Travel Zine

**“Leave No Trace”**

Content:

1. Poem: Song of the Open Road by Walt Whitman
2. Reddit: Backpackers what are your best travel stories <https://www.reddit.com/r/AskReddit/comments/20e79g/backpackers_of_reddit_what_are_your_best_travel/>
3. Article: Funny Air BnB Stories <http://www.refinery29.com/funny-airbnb-experiences-travel-stories>
4. Wired Magazine Travel
5. Quote: “Arriving at each new city, the traveler finds again a past of his that he did not know he had: the foreignness of what you no longer are or no longer possess lies in wait for you in foreign, unpossessed places.”

**Story 1: Sicily**

Some friends and I were backpacking in Sicily, and met an old man in a train station. We were taking the train from Taormina to Palermo, and we sat with the old sicilian while we waited. We talked about Sicily, America, whatever; he was a very serious man who barely cracked a smile. After an hour or so, he got up to leave. He asked us where we were going, and when we said Palermo he took out a piece of paper and wrote a note in italian. He told us to take it to a restaurant called the osteria, and give the letter to the owner. He said his name was Pietro Pugliesi, and that the owners of the restaurant would "take care of us". He then looked at us, put his thumb to his eye, and took off. When we got to Palermo, we headed to the restaurant. It was packed, but we went in anyway. We asked to see the owner, and after much confusion and anger from the sicilians (they thought we were just dumb americans) the owner came out. He also seemed angry for wasting his time. We told him that Pietro Pugliesi had sent us. As soon as we said his name, the owner said, "This cannot be. This man is dead!" The waiter next to him crossed himself. We quickly grabbed the letter and gave it to the owner. After reading it several times, in shock, and showing it to some others, he looked at us and said to follow him. He took us to a large table in the center of the restaurant, the only available table. He took a Reserved sign off the table and said sit down. Within thirty seconds plates of all kinds of sicilian food were rushing out to our table, along with several bottles of wine and beer. The waiters kept coming and asking if everything was okay, what else they could bring, etc. The owner also made it a point to continually check up on us. It was incredible. At the end of the delicious meal, the owner came out with the bill. Since we were poor college students we were worried. It ended up costing about 275euro... but he looked at us and said "friends of Pietro?" and then he ripped up the check. We still believe to this day that we delivered a message for the mafia of the whereabouts and status of one Pietro Pugliesi.

TLDR: Delivered the letter of a dead man for a free Sicilian dinner paid for by the mafia.

**Story 2: Paris**

[[–]](javascript:void(0))[**alldaysharkboy**](https://www.reddit.com/user/alldaysharkboy) 47 points 3 years ago

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I was on a train in Paris about this time last year, me and my friend were on our way to meet some people down at the Moulin Rouge. I was eating a cup of noodles with a fork I'd liberated from the hostel. When this lovely gent stands up to leave the train, sort of half bows with his head down and hands together and ever so gently takes my noodles from me. Says 'merci' a couple of times and departs the train.

I wasn't even mad, it was beautiful. The way he took them was just great, one of my favourite parts of the trip. I don't know why, it just felt awesome.

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Story 3: Athens

I was in Athens last year and it was our last day there with nothing else to see. We were being told to stay out of dark alley ways because of crack heads and what not. At the time there was a lot of protests going on so some times you could hear them in the distance. So we were walking and heard all this music, singing, and yelling coming through this alley. So we ended up following it all the way through and came out between this old apartment building and the metro. All the music was coming from the building and a window was open so we decided to throw some rocks through the window to ask to come up. Thinking back on it that could of been bad but worked out good. A guy looked out the window with a handlebar mustache and said some thing in Greek. and we yelled can we come up it sounds fun in there. Then he gave us a smile and said ohhh Americans ! yes yes come up my friends. when we get in there all the rooms of this apartment building were converted into recording stuidos with all different bands playing. We ended up hanging out there for about 2 hours. We didnt understand them to well and they also didnt understand us but we all knew the music so it worked out. If anyone is interested i can link the video when i get off of work.

Story 4: Australia

[[–]](javascript:void(0))[**draw4kicks**](https://www.reddit.com/user/draw4kicks) 14 points 3 years ago

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I was camping in the outback in Australia with my buddy last summer (their winter), he took the tent and i slept in a swag bag because i'd never seen so many shooting stars in my life and it really was quite beautiful

So it's about three in the morning and i start hearing a howling from the hills around the campsite, like wolves howling at the moon kind of howling. So i shout to my buddy and ask him what's making the noise, he informs me that there's dingoes around here. Well what would the odds be that they'd actually come into the campsite right? Around half an hour later i feel something weird sniffing around my feet, i slowly reach for the head torch i had in my pocket and shine it on my feet. There's a fucking dingo sniffing around my swag so i tell it to piss off and leave me alone.

The fucker kept coming back with it's dingo buddies and apparently all through the night my friend could hear me muttering swear words at them, telling the "twats" to piss off. I asked a ranger the next morning if i was ever in any danger and he said no, they've just got a bit used to humans over the past couple of years and don't have too much fear anymore.

But I'm pretty sure one of the bastards stole a sock that was drying on the cars bonnet so i was a bit peeved about that, i wonder if the Australian high commission would reimburse me the cost of a nice pair of hiking socks?

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