

Travels at the End of History (Intro)

Chapter 1: The Travel Writer is Dead, Long Live the Tourist

'History ended when I was eight. David Hasselhoff played a moving concert on the Berlin Wall specially to mark the event...'

The Age of the Tourist has dawned. For the first time in the annals of Mankind the entire World is easy to visit. So surely the only sensible thing to do would be to visit it - the whole bloody lot...

'We are the first generation to grow up after History. We need to work out what it was all about and make sure it doesn't happen again.'

A N Donaldson has just been diagnosed as depressive, obsessive, compulsive, dyslexic, self-absorbed, and solipsistic. He is suffering from a clear case of female-induced panic disorder. He decides to attempt to be the first neurotic-misanthrope from Muswell Hill to travel around the whole World in 315 days, achieve coitus, and discover the meaning of life.

'It's not a jooouurney. It's a bloody holiday.'

He is accompanied by the most irritating man on the planet: Stanley, a freak of Nurture, who is searching for the World's best drink.

*'The idea of hitchhiking to Kathmandu to 'find who you are' in a suitably impoverished background of romantic primitivism - frankly makes me want to s**t myself with rage.'*

Together they set off round the World on holiday by mistake. As they make their disastrous way they realise that all travel literature is a fib, try to work out what the World is really like, and end up wondering what the point of travel is at all.

'At least we had ticked off all the sights. Like Hitler.'

'Travels at the End of History' is a satire on travel and travel writing, a humorous history of Europe, and a treatise on happiness. Along with its sequel, 'The Road to Nowhere', it aims to be the first travel book to cover the whole World, to notice the unstoppable rise of globalisation and mass tourism, and to defend these as forces for good.

The Travel Writer is Dead! Long Live the Tourist!