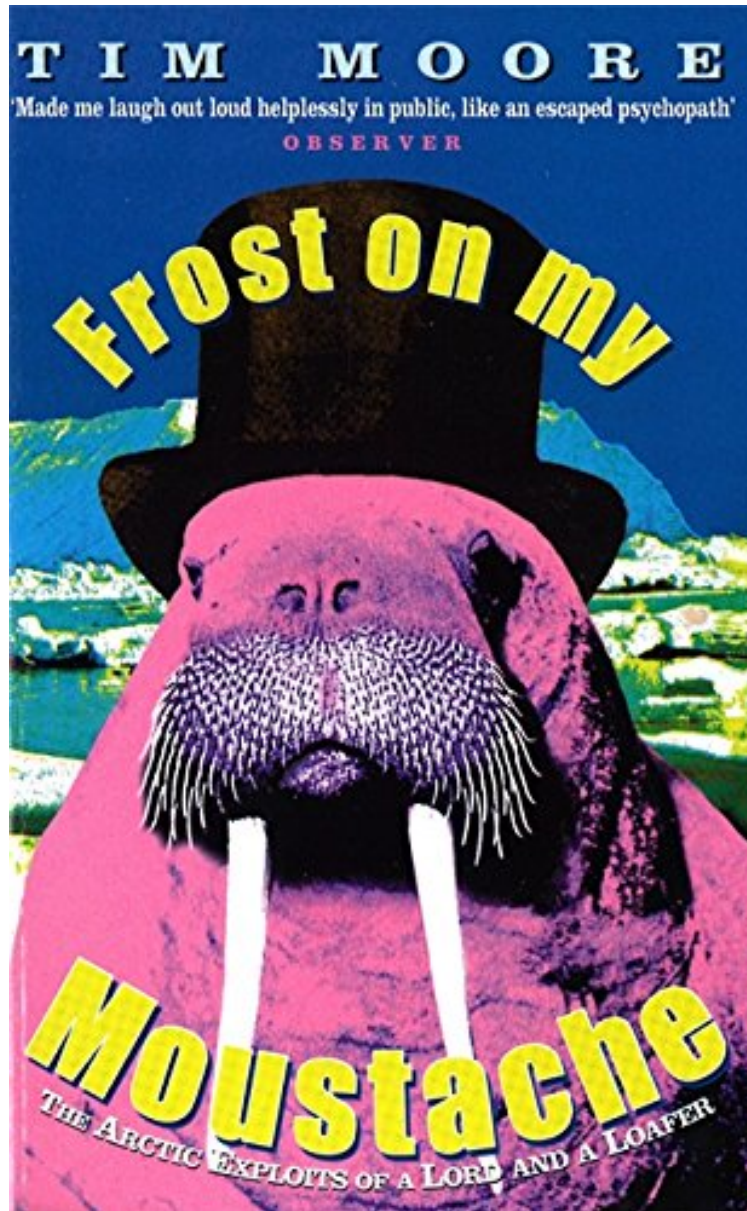


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## Frost On My Moustache: The Arctic Exploits of a Lord and a Loafer

*Tim Moore*

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**Tim Moore : Frost On My Moustache: The Arctic Exploits of a Lord and a Loafer** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Frost On My Moustache: The Arctic Exploits of a Lord and a Loafer:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Good ReadBy paul a barrettGreat Book.3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Brutally self-effacing humor (humour!) of the highest sortBy W. FisherImpossible to read sober, impossibly complex to be reading drunk, I'm still not sure what the author does for a living, but I know it's one of the funniest, most complex travelogues I've ever read.If you are interested in the North --as in the far north including Iceland and the like-- then this is the way to go.What does the title mean? I can't ruin it, but it's fantastic. The best ..... of all!The rest of the book? A classic "made up" travelog in the sense that the author simply creates a journey, goes on it, and writes about it.With style. And big words/sentences/paragraphs. And laughter. Much laughter.The title does give a hint of his style: "Exploits of a Lord Loafer." Accurate.In the same way that Bill Bryson uses 3 words to conjure up the most vivid picture in my mind, Tim Moore uses complex, nearly poetic language to the same effect -- and the same laugh-out-loud guffaws of pure joy at such fantastic wit.Cheers to Tim. Next time, I'd just like it if he used shorter sentences to keep my brain from blowing.1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. The book made me laugh out loud.By Eva WolfsohnI read this book, an account of travel in Iceland, while I was actually traveling there this summer. It was immensely enjoyable to follow the writer's journey on my own map. His humor enlivened some of the dreary, rainy days. Thank you, Tim Moore.

Inspired by the swashbuckling travelogues of Victorian diplomat Lord Dufferin, frail suburbanite Tim Moore sets out to prove his physical and spiritual worth before his sceptical Nordic in-laws by retracing Dufferin's epic voyage to Iceland and Spitzbergen. Dufferin's battles with icebergs, polar bears and the deep potations of hospitable Norsemen is a tale of derring-do; Moore's struggle against seasickness, vertigo and over-priced groceries is all too plainly one of derring-don't. As his bid to emulate the Empire tradition of fearless pluck in the face of adversity crumbles before haughty Icelandic skippers, a convoy of Norwegian Vikings and Spitzbergen's Soviet ghost towns, he finds himself transferring his affections to Dufferin's valet Wilson, a man so profoundly gloomy that 'he was seen to smile but once, when told that his colleague, the steward, had been almost thrown overboard'. As Moore says, 'Dufferin seems the personification of Kipling's 'If'. I'm more of a 'But... ' man myself.' FROST ON MY MOUSTACHE is the wretched apologia of a big earl's blouse.

A hilarious journal of sustained sardonic humour \* Esquire \* Book of the Year \* Spectator \* A Joy -- Vic Reeves  
Made me laugh out loud helplessly in public, like an escaped psychopath \* Observer \* One of the funniest travelogues you will ever read \* EXPRESS \* His is a rare comic talent, and his debut a brilliantly sustained piece of travel writing \* THE TIMES \* Regularly had me laughing out loud \* SUNDAY TIMES \* There won't be a funnier or more original contender until Tim Moore publishes his next volume ... There hasn't been such a fresh voice among itinerant writers since Redmond O'Hanlon or Bill Bryson got started \* SPECTATOR \*About the AuthorFailed dandy Tim Moore lives in West London with his wife and slightly too many children. His writing has appeared in several publications including the SUNDAY TIMES, the INDEPENDENT, the OBSERVER, ESQUIRE and the EVENING STANDARD.