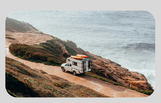
The Roam Report

Stories and photos of long walks, wrong turns, and everyday discoveries



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Wild Camping Along Tasmania's East Coast

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01 **Oaxaca, Mexico**
March 12 - March 25
For mole, markets, and Monte Albán

02 **Rome, Italy**
June 9 - June 30
Evening walks and neighborhood trattorias

03 **Lofoten, Norway**
October 20 - October 28
Midnight sun, damp air, and drying cod

04 **Kagoshima, Japan**
Dec 3 - Dec 21
Admire Sakurajima from the ferry

End of the trail

**Less rush.
More wonder.**

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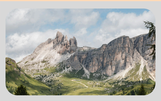

July 30, 2025

Tracing Trails Through the Dolomite Highlands

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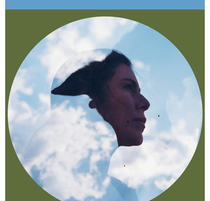

About

Hi, I'm Nasa — a slow traveler with a soft spot for train stations, street snacks, and places that don't make the guidebook. The Roam Report is my way of documenting the long walks, the wrong turns, and all the quiet in between—moments that make a place feel real.

Currently roaming. Eventually home.

Contact

Want to collaborate, pitch a trip, or say hi? Send a note to nasa@theroamreport.com — I check it more often than I check train times.

End of the trail

**Less rush.
More wonder.**

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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, wind-lashed, and utterly indifferent. I parked the camper by a cliff's 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 wind 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 it into postcards—lighting a match with cold 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.

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Finding Stillness in the Hills of San Cristóbal

October 10, 2025
Mexico

There's a kind of quiet in San Cristobal that doesn't announce itself as you. No itinerary. No must-see list. Just the low hush of pine needs and the occasional creak 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 noise I'd convinced myself was momentum.

The house I stayed in was the color of clay. Mornings began with the sound of roosters in the valley below, and ended with wine on the porch, watching shadows stretch across the hillside. There wasn't much to do, which turned out to be the point. I read entire books in one sitting. I walked barefoot on tile. I listened to the rain as if it were saying something back.

San Cristobal 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 wandered cobbled streets without a destination, often turning around just because a corner 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 Cristobal, it felt necessary. Not a pause, but 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.

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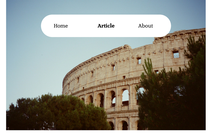

Wandering Through the Streets of Rome

October 2, 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 somehow everything that mattered: a woman watering potted basil on her balcony, a cat asleep on a sunlit vespa, 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 longer than I expected, not out of awe, but because it felt good 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 let myself become part of that rhythm—walking 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.

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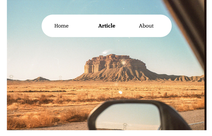

Driving Across Monument Valley

September 17, 2025
United States

The road into Monument Valley feels 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 desert silence, the road stopped being a path and started feeling like a companion.

I drove with the windows down, dust curling into the corners of the car, the smell of sun on metal thick in the air. The land was empty in that way that feels full—of space, of time, of stories you'll never know. At one point, I pulled over just to sit still. To watch the shadows shift on the buttes and mesas, changing the mood of the whole valley without a sound.

The isolation wasn't lonely. It was expansive. The kind that makes your thoughts echo a little longer than usual. 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.

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Walking the Terraces of Northern Vietnam

September 2, 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. Mud clung to my shoes and the sun shifted behind clouds as if to test 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 posture strong. We nodded in quiet acknowledgment, sharing nothing but the moment and the weight of what we each carried.

The terraces seemed endless—green stairways carved by generations, each step an act of survival and grace. Walking there didn't feel like tourism. It felt like witnessing something sacred. Alive, worn, beautiful.

By the time I reached the top, the view wasn't just visual. It was felt. A reminder that the slowest paths often lead to the deepest kinds of awe.

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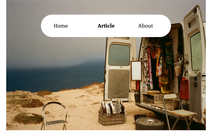

Admiring the Clifftops of the Lycian Coast

August 20, 2025
Turkey

There are places that don't ask for attention—they earn it in silence. The cliffs along the Lycian Coast are like that. Jagged, sun-soaked, and defiantly still. I came for the views, but stayed for the air—the kind that tastes like sea salt and eucalyptus.

The road twisted and rose without warning. One moment I was staring at scrubland, the next at a horizon that dropped into endless blue. I parked at a bend where the cliffs folded around a hidden cove and walked to the edge. The ocean was loud, but the land said nothing. That silence was its language.

There was a van there. Its doors swung open to reveal a mobile wardrobe of color—dresses 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.

The Lycian coast isn't dramatic in the way of postcards. It's dramatic in the way of memory—quietly bold, unmovable, and unexpectedly intimate.

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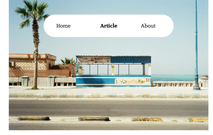
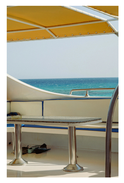


Waiting by the Shores of the Red Sea

August 1, 2025
Egypt

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

I watched the horizon blur into pale blue, watched people walk by with nowhere to go fast. 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 stall's sign. The uneven stitching of the awning. The breeze that almost came, then didn't.

I thought I'd be bored, but the Red Sea doesn't bore you—it recalibrates 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.

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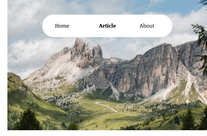

Tracing Trails Through the Dolomite Highlands

July 30, 2025
Italy

The Dolomites don't ask for admiration. They demand it. Sharp 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 trail wove through pine forests, opening suddenly into a clearing that felt like a cathedral of light and stone. I stood still for a long while, the only sounds a distant bell and my own breath. There's something humbling about walking through a place that feels older than thought.

Each turn brought something quieter—a shadow behind a rock, a flicker of wildflowers, a marmot darting 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 didn't offer me anything neatly packaged. But they gave me space. And in that space, I found something I hadn't known I was missing: the ability to listen without needing to reply.

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