

FOREWORD

How do you survive almost 9 000 kilometres of travelling dirt roads? Nine thousand kilometres of new adventures, misadventures, old friends, new friends, badly behaved friends? What does it take to be away from all your creature comforts for two months? For 70 days and the 1 400-odd hours that fly by in a moment?

We like to think it takes a very special breed of human. The dust-kickers, crazy hearts and adrenalin seekers. The runaways. The hippies-in-the-making. The accidentals and the newbies. The type of people who suit-and-tie-wearing-9-to-5-ers are secretly envious of. Those who celebrate new friendships in endless car rides, with endless playlists. Those who talk around blazing fires late into the night and early hours of the morning. The ones who do impromptu *langarm* dancing and drink disgusting shooters in another dodgy bar and in another nameless small town all in the name of sanity. The type of people who can get up at stupid-o'clock and graft hard (*really* hard) for 15 hours straight, party for six and sleep for only three. Then do it all over again the next day.

Being on the road is a place where time becomes an afterthought – something that is laughed at because, after a while, you no longer know what day of the week it is, because, let's face it, out here, it doesn't really matter. The only things that matter are the sunsets and sunrises, and how we try to steal time because sleeping feels like a waste.

This is where we all lose our heads a little. Some of us lose our hearts and others find them. Where we all gain new perspectives and some discover new directions. But we celebrate this.

We feel alive when it becomes so quiet at night that we get back into touch with every sense of who we are. Life on the road is not reality. It's a many days, many weeks, many months dreamscape where we create our own version of what is real, and recreate ourselves.

Being on the road and doing the work that goes into filming a 13-part reality TV series is not for just anyone and it's definitely not for the faint at heart. But in a sense it is no different to a large group of friends who live and travel together for a while. In our industry, it's for the lucky, crazy few. For some of us, and after long enough, returning home to our family, dogs, chores, responsibilities and to our people is celebrated.

But never for too long. After a couple of weeks of enjoying those man-made creature comforts and having the quiet of the wild replaced with the quiet of the city, the itch starts. It's the familiar burn to get in your car and drive into a landscape where there are no fences and no rules. This is the curse of the traveller and the life of a road tripper. And we embrace it with arms wide open every time we get to pack up and set out on a new adventure.

This is your invitation to get in your car and take a ride with us. But fasten your seatbelts. It gets a little bumpy.



