



There are many things for a woman to fear when she travels alone. Perhaps because it wasn't my first time traveling alone or in Ireland, I wasn't afraid. However, it was in this cold, dreary and majestic land that I realized I'd been living a life consumed by fear.

I knew the Irish town of Lisdoonvarna was small when the bus drivers in Dublin hadn't heard of it. With my heart set on West Ireland I found this town in my search for a work exchange (helpx.com). Needing the free accommodation and wanting the company, I volunteered for two weeks of undressing and dressing hostel beds in exchange for a bed to sleep in.

I grew nervous on the bus as we passed each stop without announcement. How would I know when to get off? I decided to ask the fellow across the aisle if he knew of this town.

"Going to get matched are ya?" he replied enthusiastically, making a quick glance at my naked ring





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