

# Cartoons 4 TREES

#48



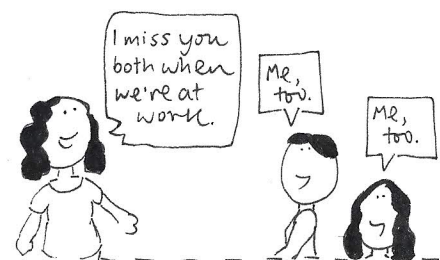
I was on the other side of the world with two friends I got on ridiculously well with



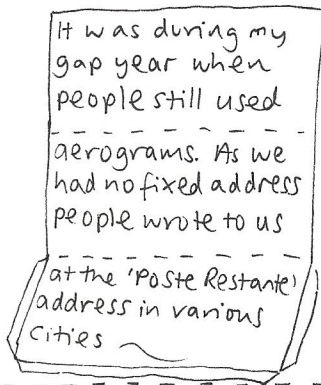
we were a very self-contained unit and had nicknames for each other based on our function in the group.



During our 2 months in Sydney, we didn't spend 24/7 time with each other as we had day jobs



Fat cow Mary (as I called her, but not to her face) was nicer after that. On my last day...



we never ran out of conversation - even on 15hr bus journeys.



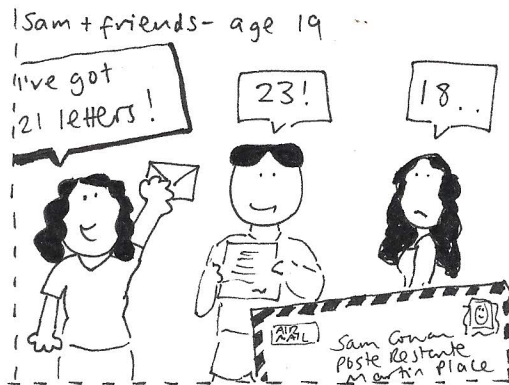
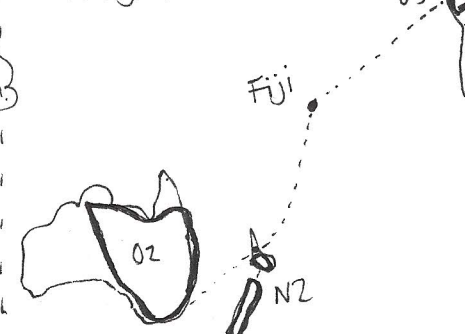
Friend #2



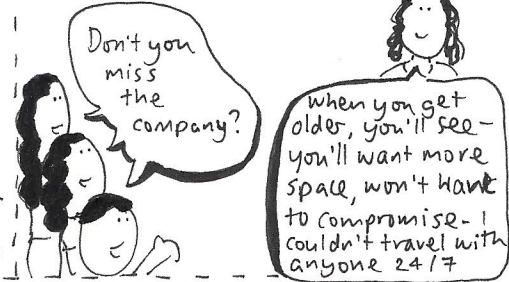
At night, we'd sit under the stars + scoff the free cakes I got from work with newfound friends.



once I left the bakery, 5 months of travels began.



And failed to understand people who travelled solo.



we had the future all figured out



The lady I worked with was mean - so mean we plotted our revenge

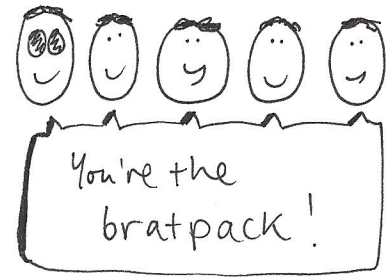


Lots of nice guys came along who liked our company + became our 4th member.

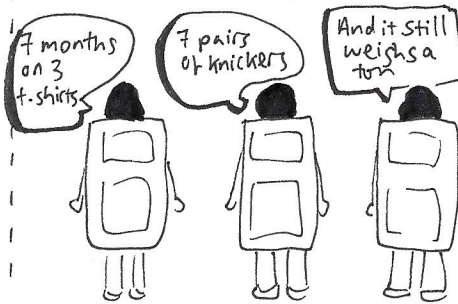




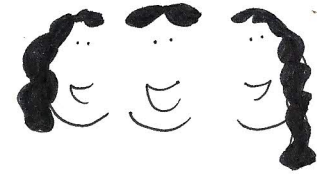
They had a nickname for us based on our tender years.



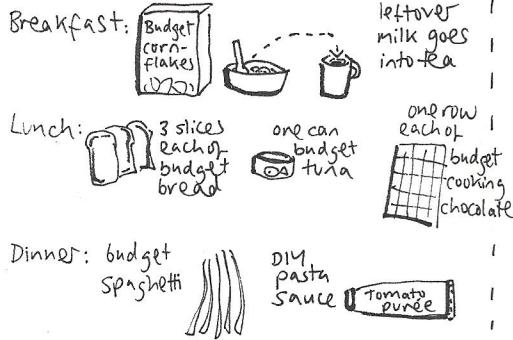
Bratpack sounds like 'backpack' - a big part of our experience



If you ever do this, take with half the luggage + twice the money. You'll thank us.



We really didn't have enough money, so food was strictly rationed.



It was always exciting when people vacated the youth hostel + didn't take their food with them.



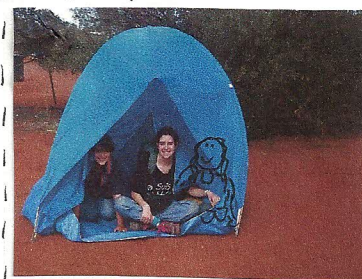
But we were having too much of an adventure to mind being 'poor'.



For 6 weeks, we lived in a tent that was so tiny we couldn't roll over in the night



Proof ↓



But it was still one of the best times of my life.



And would I still have fun with my friends in a sewer?

