Hitch Up and Join Some Dots



Half the year gone. The road still waiting. Time to make a plan or at least point the rig in the right direction.

Here’s a mildly alarming thought to go with your afternoon brew: in a couple of weeks, 2026 will be half over. Already. Gone. Vanished into the slipstream somewhere around Easter and a few too many quiet weekends on the couch.

We’re not here to point fingers. We’ve been guilty of the same grand plans-to-nothing ratio as anyone. Especially this year when illness stopped us in our tracks — literally.

The spreadsheet that never got updated. The trip that got ‘almost booked’ four times. The

vague sense that we'd 'get organised' in autumn and then autumn happened and we watched it through the window.

But Sunday afternoon is the great reset. Every single week, it offers you a blank slate and the intoxicating illusion that this time, things will be different. And sometimes? Sometimes they are.

"The best time to make a plan was January. The second best time is right now, with your second coffee and the rest of the day still ahead of you."



So, what are we actually doing?

For us, the answer is embarrassingly simple and thrillingly enormous at the same time: we want to move. We've got Western Australia on our minds the red dirt and the vast blue coast and all the gaps in our map that are still stubbornly blank.

There’s something almost personal about those blank bits, like they’re waiting.

We haven’t done the full circle yet. We’ve circled around half of it, talked about it, traced it on the map with a finger more times than we can count. But the real lap; the proper, earnest, commit-to-it lap hasn’t happened. And the road doesn’t get any shorter by thinking about it from the chair.

So the caravan’s getting another look-over this week. Kay’s already had the scrubber out. The checklist is coming out this evening. The plans are graduating from “vague intention” to “actual dates on an actual calendar.” As long as our hospital review is all green lights next month, it’s starting to feel good. A little scary. Mostly good.

The Sunday arvo planning checklist (pick your level)

— Write down the one thing you most want to do before December.
— Give it a rough date, even a wrong one is better than none.
— Tell someone about it (accountability is annoyingly effective).
— Check the rig, the gear, the budget reality-test the dream.
— Book one thing. Just one. The rest will follow.
— Look at a map for at least ten uninterrupted minutes.
— Accept that the plan will change and go anyway.



The circle beckons

There’s a particular kind of itch that comes with living near something spectacular and still not having explored all of it. Western Australia is enormous, genuinely, almost rudely enormous and we’ve loved every bit we’ve seen. But the bits we haven’t seen are starting to feel like unfinished sentences.

The north. The rest of the Pilbara, the Kimberley. The stretches of coast where the colour of the water defies reasonable description. The dirt tracks with names that sound like adventure and feel like it too. The camps where you wake up and genuinely forget, for a moment, that the rest of the world exists.

That’s what’s pulling us. And honestly? If you’ve got something pulling you too whether it’s a road trip, a new project, a skill you’ve been putting off, a conversation you need to have. Sunday is as good a day as any to stop deferring and start doing.



Your move

You don’t need a caravan to have a version of this. The point is just: half the year is nearly gone, the other half is wide open, and Sunday is the universe handing you a gentle nudge. Whatever your version of “hitch up and join the dots” looks like, take it seriously this week.

Make the plan. Book the thing. Tell someone. Put it on the calendar in ink, not pencil.

And if your version of the plan does happen to involve a long red road somewhere west of the centre of Australia and well, maybe we’ll see you out there.

Here’s to the second half. May it be everything the first half had in mind.

Written on a Sunday afternoon. Somewhere with good coffee. WA, Australia.