Home Articles About

The Roam Report

Stories from a life on the road, photo journeys and travel guides for slow travelers.

Featured article

Wild Camping Along Tasmania's East Coast

Latest travel stories

October 16, 2025

Finding Stillness in the Hills of San Cristóbal

October 1, 2025

Wandering Through the Streets of Rome

September 17, 2025

Driving Across Monument Valley

September 1, 2025

Walking the Terraces of Northern Vietnam

Upcoming itinerary

01 Oaxaca, Mexico
Nov 1 - Nov 15
Fly out, rent a car, find some cliffs

02 Rome, Italy
Dec 5 - Dec 19
Lose myself in the neighborhood tavernas

03 Lofoten, Norway
Jan 10 - Jan 24
Chasing the Northern Lights and hiking trails

04 Kagoshima, Japan
Mar 1 - Mar 15
Sakura season and Kaiseki dinners

End of the trail

Less rush. More wonder.

Home Article About Contact

Copyright ©2025 - The Roam Report

Home Articles About

All travel stories

October 16, 2025

Finding Stillness in the Hills of San Cristóbal

October 1, 2025

Wandering Through the Streets of Rome

September 17, 2025

Driving Across Monument Valley

September 1, 2025

Walking the Terraces of Northern Vietnam

August 19, 2025

Admiring the Clifftops of the Lycian Coast

August 1, 2025

Waiting by the Shores of the Red Sea

July 16, 2025

Tracing Trails Through the Dolomite Highlands

July 11, 2025

Wild Camping Along Tasmania's East Coast

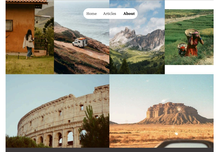
End of the trail

Less rush. More wonder.

Home Article About Contact

Copyright ©2025 - The Roam Report

Home Articles About



About

Hi, I'm Roam - a slow traveler with a soft spot for rain stations, street markets and places that don't make the itinerary. The Roam Report is a place to slow down and share the stories, photos and tips I've learned crossing the world's quiet and loud.

Currently roaming: Bentonville, Tennessee

Contact

Want to collaborate, pitch a trip, or say hi? Send a note to hello@theroamreport.com - I'll do it some when Roam I feel like some.

End of the trail

Less rush. More wonder.

Home Article About Contact

Copyright ©2025 - The Roam Report

Home Articles About

Wild Camping Along Tasmania's East Coast

July 11, 2025 Australia

The coast of Tasmania doesn't care where you came from. It just opens up wild, windlashed, and utterly indifferent. I pulled the campervan by a cliffs edge one afternoon, unsure if I'd stay one night or three. I stayed four.

Each morning I woke to the sound of the ocean testing the shoreline. Mornings were fog-wrapped and quiet. Evenings came on soft and slow, like a tide that didn't know whether to rise or stay. I cooked with whatever I had. Slept with the windows cracked. Let the world be my companion.

There's a kind of clarity that only comes from solitude and sea air. I didn't write much. I didn't need to. The days were filled with the kind of small moments that don't make anyone else's highlight reel: a sunset that lasted 45 fingers, watching sea birds fly in formation, rinsing dishes in a cold creek.

Camping out there didn't feel like an escape. It felt like a return. To something quieter, rougher, more real.

All travel stories

October 16, 2025

Finding Stillness in the Hills of San Cristóbal

October 1, 2025

Wandering Through the Streets of Rome

September 17, 2025

Driving Across Monument Valley

September 1, 2025

Walking the Terraces of Northern Vietnam

End of the trail

Less rush. More wonder.

Home Article About Contact

Copyright ©2025 - The Roam Report

Home Articles About

Finding Stillness in the Hills of San Cristóbal

October 16, 2025 Mexico

There's a kind of quiet in San Cristóbal that doesn't ask anything of you. No itinerary. No must-see list. Just the low hum of the town and the occasional clack of a wooden door left open. I arrived here tired in a way that wasn't entirely physical—worn down by months of motion and some I'd convinced myself was momentum.

The house I stayed in was the color of clay. Morning began with the sound of roosters in the valley below, and ended with wine on the porch, watching shadows stretch across the cobblestones. I didn't write much. I didn't need to. The days here had a rhythm that felt like a kind of permission to stop asking I walked barefoot on tile I limped to the sun as if I were saying something back.

San Cristóbal has a rhythm that doesn't sync with the outside world. Days moved slowly, punctuated by markets, hand-washed clothes, and the smell of roasted coffee. I met people who had arrived years ago and never left, not out of romance, but because a calmer looked better from the other side. For the first time in a while, I wasn't collecting experiences I was letting them settle.

Stillness is a strange thing to seek when you're used to going. It feels unproductive, even indulgent. But in San Cristóbal, it felt essential. It felt like a kind of reset. A reminder that pace and presence are not the same thing and that one doesn't require the other.

When I left, nothing had changed, except maybe me. I packed the same bags, took the same roads, and headed toward the next stop. But I carried something new with me: the memory of a quiet place that asked for nothing and gave me everything I didn't know I needed.

All travel stories

October 16, 2025

Finding Stillness in the Hills of San Cristóbal

October 1, 2025

Wandering Through the Streets of Rome

September 17, 2025

Driving Across Monument Valley

September 1, 2025

Walking the Terraces of Northern Vietnam

End of the trail

Less rush. More wonder.

Home Article About Contact

Copyright ©2025 - The Roam Report

Home Articles About

Wandering Through the Streets of Rome

October 1, 2025 Italy

Rome doesn't reveal itself all at once. It comes in fragments—a warm breeze through a side street, the sudden presence of ancient stone beneath your feet, the smell of espresso curling out from behind a half closed shutter. You don't discover Rome. You drift into it.

I didn't come with a checklist. I arrived with soft shoes and an open morning, letting the city set the pace. Some days I'd walk for hours and realize I'd seen nothing on a map but everything that mattered. A courtyard fountain. A stray cat sunning itself on a balcony. A set asleep on a sunlit steps, the echo of footsteps in an alley too narrow for sound to escape.

The Colosseum appeared out of nowhere one afternoon, not as a monument, but as part of the landscape. Cracked and beautiful. Unapologetically old. I stood there for a long time, not taking photos, just trying to feel what it meant to stand still. To be one person among many who had passed through, looking up.

In Rome, time folds in on itself. Morning cappuccinos blend into afternoon wine. The past lives comfortably alongside the present, and neither feels rushed. I've stayed longer than I planned, and I'm glad I did. Letting slowly, eating slowly, listening for the stories between the sounds of the city.

There was no single moment I'll remember most. Just a collage of light and texture: the chipped paint of a doorway, the heat rising off cobblestones, the laughter of a family eating late into the evening. Rome gave me nothing definitive, and maybe that was the gift. It let me wander.

All travel stories

October 16, 2025

Finding Stillness in the Hills of San Cristóbal

October 1, 2025

Wandering Through the Streets of Rome

September 17, 2025

Driving Across Monument Valley

September 1, 2025

Walking the Terraces of Northern Vietnam

End of the trail

Less rush. More wonder.

Home Article About Contact

Copyright ©2025 - The Roam Report

Home Articles About

Driving Across Monument Valley

September 17, 2025 United States

The road into Monument Valley looks like something out of memory-burnt orange earth, wide sky, and rock formations that look too ancient to be real. I didn't set out with a route in mind, just a direction. And somewhere along the stretch of dusty silence, the road stopped being a path and started feeling like a companion.

I drove with the windows down, dust coating one side of the car, the smell of sun on wood thick in the air. The radio cut in and out somewhere near Kayenta, a few stations fading in long enough to hear a song I hadn't heard in years and then dissolving back into static. I didn't mind. It felt like the kind of place that asks you to let the noise go and listen instead. The wind moves through the mesas, carrying the sound of the whole valley without a word.

The isolation wasn't lonely. It was expansive. The kind that makes your thoughts echo a little longer from sound. I listened to music for a while, then nothing at all. Just wind, and heat, and the rhythm of tires humming against the earth.

Driving across Monument Valley isn't about getting anywhere. It's about dissolving into the landscape. About remembering that the world is older than you, quieter than you, and more generous than you expected.

All travel stories

October 16, 2025

Finding Stillness in the Hills of San Cristóbal

October 1, 2025

Wandering Through the Streets of Rome

September 17, 2025

Driving Across Monument Valley

September 1, 2025

Walking the Terraces of Northern Vietnam

End of the trail

Less rush. More wonder.

Home Article About Contact

Copyright ©2025 - The Roam Report

Home Articles About

Walking the Terraces of Northern Vietnam

September 1, 2025 Vietnam

In the north, the hills breathe in patterns layered terraces that catch the light like fingerprints on the land. I walked among them slowly, feeling like I'd entered a conversation I wasn't fluent in, but still welcomed to join.

The path wasn't always clear. Mist clung to my shoes and the sun shifted behind clouds as if to not my sense of direction. But I followed the curve of the land, one bend at a time, and let the rhythm of footsteps fill the space where words didn't belong.

I passed women carrying baskets of stone on their backs, their pace steady, their faces calm. I didn't ask questions. I just watched and learned, sharing nothing but the moment and the weight of what we each carried.

The terraces seemed endless upon endless carved by generations, each step an act of survival and grace. Walking them didn't feel like tourism. It felt like witnessing something sacred. Alive, warm, beautiful.

By the time I reached the top, the day was almost over. I sat and let it sink in. It wasn't a place I'd visited. It was a place I'd walked through, slowly, carefully, and with a deep respect for what it means to live with the land, and for what it means to be held by it in return.

All travel stories

October 16, 2025

Finding Stillness in the Hills of San Cristóbal

October 1, 2025

Wandering Through the Streets of Rome

September 17, 2025

Driving Across Monument Valley

September 1, 2025

Walking the Terraces of Northern Vietnam

End of the trail

Less rush. More wonder.

Home Article About Contact

Copyright ©2025 - The Roam Report

Home Articles About

Admiring the Clifftops of the Lycian Coast

August 19, 2025 Turkey

There are places that don't ask for attention they just exist in silence. The cliffs along the Lycian Coast are like that, jagged, sun-washed, and defiantly still. I came for the views, but stayed for the sea-blue brief that tastes like sea salt and eucalyptus.

The road twisted and rose without warning. One moment I was staring at a cliffside, the next at a horizon that dropped into endless blue. I parked at a bend where the road hugged the edge and walked toward the cliff edge. The ocean was loud, but the land was soothing. That silence was in language.

There was a van there. Its doors swung open to reveal a mobile wardrobe of color-drenched scarves and sarongs, fluttering in the breeze like prayer flags. I didn't buy anything, just stood near it, letting the fabric flicker in my periphery while the cliffs anchored everything in place.

There was a van there. Its doors swung open to reveal a mobile wardrobe of color-drenched and scarves rustling in the wind like prayer flags. I didn't buy anything, just stood near it, letting the fabric flicker in my periphery while the cliffs anchored everything in place.

All travel stories

October 16, 2025

Finding Stillness in the Hills of San Cristóbal

October 1, 2025

Wandering Through the Streets of Rome

September 17, 2025

Driving Across Monument Valley

September 1, 2025

Walking the Terraces of Northern Vietnam

End of the trail

Less rush. More wonder.

Home Article About Contact

Copyright ©2025 - The Roam Report

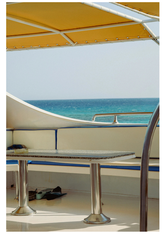
Home Articles About

Waiting by the Shores of the Red Sea

August 1, 2025 Egypt

Some places aren't meant to be rushed. The Red Sea has a pace that seems unpacy I spent the better part of a day sitting near a shuttered beach shack, the sun high, the shade barely enough. Nothing happened, and yet everything did.

I came here for the diving, but the water kept pulling me back. Snorkeling felt like a conversation I didn't know I needed. Fish moved through the shallows in slow, deliberate arcs. The air was heavy with heat and waiting. Waiting for evening, for breeze, for something just out of reach.



It felt like being inside a pause. Like the world had slowed enough for me to actually see it. The chipped paint on the shack's sign. The remote stirring of the sensing The breeze that almost came, then didn't.

I thought I'd be bored. And for a long while, I was. But boredom here is not emptiness you. It reminds you that not every journey is marked by movement. Some are measured in stillness, and in the quiet realization that time will pass, whether you chase it or not.

All travel stories

October 16, 2025

Finding Stillness in the Hills of San Cristóbal

October 1, 2025

Wandering Through the Streets of Rome

September 17, 2025

Driving Across Monument Valley

September 1, 2025

Walking the Terraces of Northern Vietnam

End of the trail

Less rush. More wonder.

Home Article About Contact

Copyright ©2025 - The Roam Report

Home Articles About

Tracing Trails Through the Dolomite Highlands

July 16, 2025 Italy

The Dolomites don't ask for admiration. They demand it. Jagged peaks rise from velvet meadows like punctuation marks against the sky. I set out on foot with no real destination, just a desire to see where the paths would lead.

The trails here are well-marked and well-maintained, but I kept feeling like I shouldn't be here. The air was heavy with heat and waiting. Waiting for evening, for breeze, for something just out of reach.

Each turn brought something gnarwe a shadow behind a rock, a flicker of wildflowers, a summer drying out and disappearing again. I passed no one for hours, and yet felt surrounded by scale, by silence, by an overwhelming sense of presence.

The Dolomite highlands don't offer one anything easily and begin! But they gave me space. And in that space, I found something I hadn't known I was missing: the ability to linger without needing to rush.

All travel stories

October 16, 2025

Finding Stillness in the Hills of San Cristóbal

October 1, 2025

Wandering Through the Streets of Rome

September 17, 2025

Driving Across Monument Valley

September 1, 2025

Walking the Terraces of Northern Vietnam

End of the trail

Less rush. More wonder.

Home Article About Contact

Copyright ©2025 - The Roam Report