Ever thought about putting your out of office on for four months?

Author Jo Usmar took herself on a liberating solo trip to SE Asia and had an absolute ball...

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We can tape a wing mirror on if you really want," the man at the rental shop mutters, like he's bestowing a great favour. I take a quick step back

and assess the scooter I'm considering renting for £1.50 a day. It looks like a kid's crayon drawing, all bright primary colours, wonky angles and missing parts.

"I'll leave it, thank you," I say and start trudging towards the bus station. And then I stop. Doing a scooter ride around the jungles of Northern Thailand is on my bucket list. I'm a good driver. And besides, the people in the bus queue look and smell like they're part of an anti-shower cult – and one of them is holding a ukulele. I turn and head back to the shop. "Find me one with wing mirrors and a working speedometer, and you've got a deal," I say, flushed with exhilaration. "Ah, you want a posh drive," he sighs. "Why didn't you say?"

It's September 2018, I'm 34-years old, and Thailand is the first stop on my inaugural solo travelling trip. I have four months and five countries to visit, and every day I make choices based upon my own completely arbitrary (and often ludicrous) whims, with no one but myself to answer to. I'm having an absolute ball.

NOTHING IS OFF-LIMITS

After Thailand, I visited Laos, Cambodia, Vietnam and Sri Lanka. I'd pitch up somewhere, see if I liked the place and the people, then decide to stay or move on. I had no plan and nothing was off-limits. I travelled 500 miles on not-always-'posh' scooters, ate 500 tons of mystery meat, trekked up one too many mountains ("If we're not nearly at the top, I'm going to throw myself off") and chased sand dunes on a dirt bike.

I also lost everything, including but not limited to: my UK SIM card, a pair of sunglasses in the Mekong River, a second pair in a tuk-tuk, my flip-flops in a Chiang Mai karaoke bar called



cave as long as I live. I even managed to get lost while cycling to Angkor Wat – one of the most popular tourist destinations in the world. I ended up trapped in a bull field during a rainstorm with a local kid pointing and laughing at me.

I met the most extraordinary and the most awful people. But I had something in common with every single one of them: we'd all chosen to leave our 'normal' lives and do something different. There's a connection hard to explain to someone who hasn't taken that kind of risk.

NEAR-MISSES AND BIG REVELATIONS

I went travelling after realising I kept finding excuses *not* to. But what would I remember when I was 90-years old and assessing my life from the comfort of my Italian villa (because that's where I intend to end up)? That I *nearly* went travelling once? Or that I actually did? Sure, I had a mortgage, but I had enough savings to cover it for a bit. I had a job, but could try and find the same work again once I got home, or get a job in a pub.

Yes, I was terrified, but that was part of the challenge – I experienced tough times out there, but they were as important as the great ones. Knowing you survived a bus nearly rolling off

a cliff in Vietnam or a visit to a medicine man with no teeth, puts small daily annoyances into perspective. You come home and realise you do have choices – you just have to be brave enough to make them. And that is truly liberating.

BREAK FROM THE NORM

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