A Beginner's Guide to Traveluo the World

STORIES AND TIPS FOR THE TRAVEL CURIOUS

Mandy Litton

Chapter 3

How to Travel on a Budget

"You don't have to be rich to travel; some of the best experiences can be found with people you meet in a hostel dorm or campground."

- Anna, New Zealand



A few years ago, after a particularly challenging year, I spontaneously decided to go to Europe and travel for a while. I moved out of my apartment and estimated what it

Chapter 3

	Cheap	Middle	Expensive
Plane tickets	PHX-LA \$115 LA-Hanoi \$450 Booked separately to save money.	PHX- Hanoi \$850 (More expensive when booked on one search)	PHX-Hanoi \$1,250+ Fastest and nicest airline offered
Lodging	Hostels \$5-15/ night	Basic Hotel \$40-70/night	Nice hotel 100+/ night
Food	Street Food, Grocery Stores, and the Occasional cheap restaurant \$3-7/ a meal	Restaurants, some nicer than others \$5-10 per meal	All Restaurants 10+/meal
Activities	Walk, Free-walking Tours, a tourist activity \$0-\$10.00 a day	Scheduled Tours One or two big expense activities (such as zip-lining, Ha Long Bay cruis etc.) \$25-100 a day	Mostly bigger activities \$50+/day
Transportation	Buses, metros, Tuk Tuk, walking, \$0-10 a day	Taxis, tour buses \$5-20 a day	Private Cars \$40+

SECTION TWO

Booking the Trip



Specific Location with Flexible Time

Another great way to save money is by choosing a destination in your search and then checking multiple dates for the cheapest rates. This image is an example of a flight from Phoenix to Paris. This is for the entire month of October, but the search will allow me to view rates over the course of several months. You can see here that the cheapest time to fly from Phoenix to Paris is on Oct 16th. If you had gone forward a few months, you might have found even better deals for this route.

My Quest to Transcend Trauma, Turn My Pain Into Purpose, and Find Peace



Danny Sanchez

A Memoir with Abigail Reynaga Sanchez

Chapter 1

Life Is Like a Mist

"Yet you do not know what tomorrow will bring. What is your life? For you are a mist that appears for a little time and then vanishes."

James 4:14 ESV

Even though I was fascinated with death, I didn't actually consider the afterlife until the day I faced it for real.

hen I was twenty-four, I decided to become a Christian, and it was the worst experience of my life.

That journey began with my friend A.V. and me in the parking lot of The Rock Garden music studio in downtown San Jose, California. Our band would often practice there. We had just wrapped up practicing one of our latest songs. We were drunk and looking for trouble. We started arguing with some guy there and it quickly

Danny Sanchez

escalated to a fight between him and A.V. They chased each other across the street and over a chain link fence. The next thing I knew, A.V. was flat on the ground, and it didn't look good. I sprinted over to help him.

The guy started hitting at my hands as I grabbed onto the fence to climb it. Once I jumped over, I felt him punching me sharply on my upper body. My hands felt slippery and useless. I looked down to see blood running out of deep gouges in my arms. I hadn't realized this guy was stabbing me with some kind of a dull garden tool he had on him. A.V. had been stabbed too. He managed to get off the ground where he was lying and hit the guy hard, knocking him down.

I was furious that I had been stabbed. Adrenaline and hot anger pumped through me. I snatched the metal utensil away from my adversary, and, in a fit of rage, I stabbed him repeatedly. Luckily, we heard a siren before any life-threatening damage occurred.

I tried to escape by jumping the fence, but I couldn't pull myself up. A.V. tried to help me over, but I could barely lift my arms above my head, let alone lift my body weight. My muscles were torn and severed from deep puncture wounds. Although my blood was pumping hard and I was full of energy, my arms were like jelly. A.V. fled the scene just in time. I was caught.

I was taken by ambulance to the hospital and wheeled into Emergency. Guess who was just behind the curtain on the other side of my room? The garden tool maniac. We continued our fight, only verbally now, yelling at each other from our gurneys. Somehow, he was allowed to go home after treatment, and I was taken to jail. At the time, I thought this was so unfair because he had stabbed me first, more times than I had stabbed him.

BRAVE

NOW

Rise Through Struggle and Unlock Your Greatest Self

RADHA RUPARELL

PART I

BUILD RESILIENCE

1

Lean and be seen

Allow yourself to lean

The single most important thing that helped me through my COVID-19 battle was having a strong support network. In the days after this virus first hit me, I had barely any strength. My phone felt like it weighed one hundred pounds, and I would get short of breath speaking a few words. So initially, I reached out to a doctor friend and to my sister for support but no one else. But soon, a work colleague of mine, who I would not have expected to be one of my core



PATRICIA TIBBS

To Anyu. Thank you, the memories are sweet. And Apuka.



Introduction

Tonce had a fascinating conversation with one of my colleagues. He has taken several mission trips to Africa, specifically to Kenya. He has enjoyed these trips immensely, but during the conversation he made a comment that he could not understand why there was all this tribal warfare when they (the Kenyans) were all the same. I looked at this white, very Southern friend of mine and had a good long laugh.

I proceeded to describe to him how different the people in each tribe are. They look different, and they all speak differently. He was amazed. I never understood what racism really was until

Bad English the III

Mostly
The ATrue Tales of a Son of a Brit

JM DAVIS

Chapter

IV

Before pulling into his modest one-bay garage, Exotic Auto, Mr. Jones, as he did every morning, unlocked the padlock and swung the gates open, pulling his car into his usual spot. Inside, as he also did every morning, he started the coffee maker while perusing the invoices on his desk with his typical pained wince.

As the coffee maker percolated, filling the room with the smell of fresh java, he looked out onto the lot where it occurred to him that something was out of place. He stood up and walked onto the small lot; cars in various stages of repair or signs in the windows of the ones for sale were parked on both sides.

Then it became clear: the green Jaguar was gone. He looked around the lot for it but to no avail. He walked over to where the lock still hung and checked and rechecked it a few times, concluding that it seemed to be

Bad English the III

working correctly. Finally, with nothing else to go on, he looked up to the skies before quickly shuffling back inside to call the police.

Back at home, after falling back asleep, I woke up and had a bowl of cereal and, like a good son, set out to push the mower around the front yard—what the hell was I doing with a lawnmower?

As it was the first time I had ever mowed a lawn, I pushed it erratically and haphazardly, leaving patches of uncut grass across the entirety of the property. I was too focused on my music, occasionally stopping to play a drum fill or a guitar solo on my air instruments to give a good cahoot.

Once when I was about three or four, I had come out to the living room for a glass of water. It was late, I was groggy, Dad wasn't there, I recalled. Mom got up during a commercial break to fetch me a glass of Baltimore's finest when a man with a beard announced the next performer. I was mesmerized with this longhaired, wild-eyed madman and declared: "That's what I want to do, Mommy."

Despite making me chug an entire glass of water, the next day, and over his protestations, she gave me Dad's acoustic Yamaha guitar from under their bed. At first, I was scared to even touch it. Then, when I did, I quickly got intimidated by it; wouldn't pick it up for weeks at a time.

DANIEL FAST JOURNEY

A FASTING BREAKTHROUGH FOR PHYSICAL HEALTH, MENTAL CLARITY, AND SPIRITUAL GROWTH

STEPHANIE C. HODGES



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Breakfast

Oatmeal

Oatmeal is a common breakfast item and easy to prepare. Less processed oats have greater nutritional value, so try to stick with steel-cut oats on a Daniel Fast. They have become so common that you can even purchase steel-cut oats at some fast-food restaurants and popular coffee chains. The progression from most processed to least processed oatmeal is:

- 1. Instant Oatmeal
- 2. Quick Oats
- 3. Rolled Oats
- 4. Steel-Cut Oats or Irish Oatmeal

Below are several cooking methods and topping options. Because oatmeal is so easy to make and familiar, it's usually a staple breakfast item.

Oatmeal Prep Methods

Steel-Cut Oats: Stovetop Prep

Serves 2

- ½ cup steel-cut oats
- 1 ½ cups water
- 1. Bring 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of water to a boil in a large saucepan.
- 2. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of steel-cut oats.
- 3. Reduce heat to low and simmer for 10–15 minutes, stirring regularly until liquid is absorbed and oatmeal thickens.
- 4. Remove from heat and allow to stand for 5 minutes.

Steel-Cut Oats: Slow Cooker Prep

Serves 4

- Coconut oil
- 3 ½ cups water
- 1 cup steel-cut oats
- 1. Lightly spray or wipe slow cooker with coconut oil.
- 2. Combine water and steel-cut oats in slow cooker.
- 3. Cover and cook on low or warm setting for 6-7 hours.

GRIEVING US

A Field Guide for Living With Loss WITHOUT LOSING YOURSELF

KIMBERLEY PITTMAN-SCHULZ



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Section 1

DEATH VISITED. NOW WHAT?



1

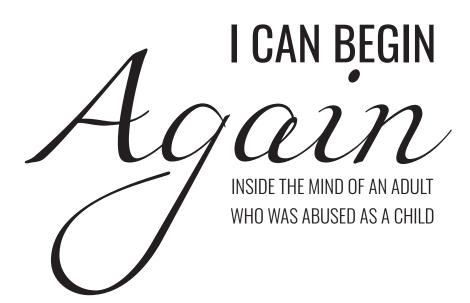
Storytelling

Your Loss Story is a bridge back to you

It's not gravity that grounds us, keeps us from spinning off into the black, night sky. It's love stories. Some of them are happy, others hard. Love isn't always kind, though it wants to be. Even in death, the story says, I love you still.

— from my notebooks, August 2003

Red. My first loss is lodged in my mind as color. When I woke one early-October night to fire in the doorway, it was red. I crawled out of my sheets on the bottom of a bunk bed and tried waking my big sister, six years old, on the top, but couldn't. Smoke snaked up and pooled at the ceiling above her. My baby sister, who turned two that day, her birthday, was standing up in her crib near the door. Shaking the rails, she was try-





NOLA KATHERINE TREWIN

Far beyond what I have done

I can begin again

With the passion of a child

My heart has caught a vision

I can reach out again

Of a life that's still worthwhile

Part one:

THE TURNING POINT



CHAPTER 1

COULD DEATH BE MORE CONFRONTING THAN THIS?

The foreboding sound of heavy metal doors clanging shut behind me blatantly defined my life in that cruel moment of shame. One of the night nurses on Unit 3E of the adult psychiatric ward selected a key from the silver chain around her wrist and locked the now-silent door behind us. Jake and I exchanged glances—no need for words. After a few moments of instructions, the nurse kindly told my husband he must leave. Soft lights cast eerie shadows in the deadly silence of this unfamiliar place as strangers quietly began to rummage through my hastily packed bag.

"I'll be okay," I whispered as I tiptoed to kiss his tightly drawn lips. Without warning, I felt the warm security of strong arms around me, hugging me, not wanting to let me go. I could see the reflection of pain in Jake's clear, glassy blue eyes—eyes that possessed so much love and concern for the woman he held in high esteem. Though I sensed his

LEARNING BY LIVING:

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

ZAFIRA HUDANI



NATURE





Rain

Water from the sky
It is a gift from above
Water is a life source regardless of its source
Protect it and use it wisely
For that is what you will always need



LIVE YOUR BUCKET LIST

SIMPLE STEPS TO IGNITE YOUR DREAMS,
FACE YOUR FEARS AND LEAD AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE,
STARTING TODAY



Julia Goodfellow-Smith



Waymarker 1:

Define Your Dream

'Life punishes the vague wish and rewards the specific ask. If you want confusion and heartache, ask vague questions. If you want uncommon clarity and results, ask uncommonly clear questions.'

— Tim Ferriss, entrepreneur and author, in his book Tribe of

Mentors

Your big adventure starts here! Follow the steps to this waymarker to prioritise the dreams on your bucket list, decide which dream to pursue and define it clearly. This is the start of your journey. It is time to buckle up for an incredible ride!

My Journey

When I decided that it was time to give up my desk job and daily commute, I knew that I wanted to do something more active and adventurous. Ideas for adventures flooded into my head as butterflies took flight in my stomach. Sailing around the world, dancing in Cuba, walking England's South West Coast Path, motorcycling the length of Chile, taiko drumming in Japan and cycling around the Baltic Sea have all been on my bucket list for almost as long as I can remember, along with many other things.

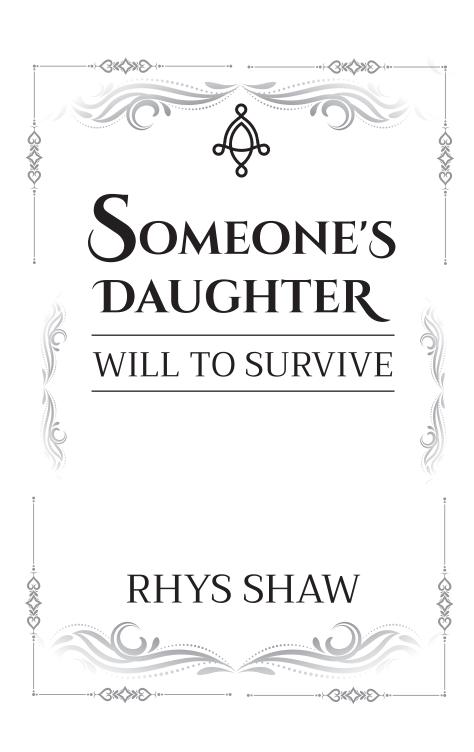
Long ago, I realised that I would not be able to do everything that I want to; life is just too short. I had an ever-expanding bucket list and an ever-shrinking amount of time left. I had a choice. I could do nothing, prioritise my list, or pick something at random. Doing nothing was not an option that I wanted to consider, and I did not like the idea of picking something at random. If I prioritised my list, I could tackle the most attractive or time-critical item first.

I started by filtering the list against a few deal-breakers.

I knew that having an early success would spur me on, so I wanted to complete my first adventure within a year. I also did not want to be away from my husband for too long. I was not going to squander our relationship in exchange for adventure. Leaving Mike for more than a few weeks did not seem right or fair.

So, I filtered out the items that did not meet these requirements. They remain on my list to consider next time – this filter was only for *this* adventure.

Some things on my list were similar to each other, and it made sense to tackle one of those before the others. There is a





I

Alaria was trapped. Inside her dream, she felt someone was hovering above her, staring down, ready to pounce. They grabbed her wrists, and she flailed about, trying to protect herself. Her eyes opened. It was not a dream. She was being held down by a tall man with piercing blue eyes. He was laughing as he tightened his grip on her.

"Let me go! How dare you even be in my bed chamber." She struggled, trying to kick her legs, but with his firm grip and her heavy bedclothes, it was a lost cause.

The man only leered at her as other guards entered her room. She heard one of them ask where the other two royal bitches were. Pulling her to a standing position, the blue-eyed man told her to get dressed, or not. He said it didn't matter to him. As soon as he released her, she grabbed her thick

dressing gown, pulling it around herself to stop his eyes from boring into her, and put on some socks for warmth. Morning had not yet broken, and her fires hadn't been lit. It was bitter and cold within her room.

Her breath looked like smoke in the frigid air as she asked, "Why are you here, and what is the meaning of this?"

Before anyone answered, the younger princesses were dragged into her room and shoved towards her, both crying and terrified.

Alaria ran to them and tried to calm them down. "Shhh, hush now, it will all be alright."

Neither of them had on more than their sleeping dresses, so she gathered up a blanket for the youngest, Genison, and another dressing gown for Soria. Both of the young girls stepped behind their older sister for protection, and she repeated her questions, trying to muster up as much authority as a thirteen-year-old could find.

A pathway was cleared as Traintor, the Earl of Newark, came striding into her room in that awkward and ungainly way that portly chaps stride. "Good morning, princesses. Follow all orders, and no harm will come to you. Let my men escort you to your new living chambers. No need to worry, your parents will

TALWINDER SIDHU

THE MEDITATION KIT



A Beginner's Guide to Items for a Safe Space

CHAPTER 1

POSTURE SUPPORT: CHOOSING THE SEAT

Putting together a meditation kit is like packing a gym bag: you take your mind through the process and pack accordingly. For instance, you'll start with packing the gym kit and the core items you need to work out, then you think about your post-workout routine, like showering, and continue to pack accordingly, like your toiletries and a fresh set of clothes and maybe even a post-workout replenisher.

Where meditation is concerned, the core item you need to meditate is your seat. In this chapter you'll learn what type of posture support is suitable for you. As you progress through this guidebook, you'll learn how to build your kit as we move through the process of meditation.

When running my meditation studio, I cater for a wide variety of students. I teach children as young as five years old to seniors as old as ninety-five how to meditate, and naturally the needs for each human body differ based on lifestyle and personal ability. Therefore I must ensure I have various support mechanisms at hand so that each student in class can sit comfortably in meditation.

MATS & RUGS

For children and more supple students who are able to sit comfortably on the floor, I only offer a yoga/meditation mat or prayer rug to lightly cushion the floor. Mostly because younger students are more used to sitting on the floor and I don't want them to get accustomed to a cushion if they don't have to. In fact, I encourage them to practise on the floor, and if they can, have them sit in the traditional lotus position. If using a mat, base the thickness of your mat to preference—I have hardwood floors in my studio which is uncomfortable to sit on for too long, so a thicker mat is often provided. If opting for a decorative prayer rug, seek smooth and flat textures, avoid rugs that have uneven textures.







My students sitting in meditation in the park, Youth Class - Oct 2019

BLOCKS & CUSHIONS

For students who are able but not used to sitting on the floor, I provide light lower back support such as a rolled-up yoga mat, meditation block, or crescent-shaped meditation cushion to sit on or lean against. You need only prop up your tailbone to benefit from these and even a simple pillow will suffice. Again, firmness and thickness are to your preference, although yoga/meditation blocks tend to be very firm. These can be used in addition to a mat/rug for extra support.





BOLSTERS & ZAFUS

For students who needed extra support keeping their spine upright, I provide a firmer more traditional meditation cushion/bolster, zafu, or an adjustable kapok. The bolster and kapok tend to be firmer, whereas a zafu can be filled with material, like buckwheat or spelt, making it more malleable, allowing it to mould into the shape of your seat. Also worth noting is the higher the seat, the less strain you will experience on your legs and feet, which is great for students who aren't used to meditating or sitting on the floor.

YOUR PLATE IS YOUR FATE

A Simple Guide to Understanding How Your Food Choices Lead To More and More Medications

DR. STEVE HUGHLETT



CHAPTER 1

Lifestyle Change NOT a Diet

Pirst, I want to make it very clear that this book is NOT about a new fad diet. It is, however, all about the difference between "food" we eat and "nutrition" we eat. Look at this as a lifestyle change not a quick fix diet. Almost all "diets" work for a little while, because there's one thing that almost all "diets" have in common. Almost none of them allow you to eat excess processed food with refined carbohydrates, processed flour, and sugar. You'll see throughout the rest of this book why these substances play a HUGE factor in the reason our health is declining year after year. Your body will know when it's on an unhealthy nutrition plan, because you'll feel horrible, tired, sore, and depressed. You may lose weight for a time, but at what expense to your overall health? This is why I hate the term "diet." To me, dieting is like holding your breath under water. You may be able to do it for a little while, but eventually you're going to come up for air and when you do, you'll gasp for all the air you can get.

YOUR PLATE IS YOUR FATE

If you just try to decrease your "calorie" intake and you don't change the type of food that you eat, when your body finally cannot take your "diet" any more, you'll start eating everything in sight and your weight usually goes up even higher than it was before the diet. The reason for this will be explained later on in this book. So, depending on what diet you're on, just because you lose weight for a little while, doesn't mean it's nutritionally healthy for your body. Some foods nourish our bodies and help our awesome bodies heal, grow, thrive, and survive. But other things we eat are putting an awful strain on our body, taxing it constantly and causing it to physically rot from the inside out and die organ by organ. My goal is to make you aware of what these foods are, why we're eating those foods constantly, and why we need to stop and go back to the way God meant for us to eat and the way we've been eating for centuries, up until 1977.

My goal for this book is to explain, in a simple way, why it's imperative that we make this huge differentiation between "nutrition" and "food." This is NOT a diet book. This is a book to educate you about how our bodies work as far as nutrition and what the best nutrition is to keep it working at its greatest potential. Just one of the additional positive side effects of eating proper nutrition for our bodies and reducing the amount of processed food that many of us consume daily, which is extremely damaging to our bodies, is that we also lose fat. As wonderful and healthy as losing fat is, the goal of this book is not to focus on losing weight but on becoming healthier and to improve your "QUALITY" of life.