

*Jeanine & Craig*

*Ireland 2007*





Dingle. A small town on the west coast.



J9 gets her bike for the Dingle Peninsula ride.



And now we're off.



On the Dingle ride, we stopped to see beehive huts, famine houses, and an ancient stone ring fort. J9 nicknamed this donkey Poo-nose (for obvious reasons).



Looking up, inside a thousands-year old “beehive hut” on the Dingle Peninsula



In Dingle. Rain-gear is necessary in Ireland!



We hiked along a cliff – it's a lot farther down than it looks – from the Old Pier to a pub in Ballydavid, a protected Irish-speaking (Gaeltacht) zone





On to Doolin.



Looks like a Windows wallpaper, eh?



Doolin “harbor”. There’s a pier here, but it wasn’t safe for boats to dock while we were there. The seas were crazy.



The vicinity of Doolin includes the Aran Islands, and the Burren.  
There's limestone, and more limestone, everywhere.



A very friendly place.



A crazy, funny girl.



The Cliffs of Moher are a couple hours hike from Doolin. Off we go.







There's a path right next to the cliff (no guardrails!). It was pretty windy so we generally stayed off this and on one that's further away. Its about 150 feet straight down here. That mist is water being blown up from the ocean. The blobs are balls of sea foam.







There's the famous Cliffs in the background.



Duh. Did I mention those are Cliffs?







Moving on to the island of Inishmore. We saw some chicks at the bar.





We rented bikes to ride to Dun Aengus, an ancient Celtic fort on the edge of a cliff. This guy looked like he wanted to come with us.



This is it.



Dun Aengus.







Looking straight down 300 feet. I'm holding on to J9 as she takes this one!





Man of Aran.





Sweet Angel of Aran.



Taking the coastal road back from Dun Aengus. That's J9 speeding off.





That's a seal colony basking on the rocks.



Hardcore!



Pretty much self-explanatory. At the ferry dock, returning from Inishmore.



Thumbs up for Galway! Next up Dublin.



At Kilmainham Gaol. DeValera, Irish revolutionary hero and future president was jailed here. He was a mathematician and teacher by profession! Here he quotes another famous Irish mathematician.





A tasty pint at the end of the Guinness tour.





Good times.



Slainte!