





Between Monaghan and Sligo, we leapfrog from the imaginary boundaries between the green hills of Northern Ireland to a lake region, a fisherman's paradise, of Southern Ireland.

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First hour of sport

From the 15th km on, you can finally feel what the Ireland of the bumps is like. And yes, Ireland is not flat, even if you might think so. Of course, we are not in the Alps, but all the same. The first ascent always makes its small effect, especially with a luggage rack and a bag. We cannot really pedal as a dancer, then we remain seated and we push on the legs. All the day will be spent according to the various bumps of the course between **Monaghan and Sligo**.

We will also, for the only time on this route, cross the border of Northern Ireland twice. It is not guarded and it is only an imaginary line.







The legendary green hills of Ireland

Enniskillen

We cross a new county, the one of Fermanagh, whose chief town is **Enniskillen**. After getting a little lost in the hills, we return to civilization. Enniskillen is already a big city. It shelters 13'800 inhabitants. Its main street, straight ahead, stretches for 800m. One can visit its magnificent castle dating from the 16th century.





Enniskillen Castle

Glencar Lough

We go out of the city, just behind the castle, passing by the bridge. Then, we turn to the right, along the river. We pass **Belcoo**, then again the border, just in the middle of the lake of **Lower Lough MacNean**, paradise of the amateur fishermen.

We continue full course westward, during twenty km, until **Manorhamilton**, which we cross without stopping.

At the 100km marker of this stage, the road climbs another bump to reach the magnificent**Glencar Lough**





Glencar Lough

Sligo

The last 20 km are quiet, but the rain is starting to fall again, so we hurry up.











Sligo

This ends the third day of my journey.