

Ladies and gentlemen of the adventure motorcycling world, if we could offer you only one tip for adventure riding, it would be this:

**GO BEFORE
YOU'RE READY.**

The long-term benefits of leaving before your setup is perfect have been proven by countless travelers before you;

and as for our own advice, it comes as a collection of truths from riders far more achieved, well-traveled, and ingenious than us.

**WE SHALL
DISPENSE THIS
ADVICE HERE:**



REMEMBER WHY YOU RIDE; FORGET HOW YOU LOOK. You are not as slow as you imagine.

YOU WILL F*CK UP. That's not failure, that's the story—the one you'll be telling your nursing home buddies decades from now.

ENJOY THE CHARACTER-BUILDING BEAUTY of a dead battery in the middle of nowhere: You haven't truly lived until you've bump-started a 650cc single on a muddy hill in Albania. Ten years from now, you'll look at photos of that broken bike and realize it was the exact moment the adventure began.



ASK FOR HELP. That's not weakness—that's how humans travel.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE NEXT BORDER CROSSING, the next mechanical hiccup, or those dark clouds on the horizon. The thing that you actually need to worry about will hit you unexpectedly on some remote trail on a suspiciously sunny Thursday... then teach you a lesson on local hospitality and flat tire patches made of old shirts.

READ THE MANUAL (even if your primary tools are duct tape and hope).

FORGET THE GNARLY DUDES tearing it up on Instagram reels; the cool kids might be cooler than you – but you might be hotter than them. Thermodynamics, friend.

CELEBRATE SMALL VICTORIES. Even if it means doing a ridiculous dance in your soaking wet boots next to a dying fire.

PEOPLE WILL DRIFT IN AND OUT OF YOUR ORBIT ON THE ROAD, but hold onto the ones who truly matter. Put in the miles to stay connected, because as the years pile up, you'll need friends who remember you back when you were just an idiot on a clapped-out thumper with blown fork seals.

DON'T WASTE YOUR ENERGY ON FARKLE ENVY. Invent your own – the more unhinged, the better.



Pack more patience and less socks.

You might reach the end of the world in Ushuaia, or you might turn around by week three. You might ride for six months, or you might trade your bike for a plot of land in Patagonia. Whatever happens, don't pat yourself on the back too hard, and don't beat yourself up either. Half of what happens out there is just pure, dumb luck. The rest is what you make of it.

THE MOST PRECIOUS THING YOU WILL FIND on that long, winding road? It's not a thing at all. It's the kindness of strangers.

DON'T BE RUDE TO LOCALS or other riders; smile at those who are rude to you—and keep moving.

KEEP YOUR OLD PAPER MAPS. Throw away your old packing lists. Life is short. Take the long route.

ENJOY THE HELL OUT OF YOUR BIKE, on or off the road—especially when it refuses to cooperate.

CARRY ELECTROLYTES. Just trust us on this one.

STUFF SOME CASH AWAY; rest assured, you'll forget where you hid it.

UNDERSTAND THAT THE WEATHER CHANGES, but your destination doesn't have to.

BE NICE TO YOUR CLUTCH. It's the closest link between your throttle and your freedom.



STOP WATCHING CINEMATIC MOTORCYCLE ADS on YouTube. They will only make you feel like you're not enough.

ACCEPT THAT THE GOLDEN AGE IS ALWAYS A MOVING TARGET. Bikes will get more electronics built into them. Fuel prices will rise. You will get older. And when you do, you'll swear that back in your day, bikes were simpler, petrol cost pennies, and rookies actually listened to the veterans.

LISTEN TO THE VETERANS.

HYDRATE.

If you're worried whether you're skilled enough, prepared enough, or experienced enough, the answer is this: you'll never feel perfectly ready.

GO ANYWAY.



BECAUSE YOU SEE, HERE'S WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN IF YOU GO ON A LONG MOTORCYCLE ADVENTURE WITH LITTLE EXPERIENCE, AN OLD BIKE, OR AN IMPERFECT SETUP:

- You'll probably get there a little slower.
- You'll misjudge distances and terrain.
- You'll learn whether your gear actually works once the weather turns to shit, you tip over in gravel, or you hit high altitudes.
- You'll feel a little panicky covering the last forty miles on a lonely dirt track somewhere as the dusk falls.
- You'll forget your good pair of gloves at the gas station.
- You'll ditch 30% of your luggage along the way by about month four.
- Your mood will swing from This Is Awesome to What The F*ck Am I Doing on a weekly, sometimes daily, basis.
- You'll have words with your GPS unit.
- You'll dump your bike at a crossroads for no other reason than you've had a big lunch, you're on a slight slope, and you got distracted by a camel.
- You'll sometimes feel incredibly small and alone.

- You'll probably sleep in overpriced but sketchy hotels sometimes because it got dark, and cold, and you're bone-deep exhausted; most of your camping spots won't have Stunning Mountain Backdrops. They'll have dry bush, rocky ground, or sheep droppings.
- It'll still be the best sleep of your life.
- At times, you'll wonder if you've REALLY zipped up your backpack, work yourself up into a mild panic, stop to double-check to find it closed, and give yourself a deeply impatient sigh.
- You'll get tired and cranky and entirely unsure of what the hell you're actually doing here in the first place at times.



BUT YOU'LL ALSO:

Figure sh*t out as you go along.

Find grace and open doors in the unlikeliest places. Stare at the big blue mountains in the distance at sundown and feel impossibly, acutely alive.

Feel smug when you successfully locate your motorcycle's air filter for the first time.

Meet incredible humans and feel like you finally belong.

Appreciate the unsung glory of eating a bowl of hot soup at a local eatery after you've ridden in rain all day, even if there's a goat's hoof floating in it. (You hope it's a goat's foot and not someone's oddly shaped ankle).

Watch the miles disappear under your front tire, and feel your heart beat a little faster.

Laugh out loud inside your helmet for no apparent reason at all.

Find that you have more courage, grit, and mule-like stubbornness than you thought.

Drag your bike out of a muddy ditch yourself and grin at passersby like a maniac, incredibly pleased with yourself, stinking of wet earth and petrol.

And learn that no, you're not too old, not too slow, not too scared, not too late, not too broke... and that hell yes, you can.

WHEREVER YOU RIDE.

**BUT TRUST
ON THE LEAVING.**

