

Mini Travel Journals: Volume One – Donegal, The Bus by the Beach



A PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMOIR BY MICHAEL GRAHAM

WARMED BY THE FIRE AND THE SEA

Summary

A child free weekend escape to Donegal, two nights, a yellow bus and the wild Atlantic wind. From wind-swept beaches to the edge of Ireland at Malin Head, this short journey captures the quiet joy of slowing down, living by the sea, and finding warmth in small moments.

Told through words and photographs, *The Bus by the Beach* reflects on how travel doesn't always need grand distances, sometimes, the greatest discoveries lie just a few hours from home.



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All images photographed on location in County Donegal, Ireland.

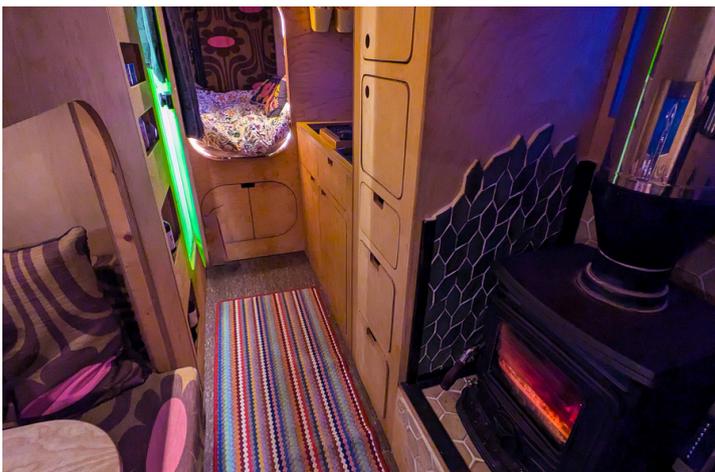
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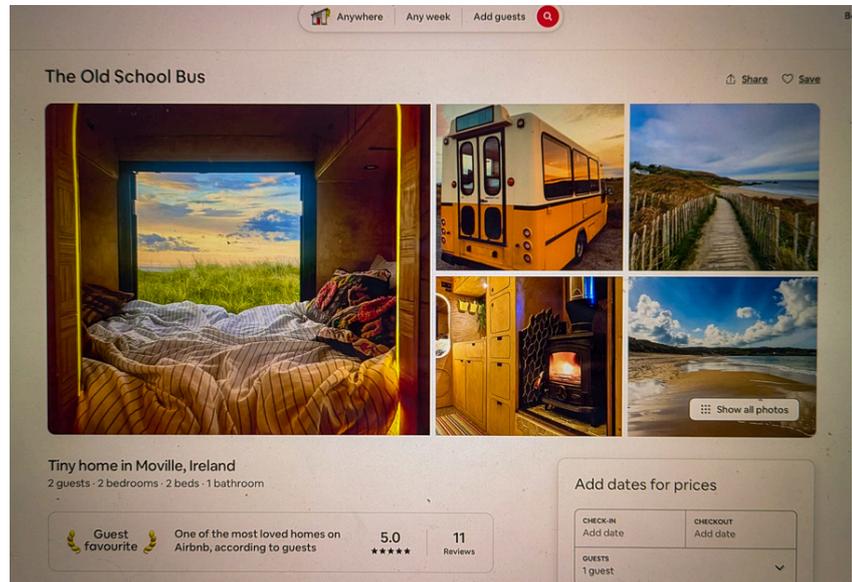
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Introduction – The Spirit of a Short Escape

Sometimes adventures don't arrive with months of planning or grand itineraries. Occasionally, they flash before your eyes on a phone screen, a spontaneous click away from reality.

There it was: a converted yellow school bus on Airbnb, glowing with promise and a generous discount. Something about it called out, the spirit of adventure whispering, why not? A quick message to the hosts only deepened the intrigue. Two possible parking spots were offered, both on the Inishowen Peninsula, one at Culdaff Beach, the other near Shrove.

It sounded unusual, perhaps a touch reckless, sleeping in a bus in a public car park, but that only made it better. Two nights by the Atlantic, a log burner, and no school runs. It would do nicely. €250 for two nights sealed through Airbnb's "request to book" system, usually a coin toss of acceptance or polite refusal, but this time fortune smiled. The hosts were expecting the reservation. Adventure, it seemed, had just confirmed itself.



The Journey North – Packing Light, Thinking Freely

Departure day began with one rule: pack only the essentials. Clothes, toiletries and food, nothing more. In a van, clutter is the enemy; every misplaced sock a small act of sabotage.

The car was loaded, the daughter dropped with grandparents, and the road north opened under a soft grey sky.

Passing through Muff, a village on the border with Northern Ireland, an outdoor shop called Borderlands caught the eye, and with it, a spark of mischief: wetsuits.

