

# THE ROADTRIP

# ICELAND

2023 T. FUHRMANN



## PROLOG

Iceland – an island of fire and ice, raw and yet filled with quiet beauty. This photo book tells the story of an incredible road trip. An adventure full of unexpected encounters, breathtaking nature, and silent moments. Every kilometer led us deeper into a landscape that felt surreal and yet so tangible. The roads were narrow, the routes often lonely – but never dull. Geysers bursting into the sky and waterfalls thundering into the depths left lasting impressions. Black beaches, moss-covered lava fields, and endless fjords stretched across the days. The weather changed within minutes – from sun to storm, from fog to clear skies. Many moments left us simply in awe. Behind every photograph in this travelogue lies a memory, a feeling, a thought. Some places left us speechless – others invited us to pause and reflect. This book attempts to capture the magic of Iceland and make it visible. The images do not only show what Iceland looks like – they show how it feels. The island sharpens one's eye in an extraordinary way for the simple, the wild, and the true. And it invites us on an adventure along roads that lead through nothingness to places filled with magic and beauty. To moments that cannot be planned – but simply happen.



ÍSLAND

1 : 500 000



travel is  
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The map system is according to the latest information from the Icelandic Road Administration. All road coverage can be dangerous and variable.

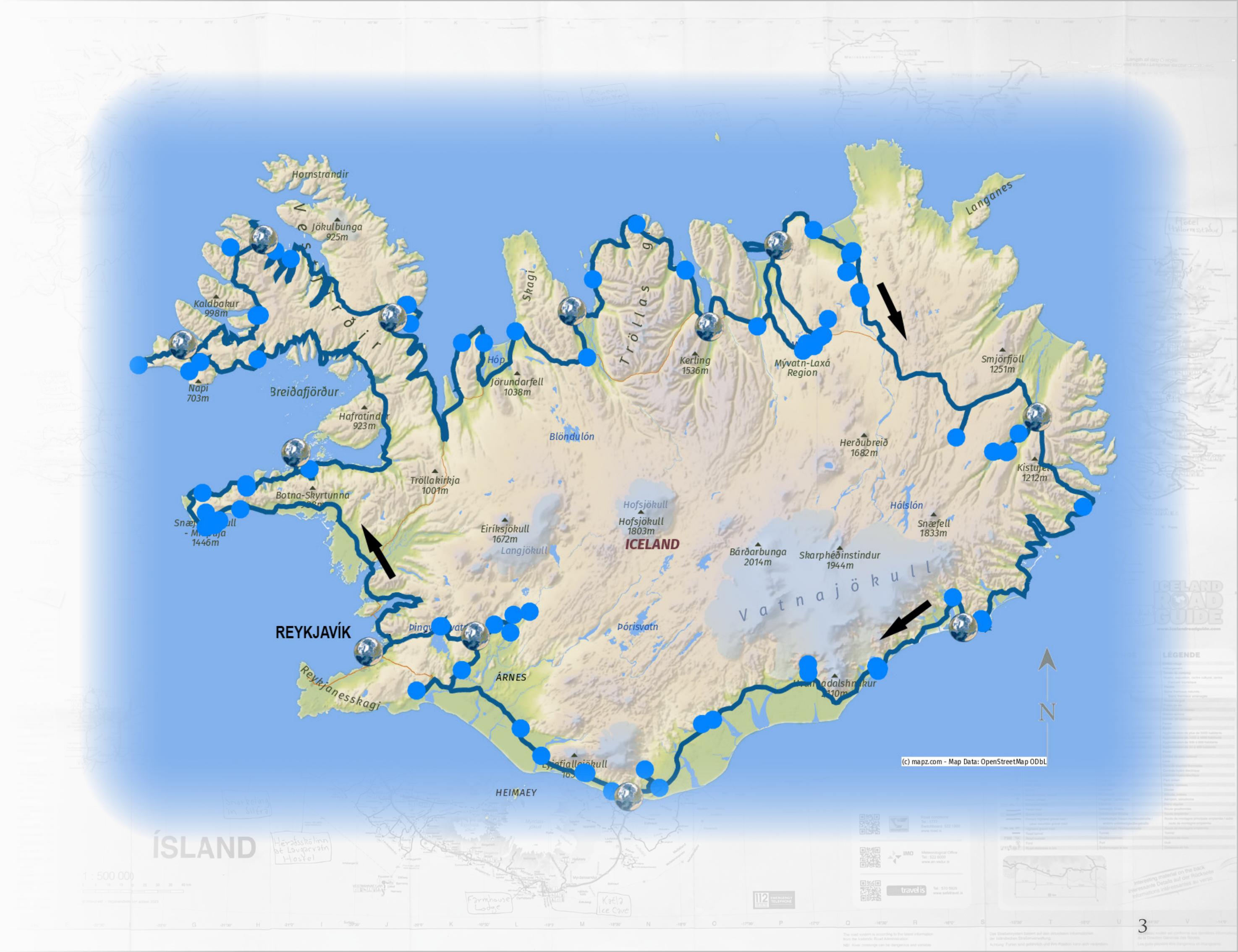
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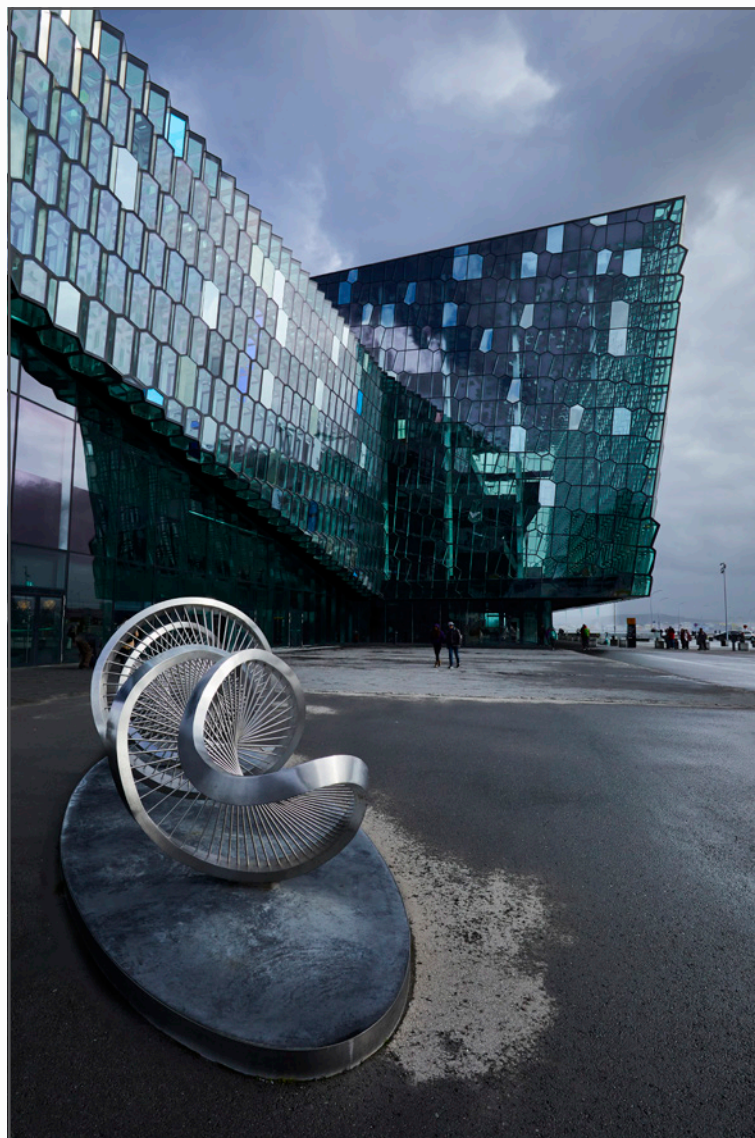


TRAVEL STATIONS

DAY	DESTINATION
01	Reykjavík
02	Stykkishólmur
03	Patreksfjörður
04	Ísafjörður
05	Hólmavík
06	Skagafjörður
07	Akureyri
08	Húsavík
09	Egilsstaðir
10	Höfn
11	Vík
12	Laugarvatn
13	Reykjavík

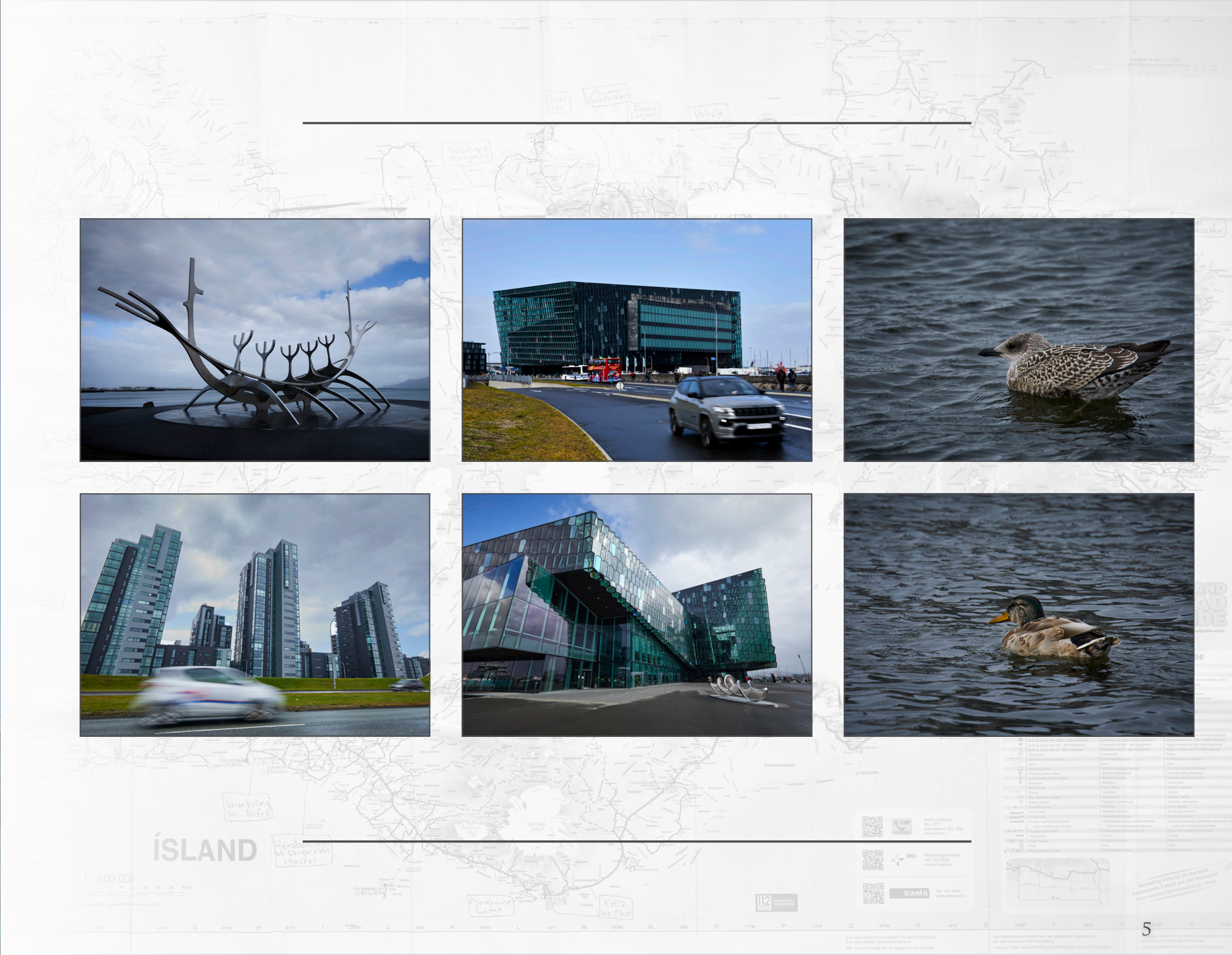






## DAY 01: REYKJAVÍK

Hallgrímskirkja (Church)  
 Sun Voyager (Artwork)  
 Laugavegur (Colorful Shopping Street)  
 Svarta Kaffid (Restaurant with Soup in Bread)  
 Perlan (Museum)  
 Harpa (Concert Hall)





Reykjavík reveals itself to us as a small yet vibrant capital with a rhythm all its own. The crisp, cool air greets us early in the morning as we step out of the airport. The city feels modern, while at the same time deeply rooted in its history. Pastel-colored houses and street art shape the center. Much can be reached on foot, making our stroll and exploration pleasantly relaxed.

Our first landmark is the imposing Hallgrímskirkja, whose unique architecture dominates the cityscape. Its design recalls basalt-like lava formations and was influenced by Icelandic expressionism. The church stands proudly on a hill, visible from afar. Directly in front is the statue of Leif Erikson, the explorer who reached America long before Columbus. The statue was gifted by the United States in 1930 to mark the anniversary of the Icelandic Althing. Hallgrímskirkja is simple yet striking. The interior is bright and minimal in design. A walk through downtown inevitably brings us to Laugavegur, the city's most famous shopping street. Small shops, cafés, and boutiques line the road. Between Nordic fashion, design pieces, and souvenirs, we stroll at ease. The street is lively but never overcrowded. Street art and creative shop windows reflect Reykjavík's open and artistic character. When hunger sets in, we stop at Svarta Kaffid. This little eatery specializes in hearty soups served in hollowed-out loaves of bread. The daily menu usually offers just two options—one vegetarian and one with meat. Despite the small selection, the dishes are hearty, warming, and full of flavor. The rustic atmosphere and closeness to the locals make the visit an authentic experience. From the center, we are drawn toward the harbor. Once the heart of Iceland's fishing industry, the old harbor is today a blend of tradition and

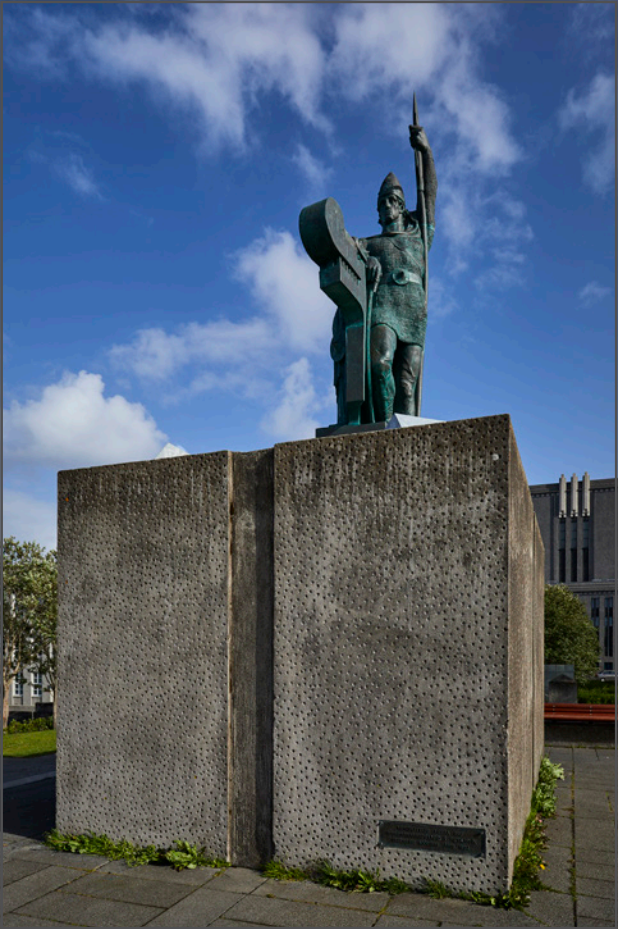


modernity. Fishing boats lie alongside tour boats heading out for whale watching or puffin excursions. Between the piers, life is bustling – fishermen unload their catch while tourists in weatherproof gear wait for their boats to depart. The air is filled with the scent of salt and fresh fish. Seagulls circle noisily over the nets laid out to dry. Further along the waterfront, another landmark awaits: the Sun Voyager. This striking sculpture resembles a stylized Viking ship. Created by Jón Gunnar Árnason, it symbolizes hope, freedom, and the drive for discovery. Depending on the time of day and light, the artwork's effect changes. At sunset, it radiates an almost mystical aura. Not far away rises Harpa, Reykjavík's modern concert hall. Its glass façade, designed in collaboration with artist Ólafur Elíasson, reflects the sky, the sea, and the city in fascinating ways. Inside, Harpa impresses with clear lines and bright, open spaces. Alongside classical concerts, exhibitions and events are held here. Close by stands another historic building: Alþingi, the Icelandic Parliament. This modest, dark-gray basalt-stone structure dates back to the 19th century and sits in the heart of the city. At first glance, it may seem unassuming, yet it is a symbol of Icelandic democracy and independence. In front of the parliament, a small park with neat lawns and flowerbeds invites visitors to linger. A completely different perspective of the city is offered from Perlan. This futuristic building with its glass dome sits atop Öskjuhlíð Hill. Perlan combines a natural history museum with interactive exhibitions and a panoramic restaurant. As we wander through the narrow streets, we often come across small, colorful houses clad in corrugated iron, typical for Reykjavík. Many date back to the late 19th and early 20th centuries, when wood was scarce and corrugated iron was imported from overseas. The spectrum of colors – from bright red to deep blue to sunny yellow – gives the old town a warm, almost playful atmosphere, even on gray days. Despite its modest size, Reykjavík offers us an impressive variety. The city blends tradition and modernity seamlessly. Ancient legends meet contemporary architecture. Art, music, and culinary delights go hand in hand here. We feel the closeness to nature everywhere in Reykjavík. Even in the middle of the city, the next mountain or the next waterfall never seems far away. Many walking paths lead through green parks or along the coast. The residents,

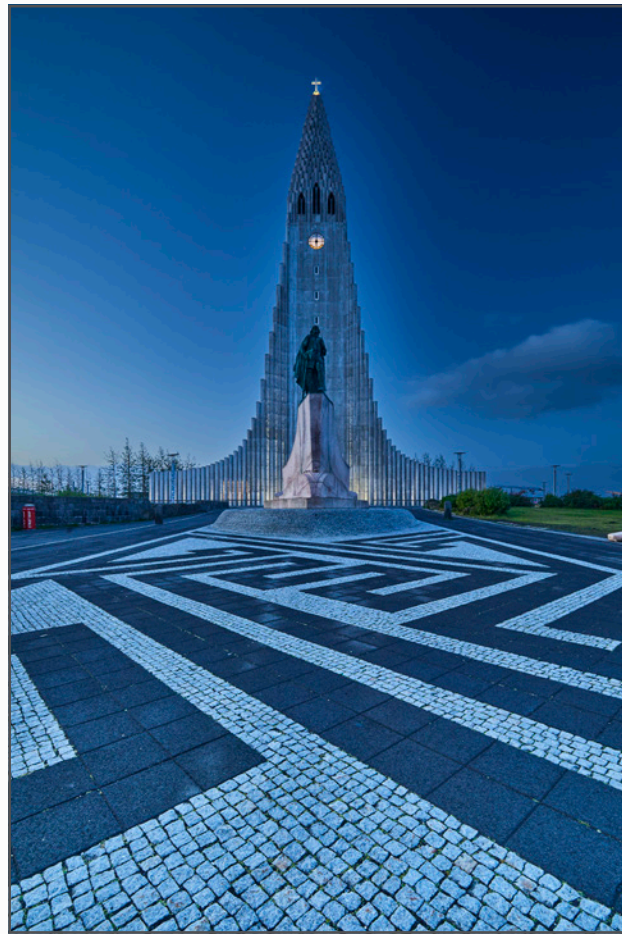




too, seem deeply connected to their environment. Reykjavík is, for us, not a loud metropolis, but a place of encounters and observations. Every street, every corner tells its own story. The weather changes quickly, making the city constantly new and different. Sometimes rain falls, then suddenly the sun breaks through again – often accompanied by Iceland’s famous light. The city allows space for stillness, curiosity, and wonder. Between modernity and nature, there is always room for personal impressions. And it is precisely this mix that makes Reykjavík so special.









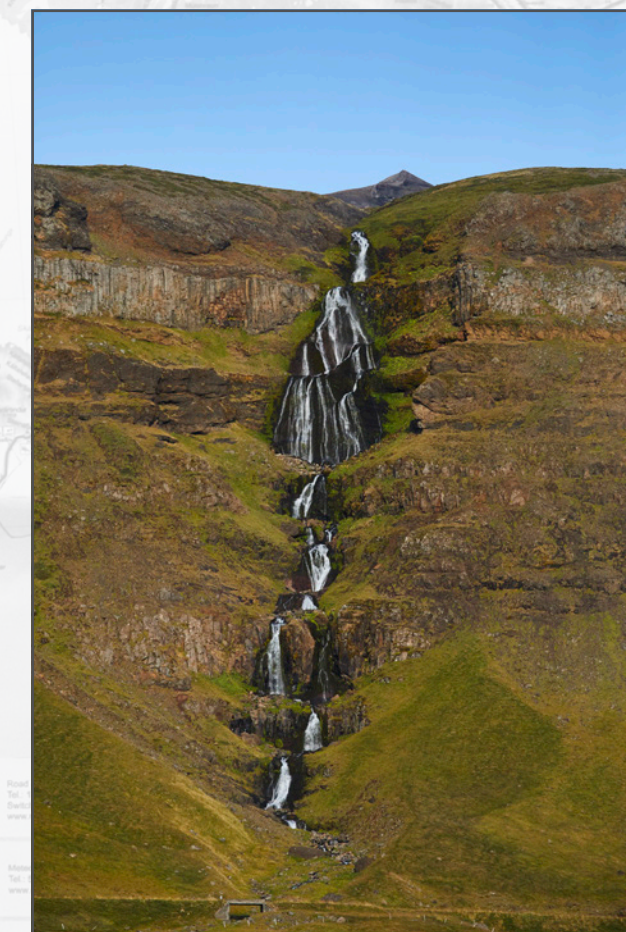
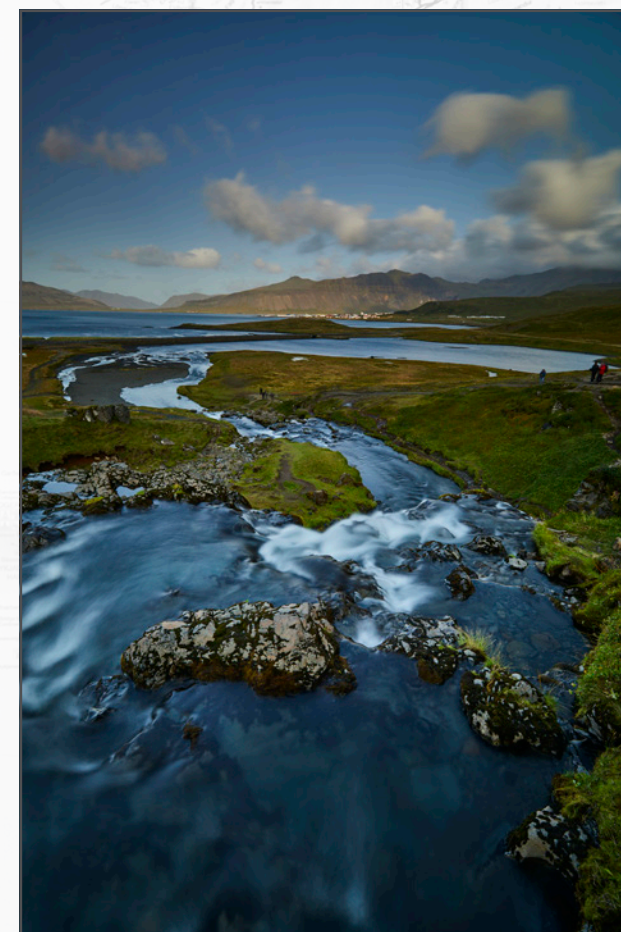
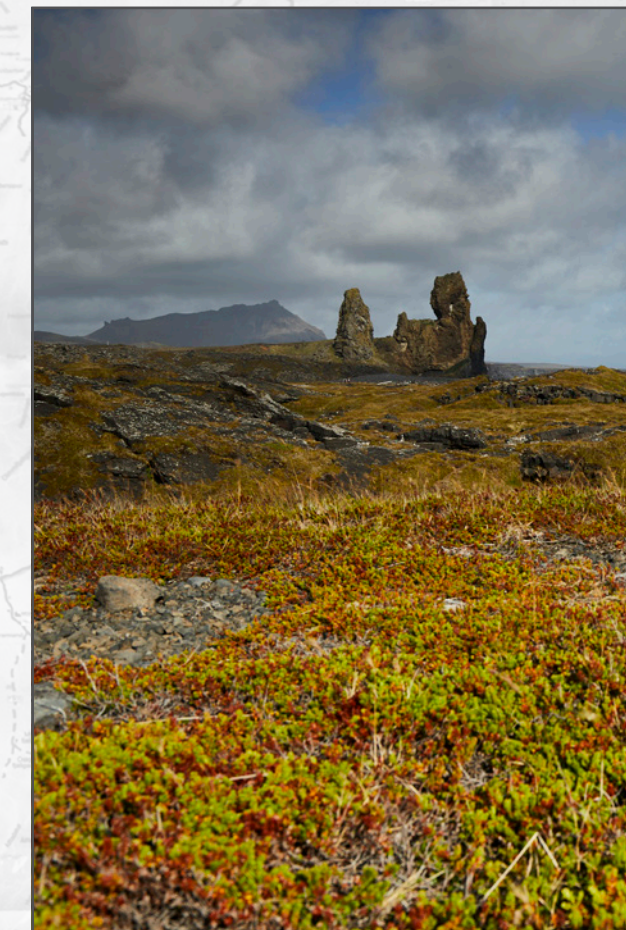


## DAY 02: REYKJAVÍK - STYKKISHÓLMUR

Distance: 300 kilometers, travel time: 3 hours 20 min.

Búðakirkja - church  
Gatklettur - rock formation  
Lóndrangar - rock pinnacles  
Svöðufoss - waterfall

Snæfellsjökull - glacier  
Kirkjufell - Mountain  
Kirkjufellsfoss - waterfall







The day in Reykjavík begins for us under a bright, clear sky. The streets of the city are still quiet, and a cool morning breeze drifts in from the sea. Before sunrise, in the golden morning light, we pay one more visit to Hallgrímskirkja. After picking up our rental car, the urban backdrop slowly fades as we drive out toward the Snæfellsnes Peninsula. The landscape opens up, and our view stretches wide across meadows, lava fields, and the glittering waters of the Atlantic. On the horizon, the first mountains glow in the morning sun. The road follows the coastline, sometimes close to the sea, sometimes veering slightly inland. Small villages with brightly painted roofs appear and vanish again. Sheep graze calmly along the roadside. The scent of salt and damp grass hangs in the air. On the surrounding pastures we spot the first Icelandic horses, both robust and graceful. They stand together in small groups, their thick manes tousled by the wind. Some trot leisurely across the wide grasslands, while others raise their heads curiously as we stop for photos. Their strong bodies and calm movements reflect a deep connection with this rugged land. In the distance, their silhouettes appear against volcanic craters and mountains – an image quintessentially Icelandic. With each passing kilometer, the landscape feels wilder and more pristine. Our first major stop is Búðakirkja, a small black wooden church standing solitary in the midst of vast lava fields. Its dark silhouette rises impressively against the sky. The sea is visible in the distance, and the wind carries the calls of seabirds. The church appears simple, almost minimalist, yet powerful. A short walk around the site reveals ever-changing perspectives. Beyond Búðakirkja, we continue our drive along the southern coast of the peninsula. Again and again, our gaze is drawn to the snowcapped peak of Snæfellsjökull, towering majestically over the region. The road winds through

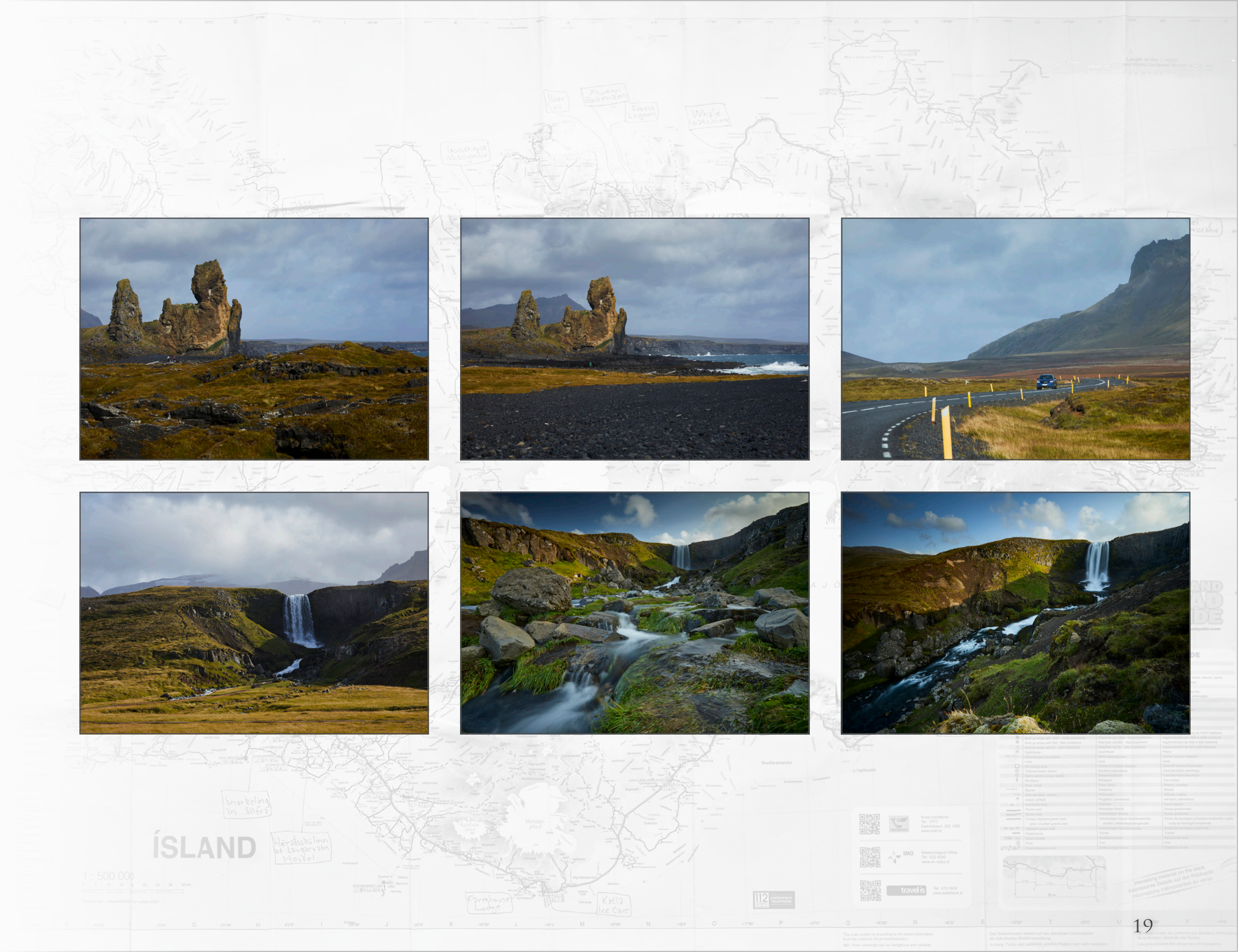
black lava fields draped in pale moss. Clouds sweep quickly across the sky, constantly shifting the light. The coastline here reveals its raw, untamed side. Our next stop is Gatklettur, a naturally formed rock arch right by the sea. Over centuries, the surf has carved out this shape. The water foams and churns in the gaps of the stone. Seagulls circle over the waves, and the wind carries the saltyscent in all directions. The rocks, darkened by seawater and covered in algae, bear the marks of time and tide. Not far away, the towering formations of Lóndrangar rise from the coastal cliffs. Two steep basalt pillars stand like watchtowers at the edge of the shore. Spray bursts high into the air when the waves crash against them. The sparse vegetation around is vivid green, contrasting the black rock. The scene feels wild, primeval, and monumental. Further north we reach a small parking lot, the starting point for the hike to Svöðufoss. The trail winds across meadows and along small streams. In the background, Snæfellsjökull remains ever-present. The rush of water grows louder as we approach the falls. At last, the cascade plunges over a steep rock wall into a basin framed by basalt columns. Looking back along the trail, the view is equally breathtaking. The white glacier of Snæfellsjökull glimmers in the sunlight. The air is fresh and clear, each breath invigorating. Small flowers bloom between the stones, and the water of Svöðufoss flows calmly into the valley while sheep, their wool windswept and ragged, graze between the lava blocks. Back in the car, our route now takes us along the northern coast of the peninsula. The landscape opens once more, and the sea lies calm in the bay. Fishing boats can be seen in the distance. Soon, the distinctive silhouette of Kirkjufell rises into view. The perfectly shaped mountain towers like a natural obelisk above the plain. At its foot, Kirkjufellsfoss tumbles down in several steps. The clear water sparkles in the light. The view from the waterfall toward the mountain is one of Iceland's most iconic sights. The scene feels like a painting, perfectly composed in form and color. We linger here, taking in the panorama. The final stretch of the journey leads us to Stykkishólmur. The road hugs the coastline, winding past small bays and scattered farms. Stykkishólmur welcomes us with brightly colored houses and a small harbor. The town feels peaceful, yet full of life. From the harbor, the view extends across the wide Breiðafjörður Bay. Countless small islands lie scattered across the water. The evening light bathes everything in warm tones. The air smells of the sea and freshly caught fish.



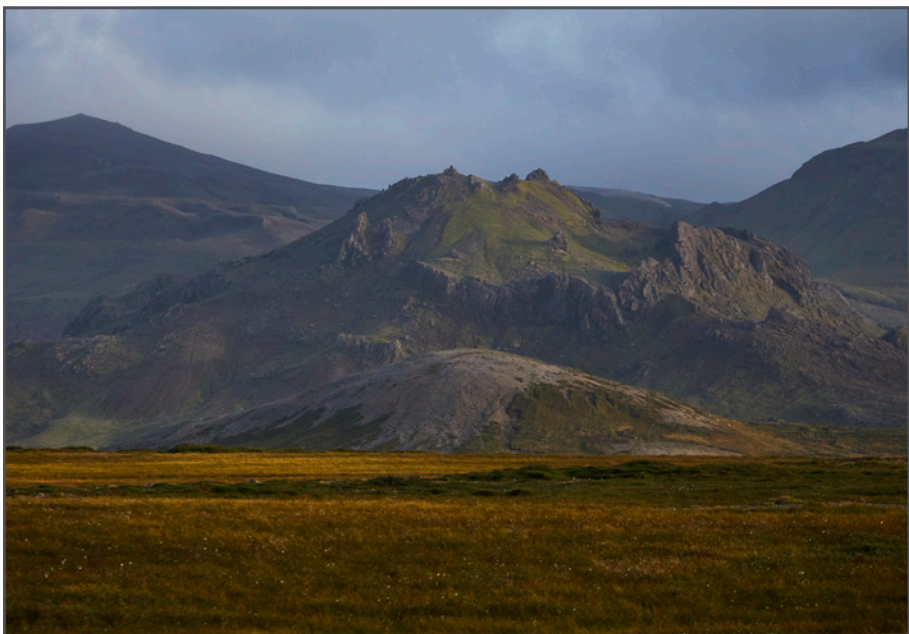
















## DAY 03: STYKKISHÓLMUR - PATREKSFJÖRÐUR

Distance: 330 kilometers, travel time: 4 hours 30 min.

Kirka - chapel  
Garðar BA 64 - shipwreck  
Látrabjarg - cliffs





After an early morning hike to a viewpoint overlooking Stykkishólmur, we load our bags into the car. The small harbor lies quiet as we leave the town, following the road along the coast and savoring the calm of the morning. The light is soft, bathing the landscape in gentle colors. Passing scattered farms and grazing sheep, the road carries us into the vastness of the Westfjords. The road winds between hills, and again and again the view opens up to reveal silent bays. We pass through small villages, their brightly painted houses standing in strong contrast to the green of the meadows. In the distance, the sea glimmers, with the occasional boat visible upon the water. Off the main road lies a small, secluded church, our first stop. Its white wooden walls and red roof stand out clearly against the surrounding green fields. From here, our gaze stretches far across the countryside and the sea. It is a place of silence, where



time seems to stand still. We linger for a moment before continuing on. The road now runs closer to the shore, where the roar of the waves becomes more pronounced. Soon we reach the Garðar BA 64, the rusting shipwreck resting on the beach. The remains of what was once the largest steel fishing vessel in Iceland tell stories of seafaring days gone by. Rust and saltwater have scarred its hull, and the paint has long disappeared. Light streams through holes in the metal, while seagulls have built nests in its crevices. We walk around the wreck, touch the cold, rough steel, and imagine the ship once braving the waters of the North Atlantic. The creaking of the metal in the wind sounds almost like an echo from the past. Beyond the wreck, the road grows rougher, and soon the most adventurous part of the route



begins. Asphalt gives way to a gravel track riddled with potholes. We drive slowly, swerving around the deepest. Dust swirls up, rain begins to fall, the ground grows muddy, and the tires crunch over the loose gravel. The landscape grows wilder, the hills steeper, and the coastline more dramatic. From time to time we must stop to let oncoming cars pass along the narrow road. Small streams cross our path, and the car sways as it rolls over uneven stretches. After what feels like an eternity, the Látrabjarg cliffs appear on the horizon. We park and immediately feel the strong wind sweeping in from the Atlantic. The cliffs rise sheer and mighty into the sky, while far below the ocean crashes against the rock. We step cautiously closer to the edge and look into the depths. In niches and ledges countless seabirds are nesting. Their cries mingle with the roar of the waves. The panorama is overwhelming, the interplay of light, clouds, and sea in constant motion. We follow a narrow trail along the cliff's edge, accompanied by the scent of the sea and the sensation of standing at the very edge of the world. The day slowly draws to a close, and as we roll toward Patreksfjörður, the image of the cliffs remains etched firmly in our minds.











## DAY 04: PATREKSFJÖRÐUR - ÍSAFJÖRÐUR

Distance: 150 kilometers, travel time: 2 hours 25 min.

Dynjandi - waterfall  
 Flateyri - fishing village  
 Ósvör - fisherman's museum



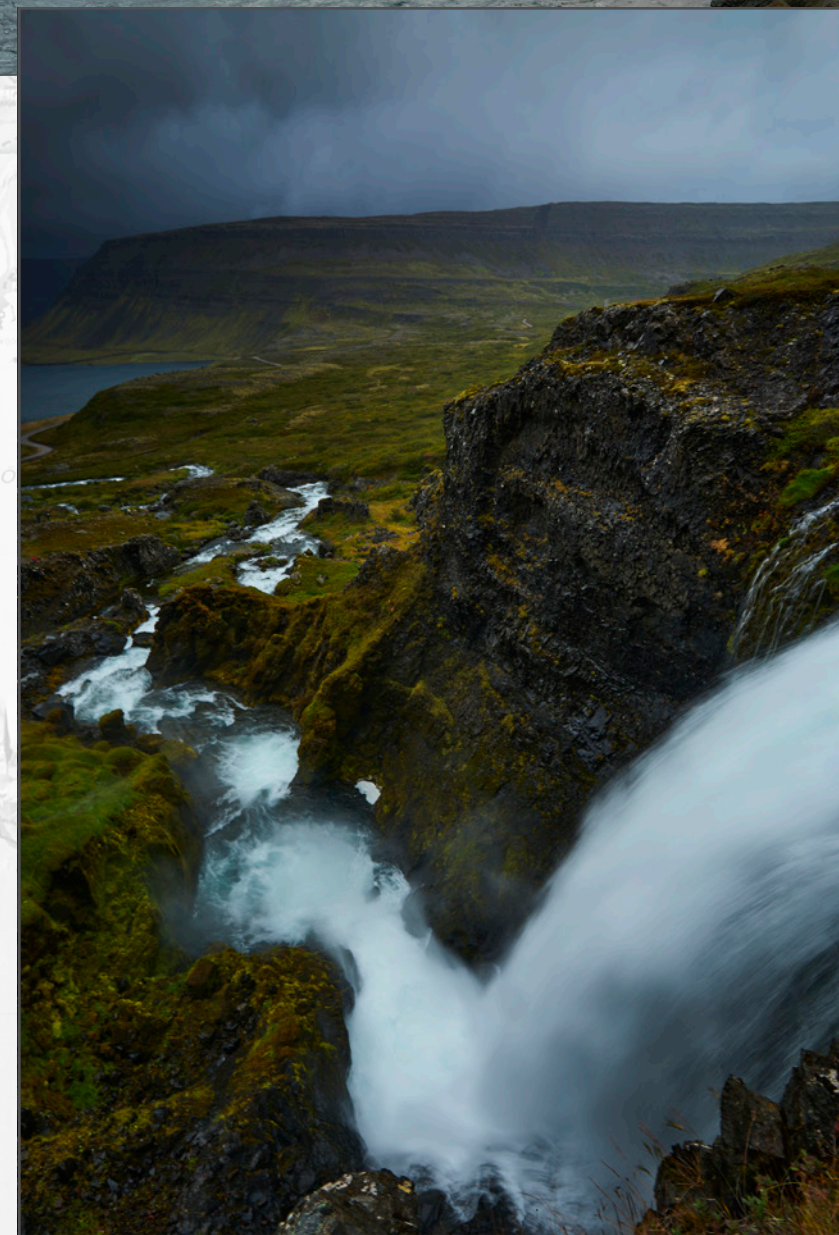




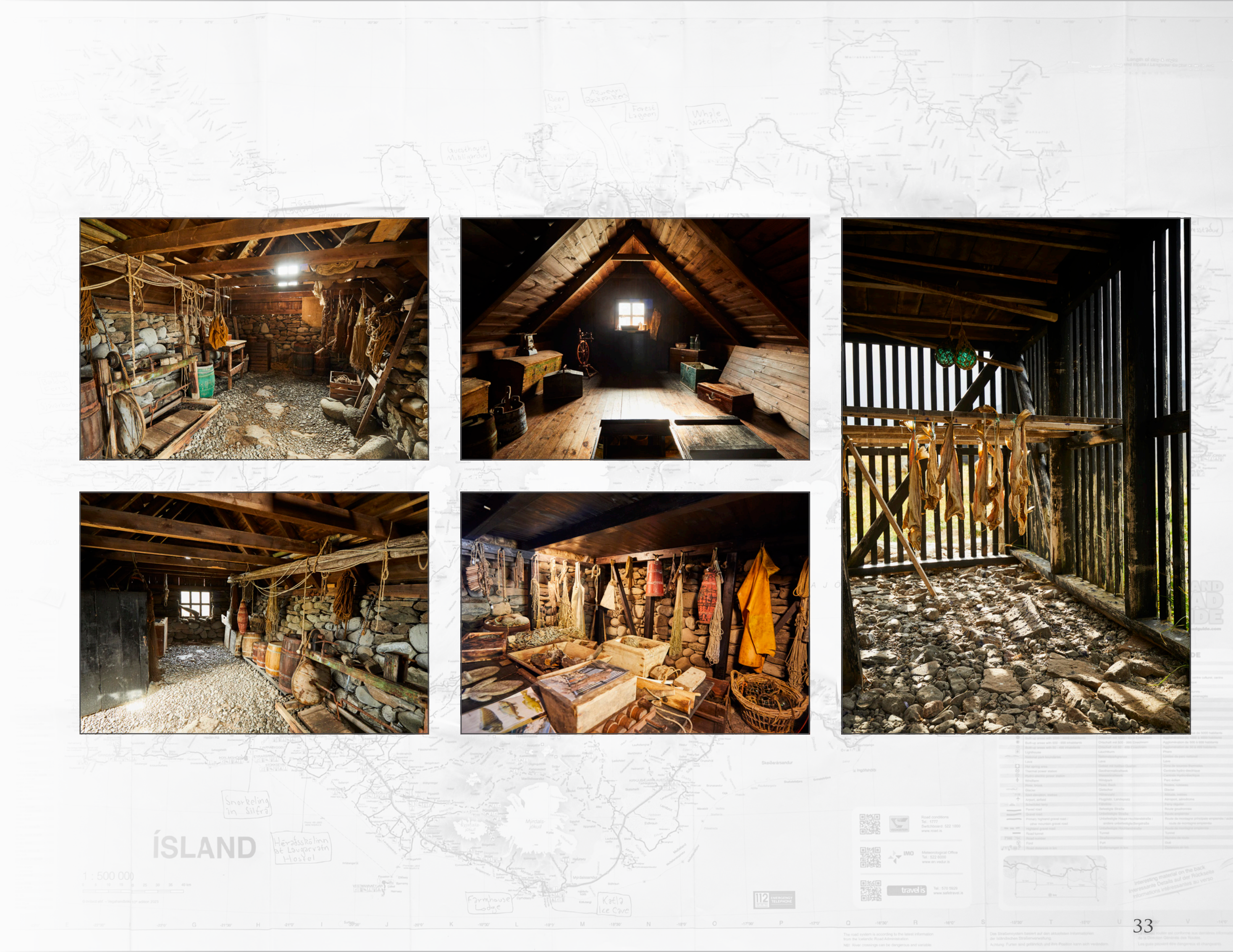
The morning in Patreksfjörður begins quietly, the water in the fjord lies mirror-smooth before us and only a few fishing boats slowly head out to the open sea while seagulls circle above them with loud cries. The cool air is crisp, and the mountains on the opposite side glow in the gentle light of the still low-hanging sun. We load our luggage into the car, close the doors, and set off northward as the road first winds along the shoreline, offering repeated glimpses of the glittering water. Small waterfalls tumble down the slopes, slip under the road, and find their way into the sea, while the saturated colors of the landscape tell of the morning dew. After a while we leave the asphalt and roll onto the gravel track that will carry us over the Dynjandisheiði Pass. The loose stones crunch beneath the tires as the route steadily climbs and the landscape grows ever barer. The green gives way to moss, rocks, and patches of lingering snowfields sparkling in the sunlight. The wind picks up, the temperature drops, and in small mountain lakes clouds and peaks are mirrored in crystal-clear water. Potholes force us to slow down, yet the view of the wide, rugged highlands more than compensates. Soon the valley opens, and in the distance a slender waterfall appears, hanging like a white thread from the rock wall. We stop briefly, step out, and let our gaze wander, the silence broken only by the rushing of water.



The road carries us past more waterfalls, each with its own shape and character, some narrow and high, others broad and powerful, until at last the mighty Dynjandi appears at the head of the fjord. Already from afar it looks imposing, and as we reach the upper parking area, we hear its thunder clearly. Its name means “The Thundering One,” and it cascades nearly 100 meters in several tiers, narrow at the top like a ribbon, broadening toward the bottom into the shape of a bridal veil. We follow the path downward, passing smaller waterfalls that all belong to the same system, each with its own name. The trail crosses small bridges, winds over stones and damp rock walls, and the spray settles cool against our skin. At the base we stand directly before its wide curtain, feeling the moist breeze and breathing in the scent of glacier water and stone. An information board tells us that Dynjandi was once difficult to access before the modern path was built, and that it is considered the landmark of the Westfjords. We linger, watching the light play in the mist and taking countless photos, before we reluctantly return to the car. The road now follows the fjord, winding through small villages whose colorful houses nestle between water and mountains, until we reach the village of Flateyri on the turquoise waters of the Öndarfjörður. The approach is spectacular, and the village itself feels quiet, almost sleepy, with white wooden houses, brightly painted roofs, and a small harbor. We stroll through the few streets and watch the fishermen at the docks. Old warehouses and rusty anchors recall the long history of fishing here. By late afternoon we arrive at the Ósvör fishing museum near Bolungarvík. It consists of reconstructed turf houses, boat sheds, and an old rowboat. The scent of tar, salt, and wet wood lingers in the air. A man in traditional clothing tells us about the hard work of fishermen in centuries past. We wander between the low houses and look out across the open sea. The sun now paints the sky golden, and the water gleams like metal. Long shadows fall across the pebble beach, and we hear only the gentle lapping of the waves. It is a peaceful moment that makes us pause. We take our final photos before climbing back into the car. The road now hugs the coast, then disappears into tunnels carved deep into the mountains. Ahead lies the fjord of Ísafjörður, its waters dark and still in the evening light. The lights of the town reflect on its surface, framed by the surrounding peaks. We roll into the city, filled with the experiences of the day.











## DAY 05: ÍSAFJÖRÐUR - HÓLMAVÍK

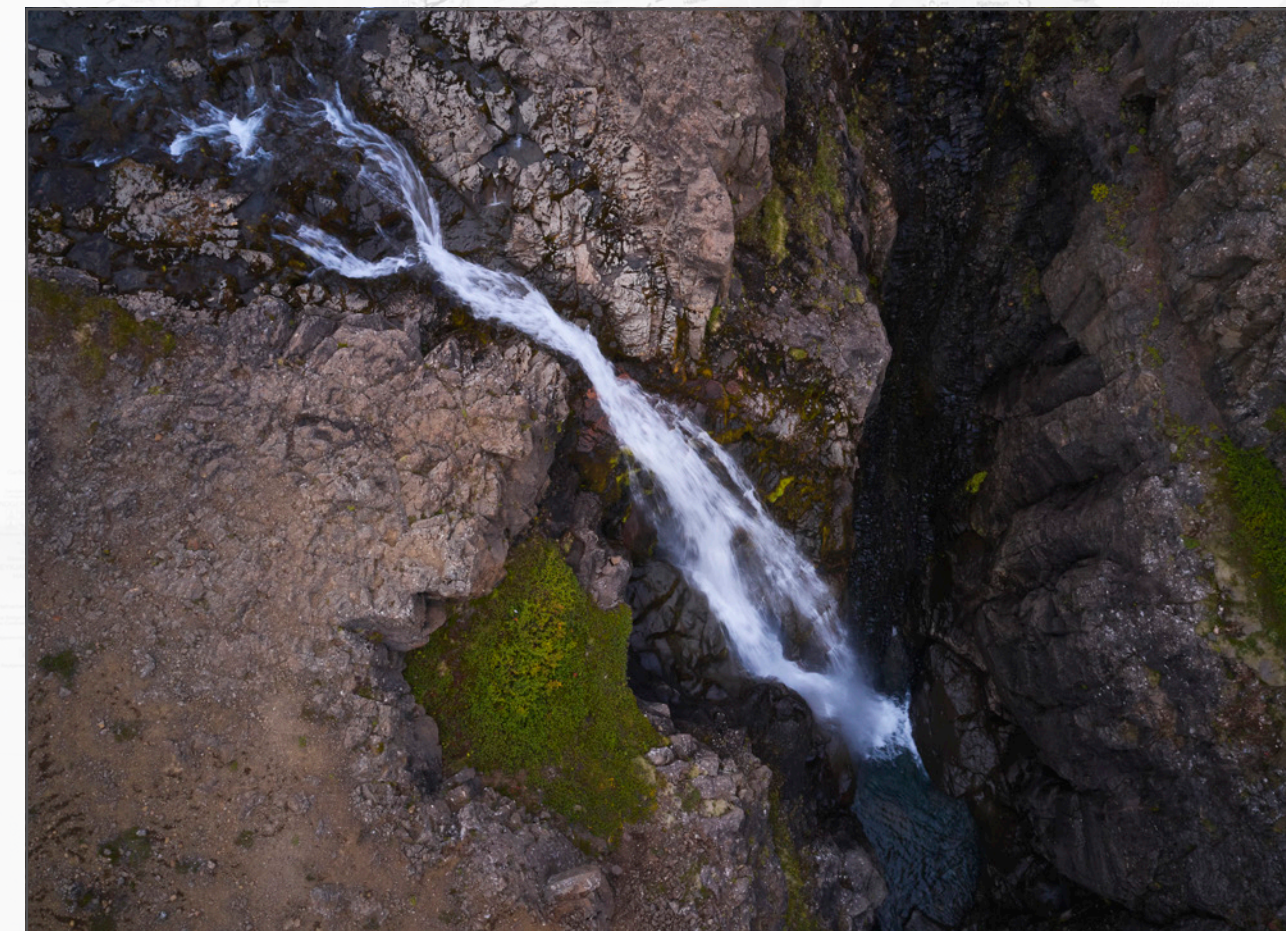
Distance: 230 kilometers, travel time: 2 hours 40 min.

Súðavík - arctic fox center

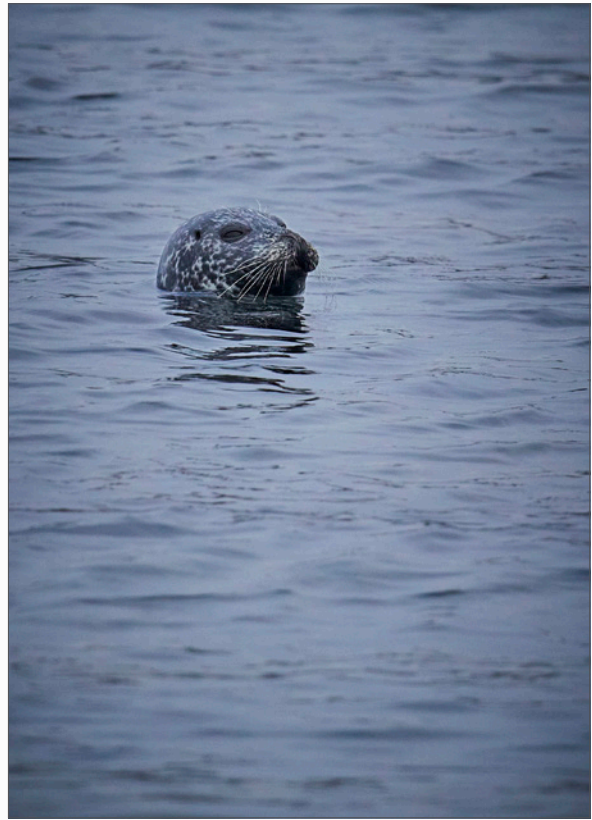
Súðavík - coast with seals

Godafoss, Bjarnarfjörður - waterfall

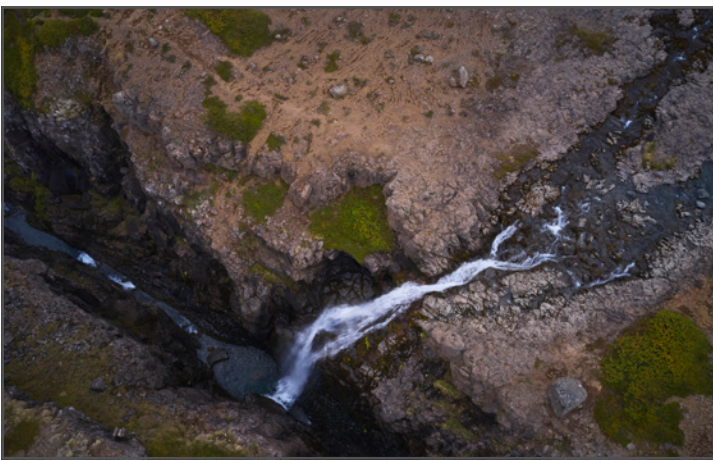
Laugarhóll - hotel with hot spring natural bath







In the morning we are greeted by a heavily clouded sky and a stiff breeze blowing in from the fjord. Two animal-themed attractions are planned for the day. We pack our suitcases and set off along the coast. The road winds between mountain slopes and the sea, and behind every curve a new view of the Westfjords opens up. After a short drive we reach Súðavík, home to the Arctic Fox Centre. After a brief walk nearby,



warm water. The heat flows through our bodies as we gaze out over the surrounding landscape. A gentle steam rises from the pool, and we feel the strain of the drive dissolve. Not far from the hotel a hidden waterfall awaits. A narrow path leads us to it, where the water plunges in a cascade into a deep ravine. Slowly the day draws to a close, and back at the hotel a special dinner buffet prepared by a Michelin-starred chef awaits us. The dining hall is simple yet tastefully decorated. On the buffet we find freshly caught fish, tender lamb, grilled vegetables, and artistically arranged desserts. Every bite is a delight, the flavors intense and pure. We sample different dishes and take our time. Through the large windows, the warm light of the sun, slipping beneath drifting clouds, floods the room.







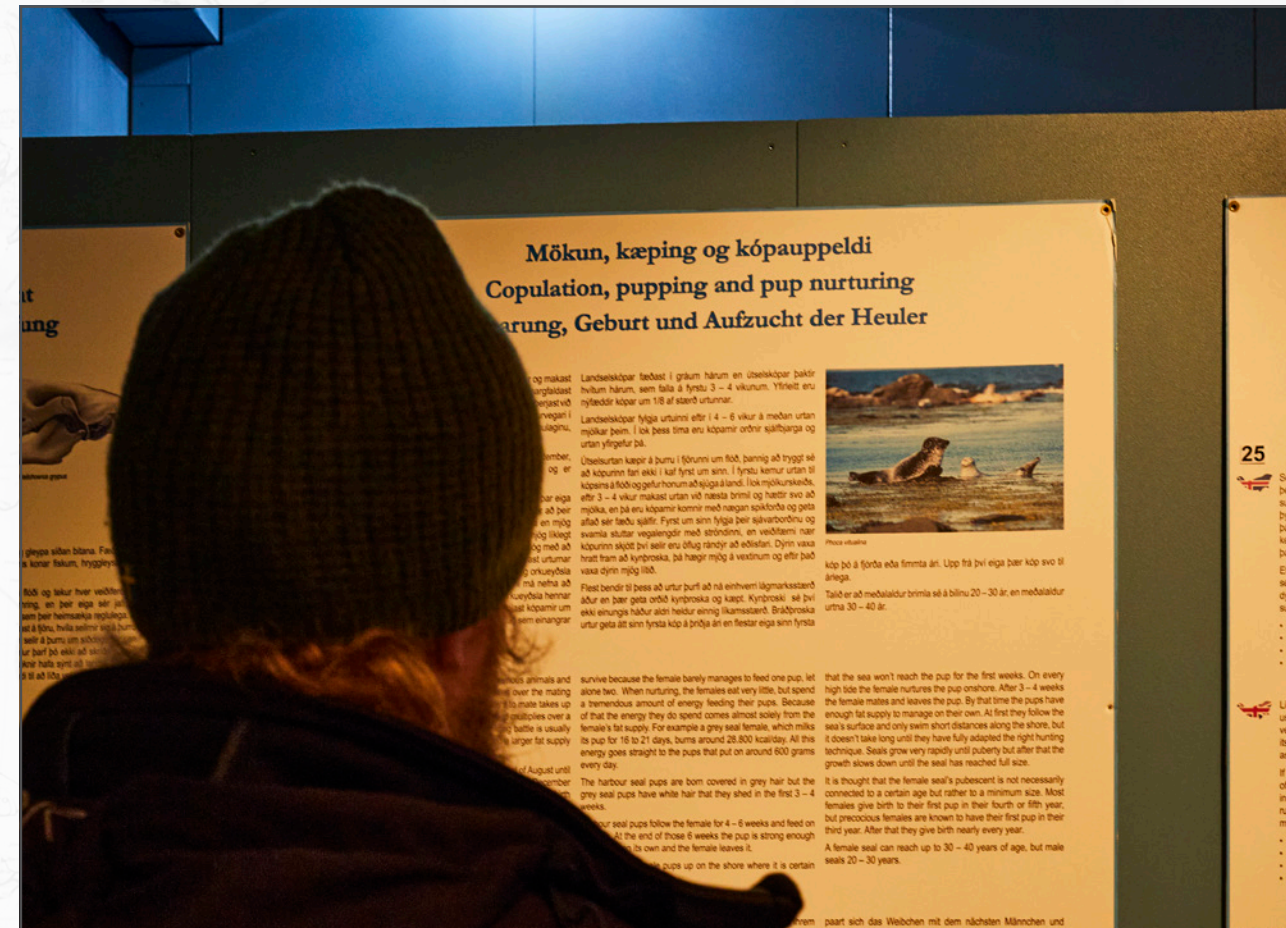




## DAY 06: HÓLMAVÍK - SKAGAFJÖRÐUR

Distance: 260 kilometers, travel time: 3 hours 20 min.

Hvammstangi - icelandic seal center  
 Illugastadir - coast with seals  
 Hvítserkur - basalt rocks  
 Víðimýrarkirkja - church

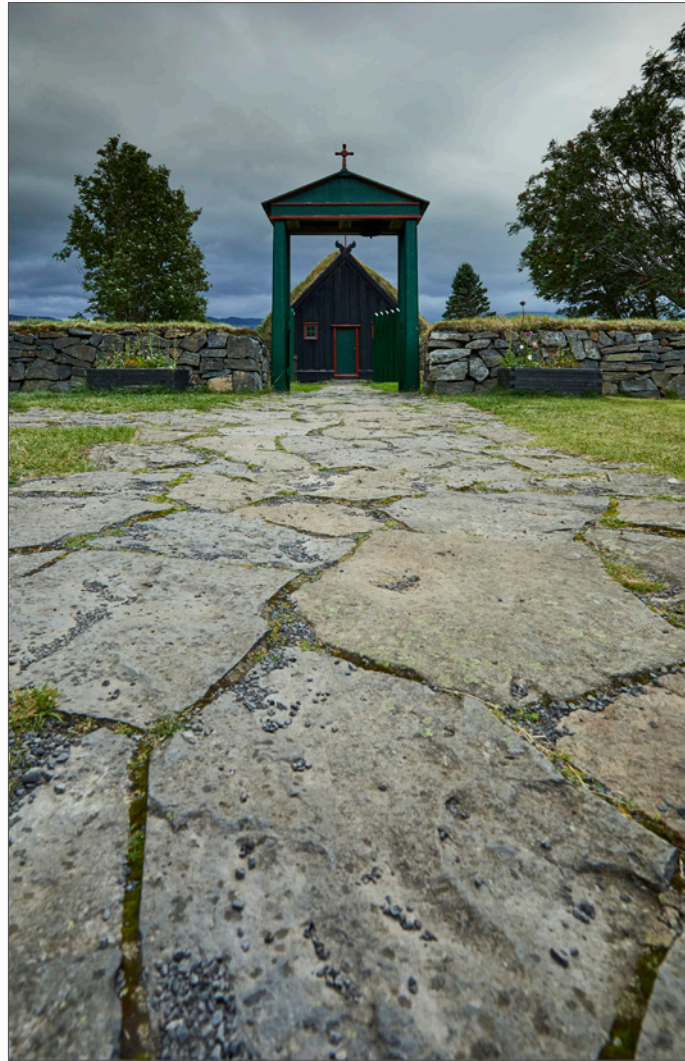






Wrapped in the cool breath of the landscape, a new day begins. The water of a nearby lake sparkles in the first sunlight, as if someone had sprinkled fine silver across its surface. We enjoy breakfast with a view of this serene scenery, while delicate veils of clouds stretch over the mountains. The drive begins along gently rolling hills, their grassy slopes swaying in the wind like soft carpets. The

salty scent of the sea mingles with the earthy smell of damp meadows. Sheep, their wool lightly tousled by the wind, stand like small guardians at the roadside, watching us pass. In Hvammstangi, the Icelandic Seal Centre greets us—plain from the outside, but filled with treasures within. Large photographs show seals in all stages of life, from their curious gaze peeking out of the water to their lazy basking on sun-warmed rocks. Models, display boards, and videos draw us deep into their world. A film tells of the animals’ seasonal migrations, of stormy winters and brief summers when life along the sea pulses with energy. We learn how sensitive their habitats are and how closely their fate is tied to that of the coastal landscapes. Shortly after, a narrow path leads us to the Illugastadir coast. The sea opens wide, and on the flat rocks seals rest, glistening in the sunlight like polished marble. Some lazily lift their heads, others slide smoothly into the water. We hold our breath to hear more clearly the gentle lapping of the waves and the distant calls of seabirds. Over the scene stretches a complete rainbow, making the view seem like a painting, where every movement feels deliberate and every play of light unique. Back on the road, the rainbow arches over a new landscape with every turn. Sometimes faint and pale, then growing stronger, it follows us like a silent companion. It hovers above fjords, reflects in puddles, and at times seems to end right on the road. When we reach Hvítserkur, its arc meets the sea. The 15-meter basalt rock stands like an ancient being in the water, lashed by waves and circled



by gulls. The rainbow lies directly behind it, and for a moment it feels as if someone had conjured a scene from a Norse saga before our eyes. The legend that Hvítserkur was once a troll, turned to stone at sunrise, fits perfectly to this moment. We take photos, marvel, and fall silent. The journey continues, the land grows gentler, the fjords give way to wide fields. Farmhouses lie scattered like brushstrokes across the green expanse, and over everything rests a quiet peace. When we reach Víðimýrarkirkja, it suddenly appears at the roadside—a turf church from another time. Its dark timber and grass-covered roof almost merge with the meadow around it. On the small cemetery, grasses rustle in the wind while the sun casts a golden glow across the wood. Inside, it smells of history, of timber and earth. Small windows let in soft light that falls across the simple benches. We linger quietly, as if the place wished to gift us a portion of its calm for the road ahead.











## DAY 07: SKAGAFJÖRÐUR - AKUREYRI

Distance: 170 kilometers, travel time: 2 hours 30 min.

Árskógssandur - beer spa  
Akureyri - locality  
Akureyri - botanical garden







The morning in Skagafjörður greets us with a quiet, silvery light reflecting off the calm waters of the fjord. Wisps of mist hang like delicate veils between the mountains, and the air is cool, fresh, and clear. We start early, the scent of wet grass and salty spray accompanying us as we take the road north. The drive leads us onto the Tröllaskagi Peninsula, whose name, “Peninsula of the Trolls,” already whispers of myths and adventures. Steep mountains rise directly from the sea, their slopes carved with deep ravines. The water of the Atlantic glitters below as the road clings in tight curves to the coastline. Every bend reveals a new view—sometimes of lonely beaches, sometimes of jagged cliffs standing firm against the waves. Small fishing villages with brightly painted houses appear like colorful brushstrokes across the landscape. We see boats gently rocking in the harbor and hear the soft clinking of masts in the wind. The sky changes constantly—from radiant blue to dramatic cloud formations draped like stage curtains over the peaks. On a hilltop we pause for a moment, letting our gaze wander, breathing deeply as if we could absorb Iceland’s vastness into ourselves. Back on the road, we arrive in Árskógssandur, where a unique experience awaits us—the Beer Spa. After a short stroll along the beach, we immerse ourselves in warm wooden tubs filled with mineral-rich water, hops, and malt. The fragrance is surprisingly pleasant, a blend of freshly baked bread and spicy summer. Outside the wind blows, while inside we are enveloped in soothing warmth. Alongside the bath, we enjoy a cool beer from the local brewery, gazing out through large windows onto the fjord. It is a curious but wonderfully relaxing mix of luxury and closeness to nature.



In an outdoor hot tub we savor the view over the fjord a little longer before continuing our journey, refreshed and renewed. Soon Akureyri appears before us—the “Capital of the North.” The town lies picturesquely at the end of the fjord, surrounded by mountains glowing in the evening light. We visit the striking church of Akureyri, its modern architecture standing out clearly against the sky. The white walls and slender tower appear both simple and majestic. Not far away, the Botanical Garden beckons. We wander along its neat paths, past flowerbeds where colors and forms blend in harmonious patterns. Surprisingly many species thrive here despite the northern latitude. The fragrance of lavender, roses, and wild herbs mingles with the fresh sea air. We sit on a bench, letting our gaze drift over the blooming beds while bees hum busily around us.







## DAY 08: AKUREYRI - HÚSAVÍK

Distance: 170 kilometers, travel time: 2 hours 20 min.

Skógarböð - geothermal natural pool and spa  
 Godafoss - waterfall  
 Skútustaðagígar - pseudocrater landscape  
 Mývatn - lake landscape

Dimmuborgir - lava field  
 Krafla - volcanic crater  
 Hverarönd-Námaskarð - thermal area







We left the place deeply relaxed and full of anticipation for our next destination. The drive led us to Goðafoss, the “Waterfall of the Gods.” Its dull roar announced its presence long before it came into sight. When the view opened, it lay before us in all its might, framed by gray clouds that made its white spray stand out even more. The masses of water thundered into the depths, mist rising like smoke. Geologically, the site was fascinating. Thousands of years ago, lava flows had created vast plains that the river later cut into deeply. Black basalt columns bore the marks of volcanic force, frozen in neat patterns. The gray sky heightened the solemnity of the place. We recalled the tale of how symbols of the old gods were once cast into these waters. Everything here felt solemn, powerful, and timeless. We lingered, listening to the roar and contemplating the sheer force of nature. Our path took us further to the Skútustaðagíggar, the pseudocraters on the shores of Lake Mývatn. In the diffused light, the landscape felt almost surreal. The craters rose as gentle mounds, their rims covered in moss and grass. Without sunlight, the green seemed darker, almost mysterious. Mývatn lay still, its surface mirroring the gray sky like a vast mirror. Waterbirds glided silently across the lake while small flocks circled above the craters. The air was cool, clear, and filled with birdsong. We wandered between the hollows, which resembled small amphitheatres. Each

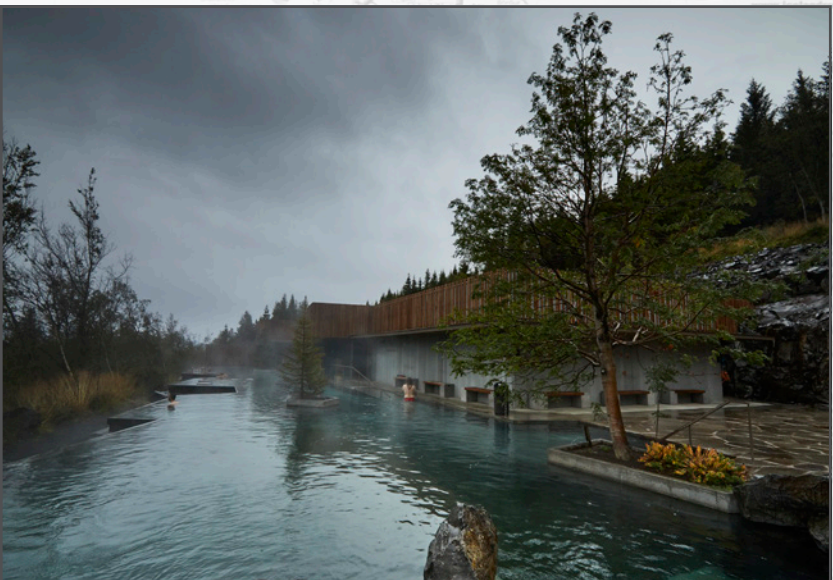


Very relaxing and soothing, Day 8 of our road trip began. The morning in Akureyri greeted us with a sky full of heavy gray clouds hanging low over the mountains. The light was muted, almost gentle, making the colors of the houses and fjords appear even more intense. We set out for the Skógarböð, the geothermal nature bath and spa on the edge of town. From afar, we already saw the plumes of steam rising into the gray sky. The warm water shimmered dully as we sank into it. The air was cool but dry, and the clouds reflected mysteriously on the surface of the pools. It was a quiet, almost intimate moment of relaxation. The view across the landscape revealed blurred contours swallowed by the drifting clouds. This subdued atmosphere made the bath feel even more peaceful. Both the sauna and the differently heated pools were a true blessing.



step revealed new perspectives on the strange topography. It was clear that the Earth itself had sculpted these shapes. In the lava field of Dimmuborgir, an even more haunting mood awaited us. The bizarre rock formations rose like sculptures against the gray sky. Without sunlight, they appeared darker, almost menacing, yet beautiful. Towers, arches, and twisted shapes resembled a petrified city. We followed trails between these stone figures that stood like silent sentinels. Stories of trolls and hidden beings felt almost tangible here. The diffuse light softened the shadows, making everything seem both alien and familiar. During a long walk through the formations, we let our imagination wander—faces appeared in the rocks, shapes that sparked legends. Every corner felt like a natural work of art. The climb to the Krafla crater led us through a landscape brimming with volcanic energy. The sky remained overcast, but the view was clear. The path was muddy, slick, and scarred by old lava

flows. At the crater’s rim, the sight was overwhelming. The lake inside glowed a quiet blue-green that seemed even more vivid beneath the gray clouds. Sulfurous steam rose from fissures, drifting slowly into the air. The surroundings were still yet full of power. We stood at the edge, sensing the presence of Earth’s raw forces. The light, soft and without contrast, lent the landscape a painterly effect. Finally, the Hverarönd-Námaskarð thermal area awaited us. From afar, white plumes of steam rose into the gray sky. The ground was scattered with minerals that glowed even without sunlight. Sulfur yellow, rust red, and ochre stood out against the muted setting. Mud pots bubbled rhythmically, while hot springs hissed and spat steam. The interplay of gray sky, steaming earth, and bright colors created a scene of almost surreal intensity. We stood still, listening to the sounds, watching the rising vapors, and felt as if the Earth itself were breathing beneath our feet. With these impressions, we continued our drive to Húsavík. The road cut through barren landscapes, their shapes appearing almost sketched under the cloud-filled sky. Fjords, hills, and lava fields merged into a vast panorama. On the horizon the sea appeared, gray like the sky yet infinitely wide. As we reached Húsavík, the town’s colorful houses seemed even more vivid against the backdrop of gray clouds. Boats lay still in the water, seagulls wheeled overhead, and the town radiated a peaceful calm.







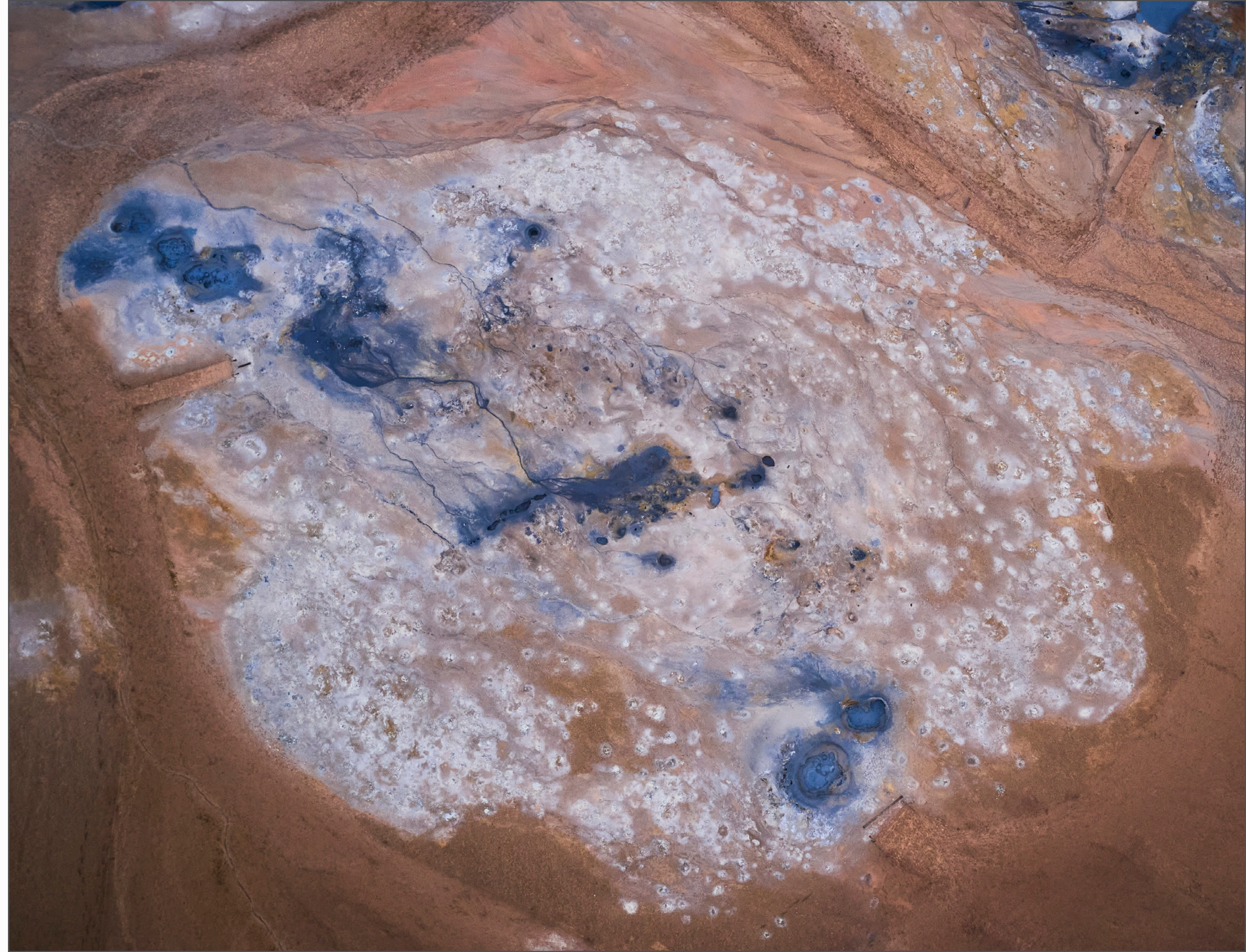
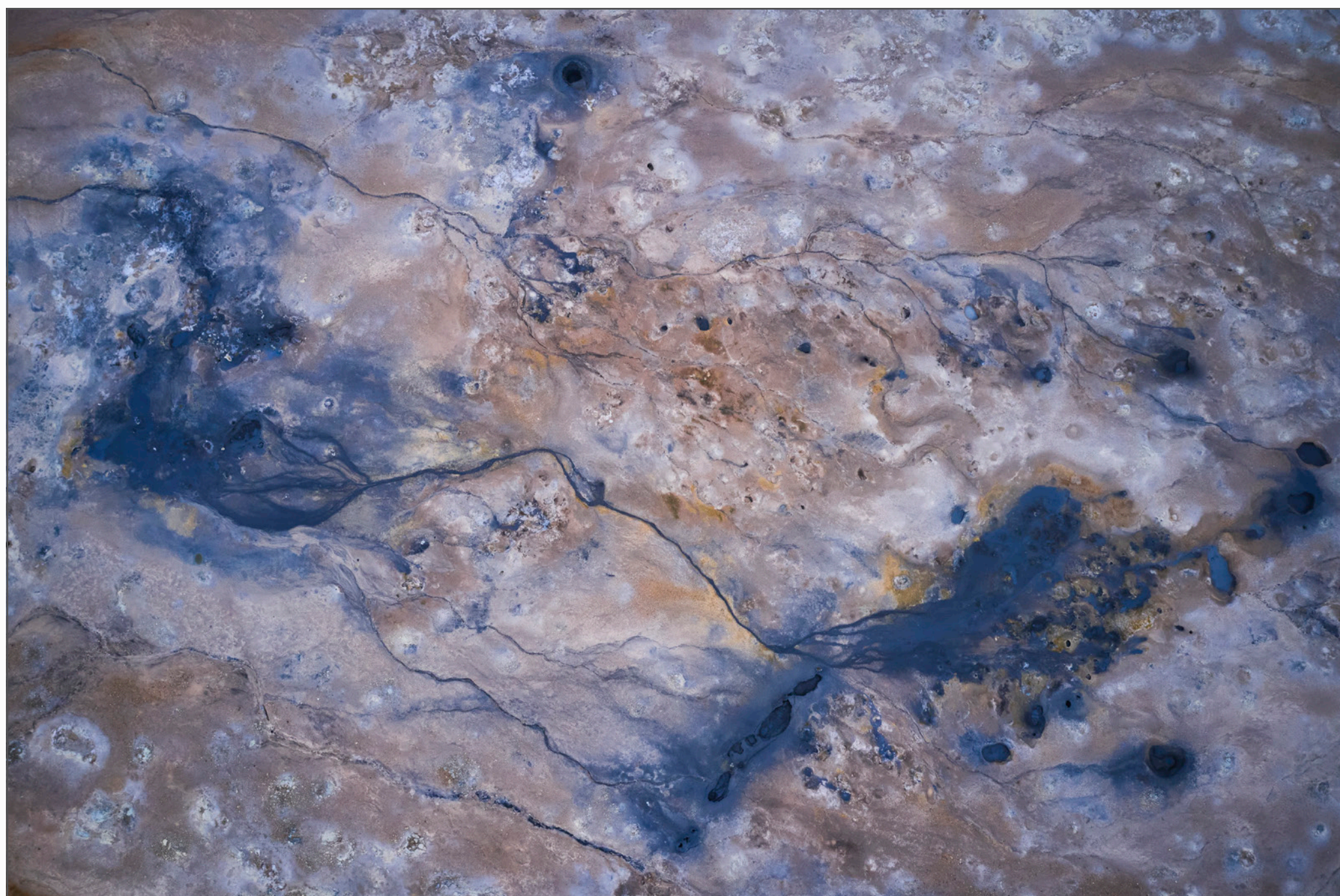




















# DAY 09: HÚSAVÍK - EGILSSTAÐIR

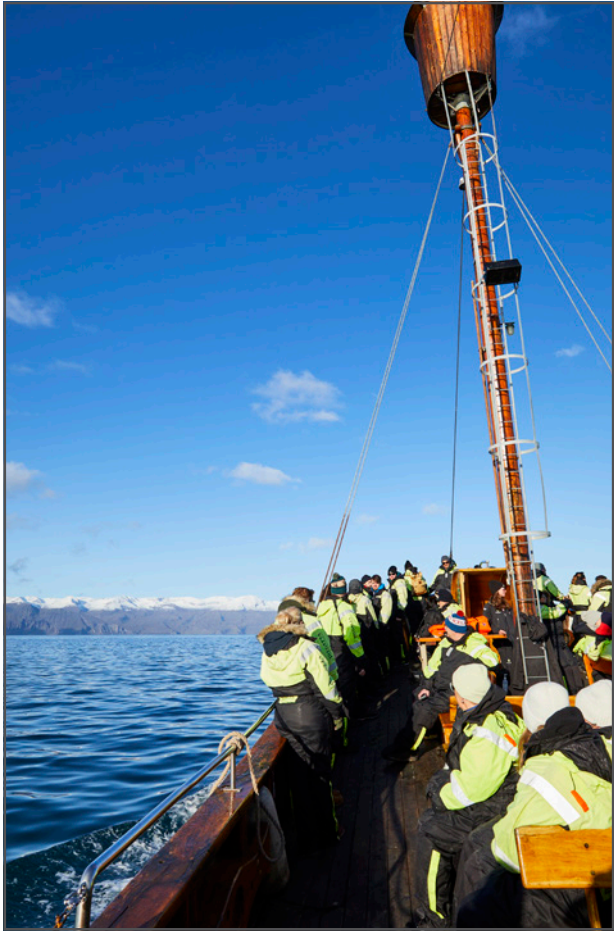
Distance: 350 kilometers, travel time: 4 hours 10 min.

- Godafoss - waterfall
- Húsavík - village
- Húsavík - whale watching
- Jökulsárgljúfur - nationalpark
- Ásbyrgi - gorge
- Jökulsárgljúfur - gorge
- Vesturdalur - rock formations
- Hafragilsfoss - waterfall
- Dettifoss - waterfall
- Studlagil - basalt gorge
- Hallormsstaðaskógur - forest





Day 9 – A Day of Contrasts and Highlights. Already in the early morning, Húsavík carried a special atmosphere, with the sun glowing golden above the fjord while seagulls circled the harbor boats, crying loudly. Light shimmered across the water’s surface, and we felt a rising anticipation for our whale-watching tour. The boat departed slowly, gliding out into the still fjord, accompanied by the calls of seabirds. The sea was astonishingly calm, almost mirror-like, and sunlight sparkled on the small wave crests. We gazed expectantly into the vastness when suddenly a spout appeared on the horizon. Moments later, the mighty back of a humpback whale arched out of the water. Its gleaming black surface shimmered in the sunlight before the giant slipped back into the depths. Silence filled the boat, thick with awe. Then the massive tail fluke rose, glittering in the light, and vanished into the depths of the fjord. It was a magical moment, one of those memories etched forever. The sea smelled of salt and freedom, gulls accompanied the boat, and the sunlight gave the experience an incomparable glow. After this sighting, we returned to the harbor full of wonder, carrying a deep sense of gratitude. The journey continued inland, towards Jökulsárgljúfur National Park. Even on the drive, the landscape changed visibly. Autumn had dressed the birches in a radiant cloak of yellow, orange, and red. Sunlight intensified the colors, and the slopes of Ásbyrgi Canyon glowed like a vivid painting. At the end of a long hike, we reached the deepest point, where a small lake

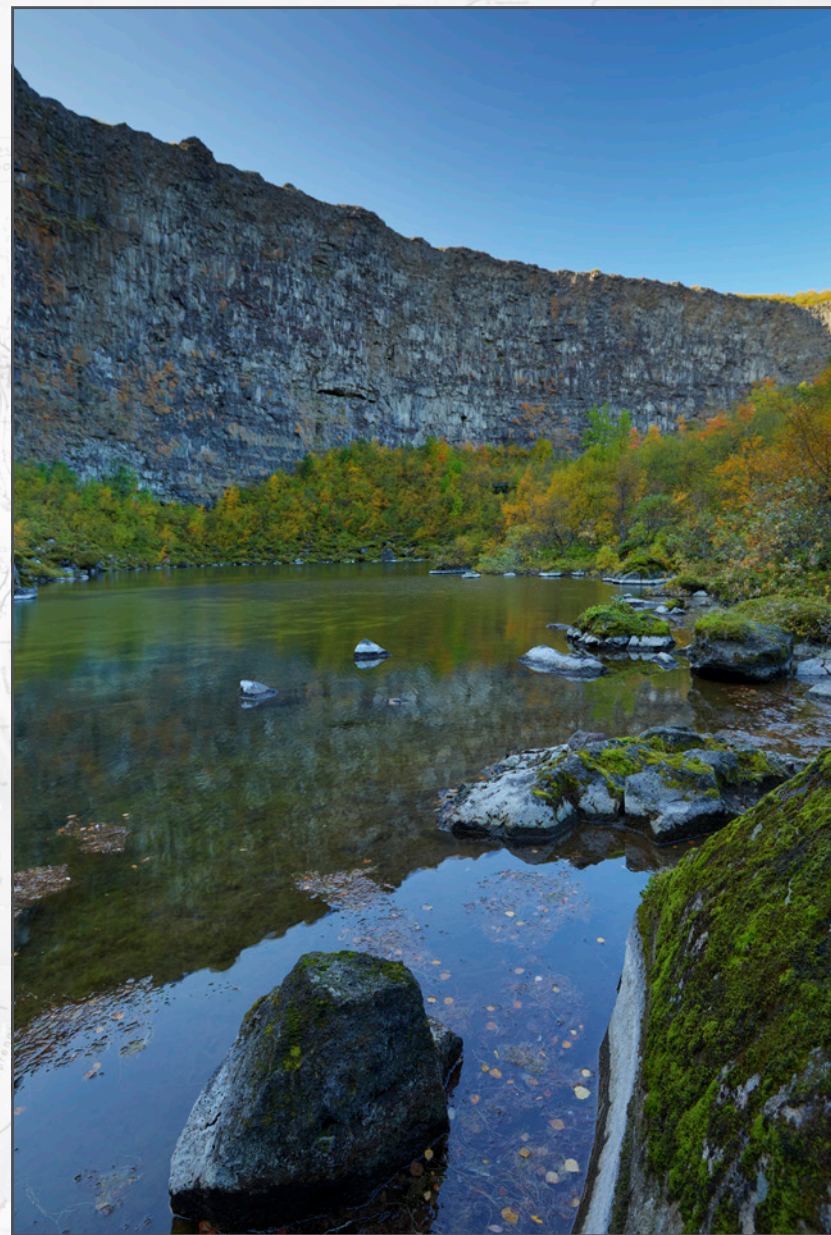
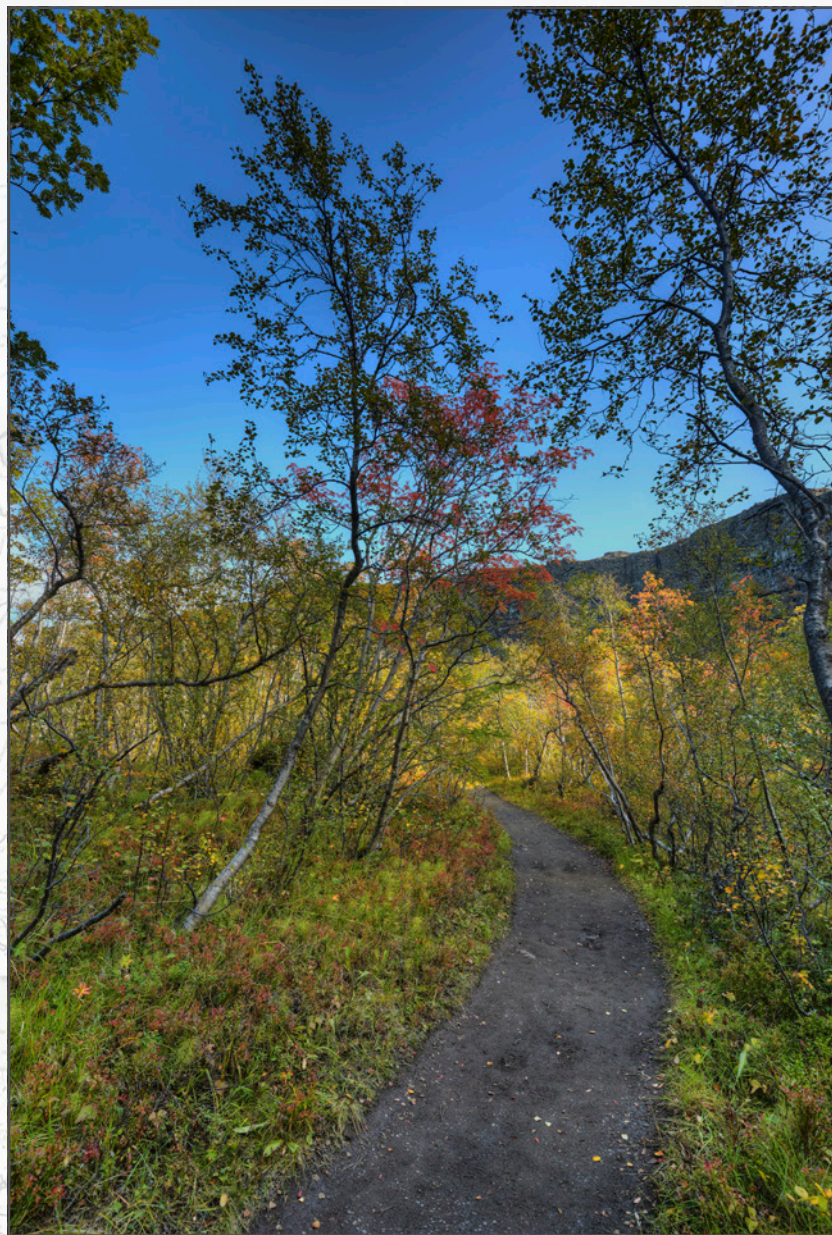
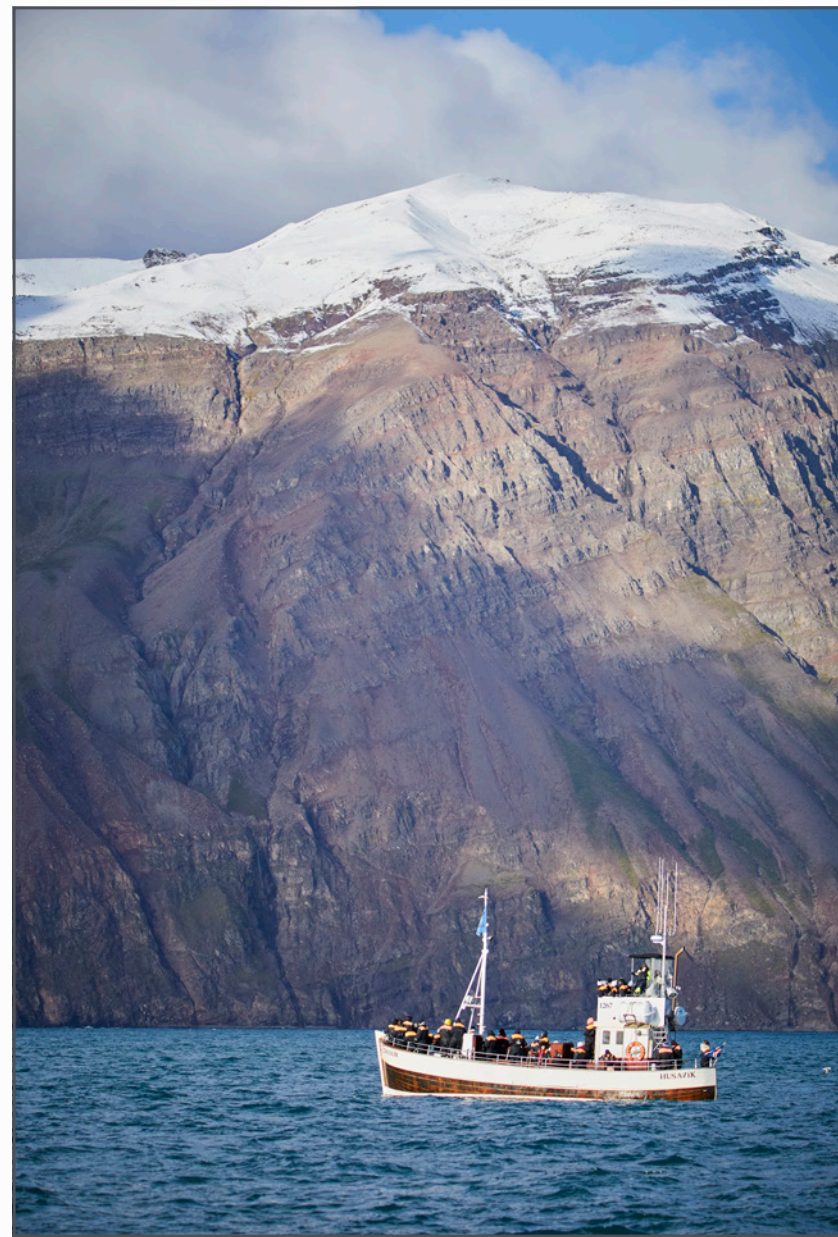
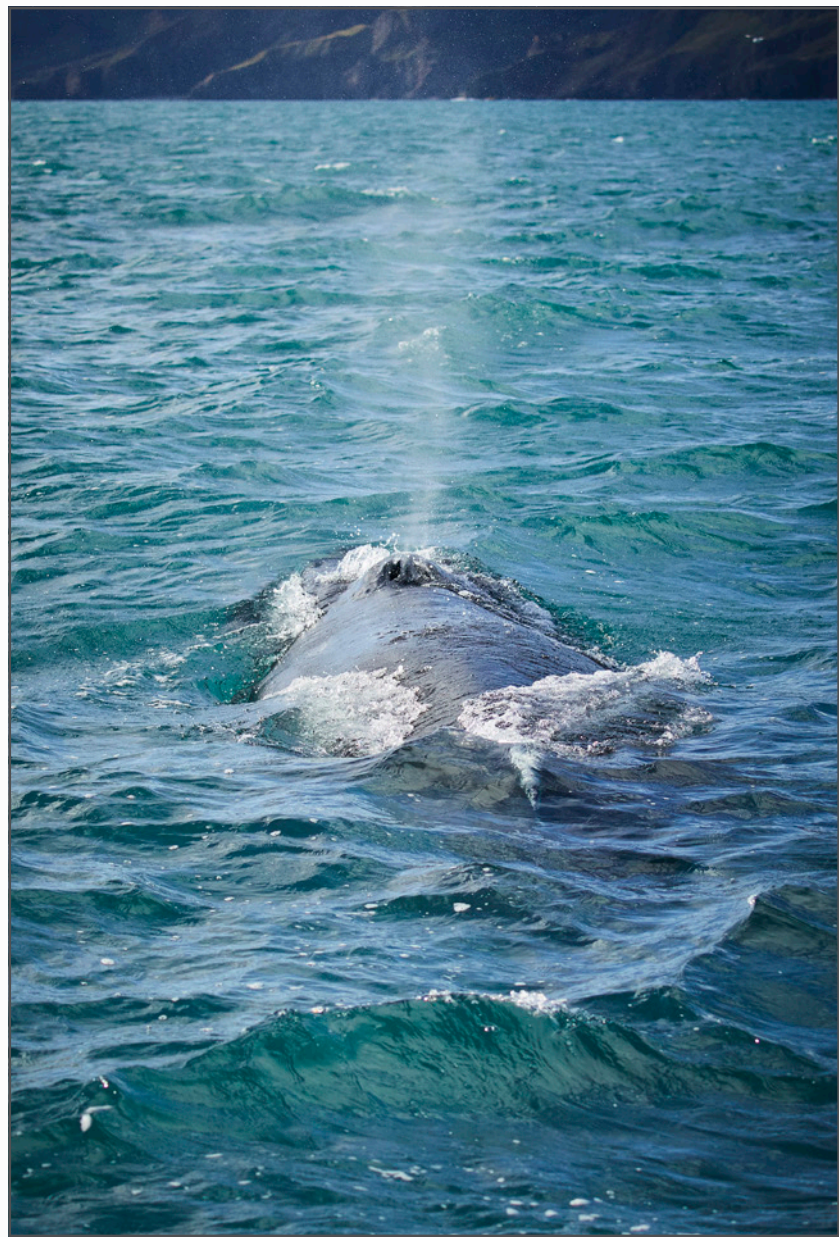


paintings. We marveled at the power of nature that had created such art. Each step revealed something new, and the stillness of the landscape amplified its impact. We lingered long, letting stone, sky, and autumn colors sink into us. The next stage of the journey took us over a rough gravel road. Dust rose, and the tires bumped over stones and potholes. But the effort was worth it. Soon the view opened to Hafragilsfoss, a waterfall nestled beautifully into the landscape. It plunged into a deep canyon, its waters sparkling in the sunlight. Around it stretched a panorama of basalt walls and mossy ground. It was a quiet, lesser-visited place, which made it all the more special. We stayed, savoring the solitude, listening to the thunder of the water, feeling small in the immensity of the scene. But the mightiest waterfall still awaited us. Dettifoss, known as the most powerful waterfall in Europe, lay ahead. Even from afar, the roar was unmistakable. As we approached, the ground trembled underfoot. The sight stole our breath. Enormous volumes of water crashed downward, bursting into fountains of spray, while the sun painted rainbows in the mist. We stood spellbound at the edge, fine droplets on our skin, witnesses to a force both terrifying and beautiful. Dettifoss was a monument of nature, a pure display of water’s raw power. We could hardly tear ourselves away, so hypnotic was its pull. From here, the road led us along the edge of Iceland’s highlands. It wound through vast plains, opening wide views of distant snow-capped mountains. The clear air and sunlight offered astonishing vistas. We stopped, gazing into the infinite expanse, spotting glaciers on the horizon, feeling as though we had stepped into another world. The land seemed boundless, full of silence and majesty. Each kilometer revealed a new perspective. The drive became a constant interplay of solitude and grandeur. Our final great destination of the day was the remote Studlagil basalt canyon. Even the approach felt secluded, but the reward was overwhelming. The river had carved deep through basalt columns standing like organ pipes side by side. The water shone in vivid blue-green, glittering in the sunlight. The rocks formed geometric patterns, as though crafted by an artist. From above we gazed into the canyon, captivated by the harmony of water and stone. Every angle was a new photograph, and we lost ourselves in the beauty of this place. The columns rose majestically, while the river carried on its steady path. As the sun sank lower, we continued into the Hallormsstaðaskógur region, Iceland’s largest forest. From afar we saw treetops glowing golden in the evening light. After all the barren landscapes, the forest felt like an oasis. The sun bathed the trunks in warm tones, while the wind whispered softly through the leaves. We reached our lodging at the edge of the woods, surrounded by birches and quiet nature.

lay cradled in the horseshoe-shaped valley. Towering basalt cliffs rose above us like a vast cathedral of stone, filling the place with reverent silence. In front stretched light-filled woods, crossed by a mysterious play of sun and shadow. We followed the trail between slender birches, their leaves rustling softly in the wind as if whispering old stories. The ground was carpeted with golden leaves that glittered in the warm light like thousands of tiny stars. Everywhere lingered a quiet magic, a blend of melancholy and beauty that only autumn can conjure with such intensity. A short drive brought us deeper into the Jökulsárgljúfur Canyon. The path wound along the edge, offering ever-new views of the river valley below. The rock looked rugged, the water roared endlessly. We hiked until we reached the Vesturdalur formations, which rose like sculptures from another world. Basalt columns towered into the sky, bizarre shapes recalling figures and towers. The sun bathed the stone in warm light, while shadows swept across the cliffs like living





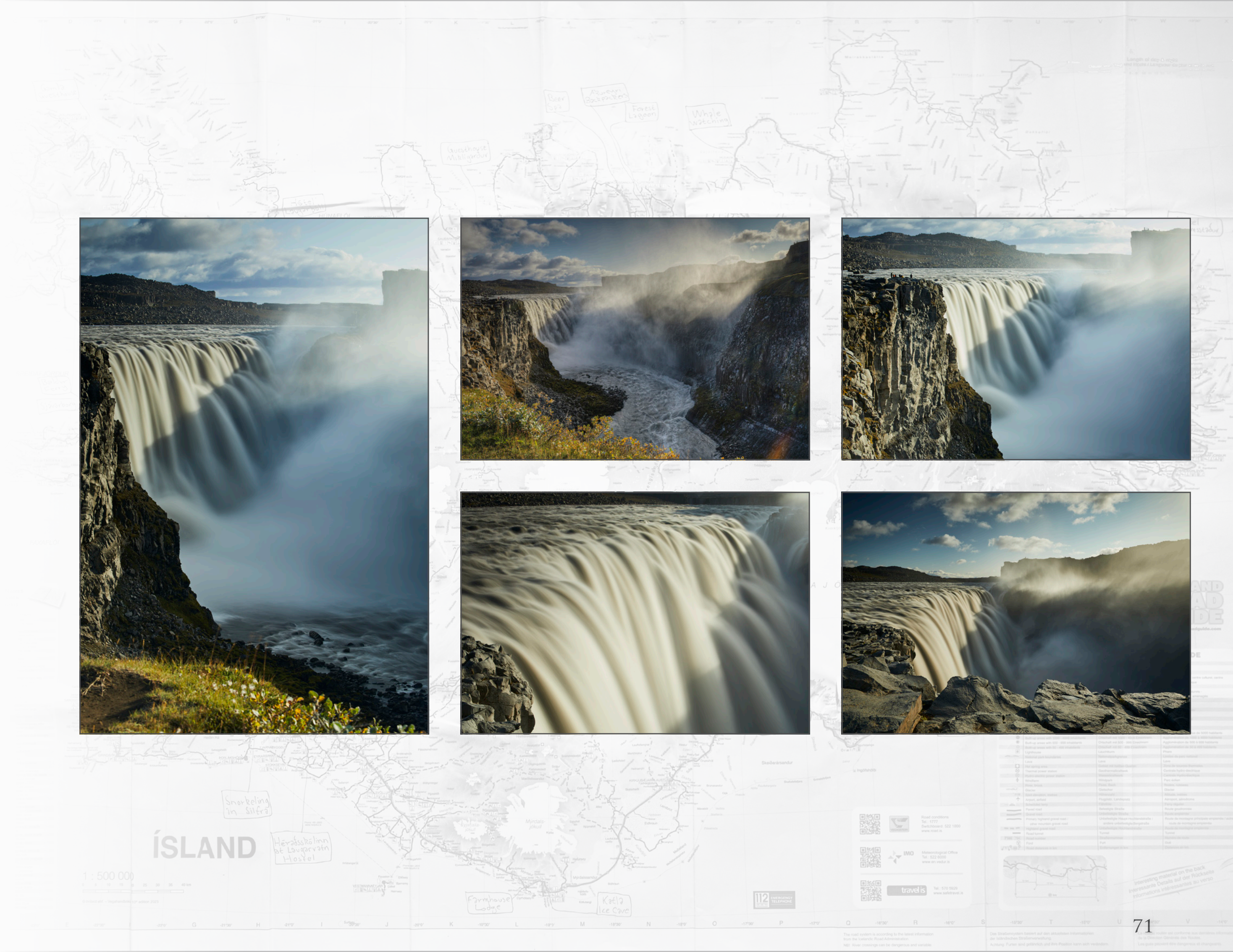


VATNAJÖKULL

ICELAND  
ROAD  
GUIDE



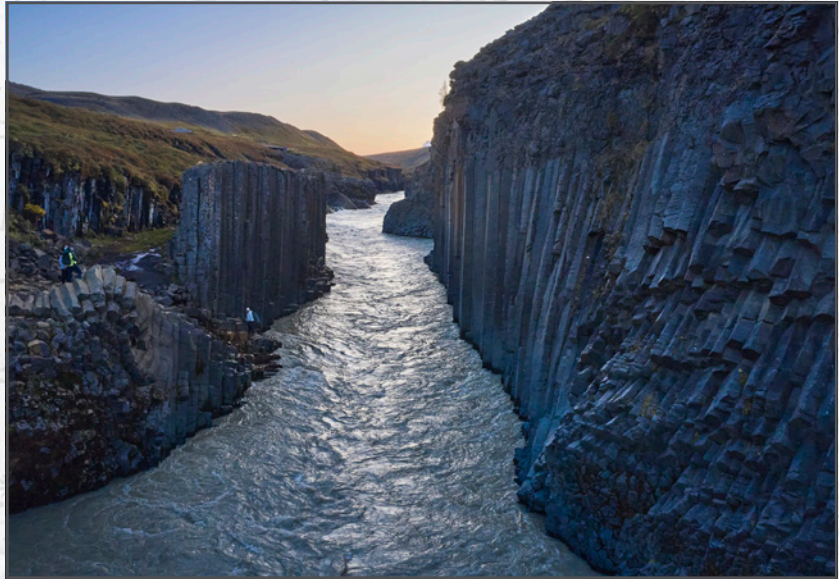
















**DAY 10: EGILSSTAÐIR - HÖFN**  
Distance: 260 kilometers, travel time: 3 hours 30 min.

- Hengifoss - waterfall

Stöðvarfjörður - petra’s stone collection

Stokksnes - headland

Stokksnes - aurora borealis
- Klifatindur - mountain range

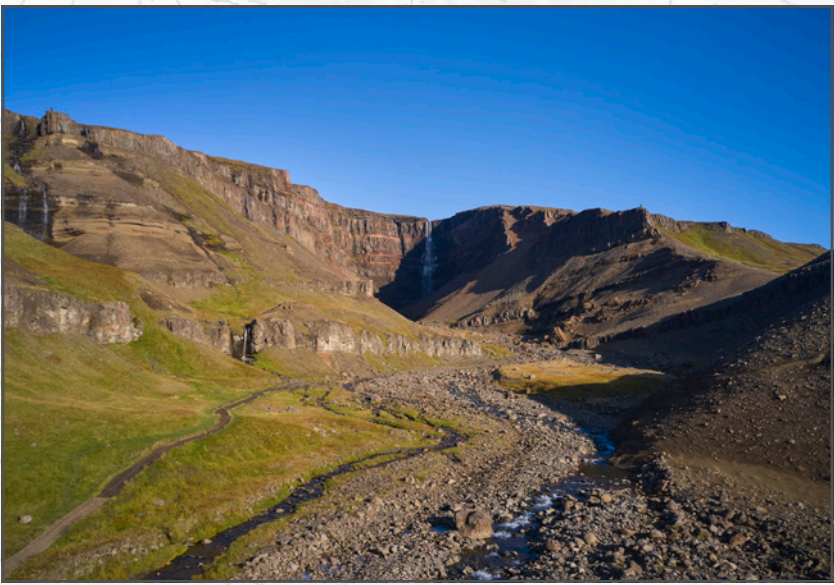
Vestrahorn - mountain





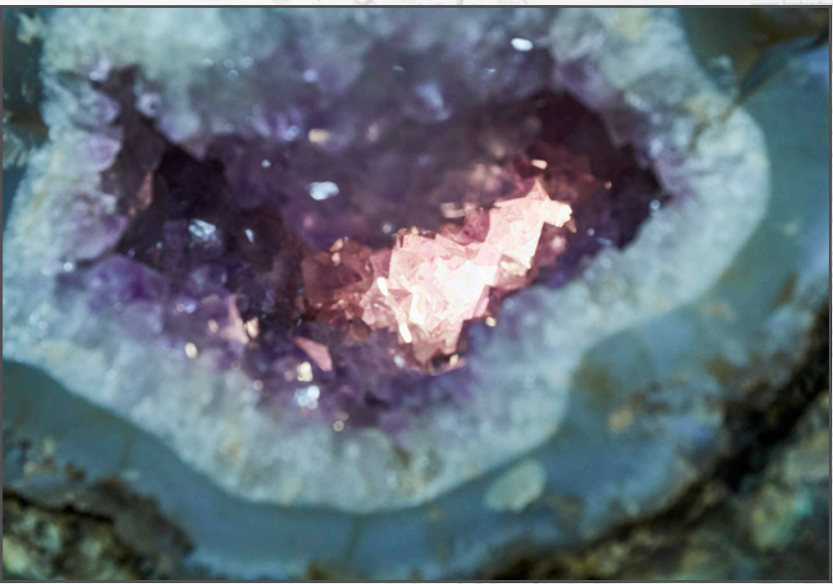
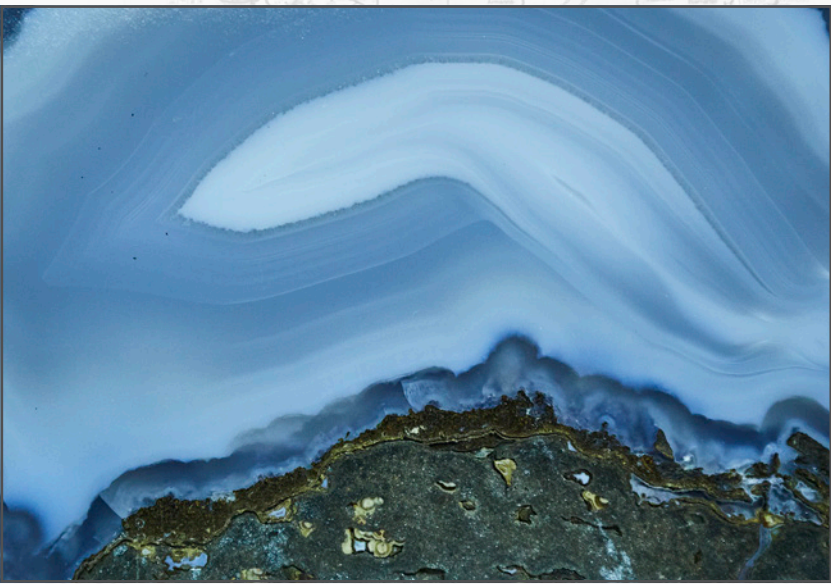
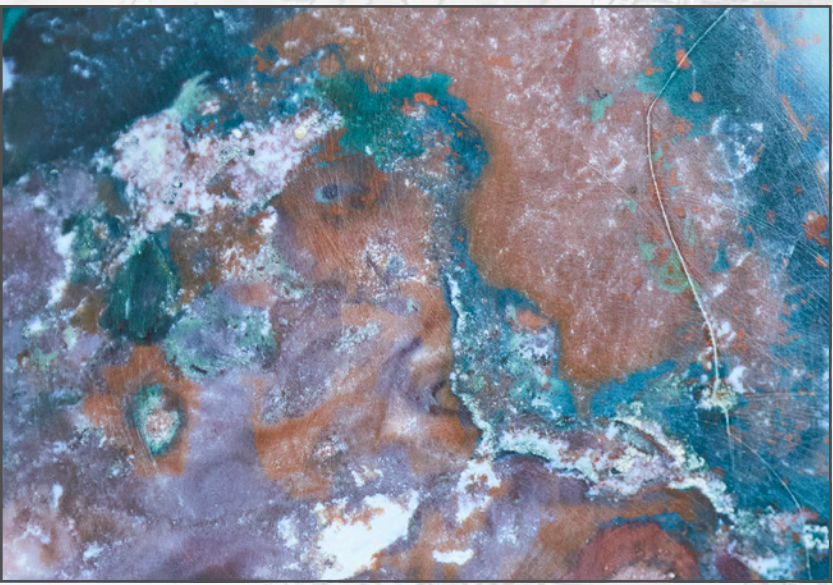


Unusual for Iceland, this day began bathed in bright sunshine. And later, that would turn out to be the greatest blessing of all. But step by step. Already in the morning, as we left Egilsstaðir, the sun lit up the surroundings with a brilliance that made the crisp autumn air seem to sparkle. Ahead of us lay another eventful chapter of our road trip, one that would lead us through eastern Iceland. Stage No. 1: the hike to Hengifoss. The path from the parking lot climbed steadily upward—first along a gorge, then beside the rushing river, which glittered in the sunlight. With each step and each bend, new views of the valley opened before us. Along the way, we passed several smaller waterfalls, among them Litlanesfoss, framed by towering basalt columns. These hexagonal pillars looked like carefully carved organ pipes and reminded us once more that Iceland is an island full of geological wonders. As we gained elevation, the roar of falling water grew louder until at last Hengifoss revealed itself—a waterfall among the tallest in Iceland. Over 120 meters, the water plunged into the depths, framed by dramatic cliffs streaked with red and black layers. These striations bore witness to volcanic activity millions of years ago, when lava flows and sediment deposits alternated to form today’s unique patterns of color. We stood silently, in awe of this natural spectacle that seemed even more powerful in the crisp air. Sunlight fractured in the spray, forming delicate rainbows that danced in the mist. After a long rest, filled with impressions that would stay with us, we returned on the trail and resumed our journey. The drive carried us along Iceland’s east coast, where fjord followed fjord. One of the most enchanting stops on our route was Stöðvarfjörður, a small village known for a special treasure: Petra’s Stone Collection. Stepping into her garden felt like entering another world. Everywhere, carefully arranged rocks, crystals, and minerals gleamed in every imaginable color. Petra, the collector, had spent decades gathering the finest stones from the region and created an exhibition that continues to fascinate visitors to this day. We wandered among shining quartz, deep green jaspers, glowing agates, and sparkling amethysts. Each piece was unique, many found right here in the surrounding area—reminding us again of Iceland’s extraordinary geological richness. Situated on the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, where the Eurasian and North American plates meet, Iceland is a land of volcanoes, hot springs, and an endless variety of rocks. Petra had recognized this and dedicated her life to documenting it with passion and patience. Her collection

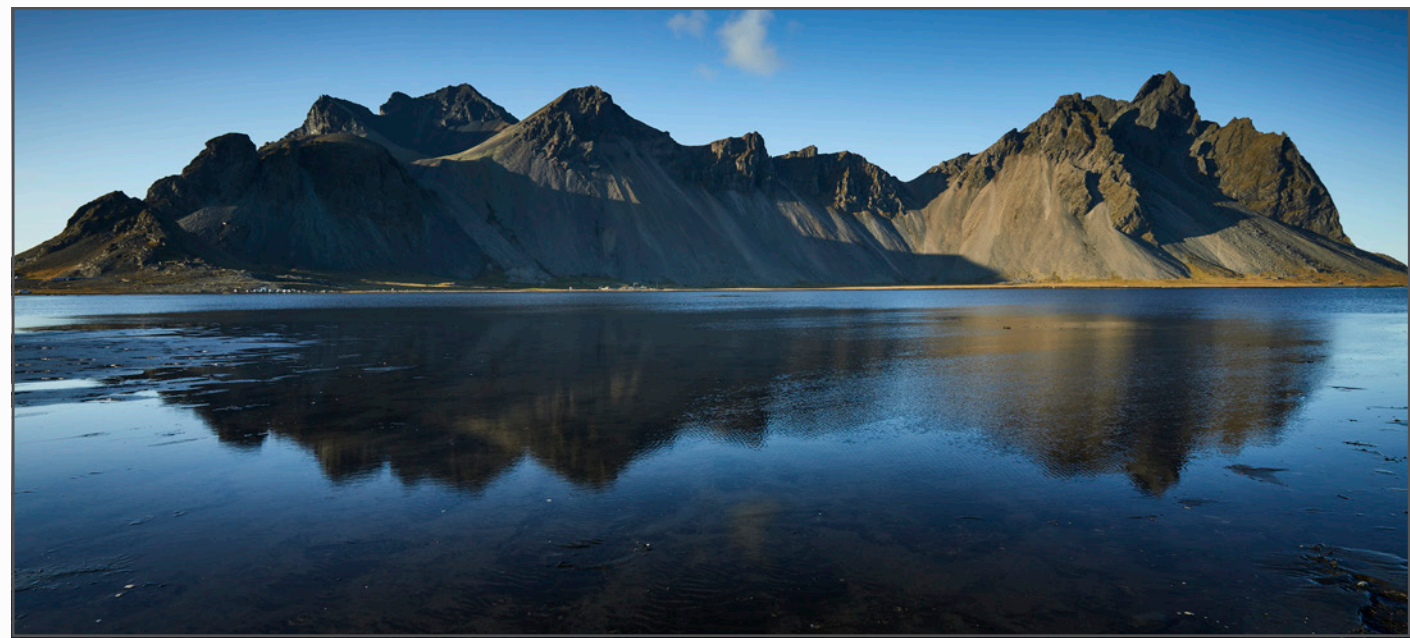
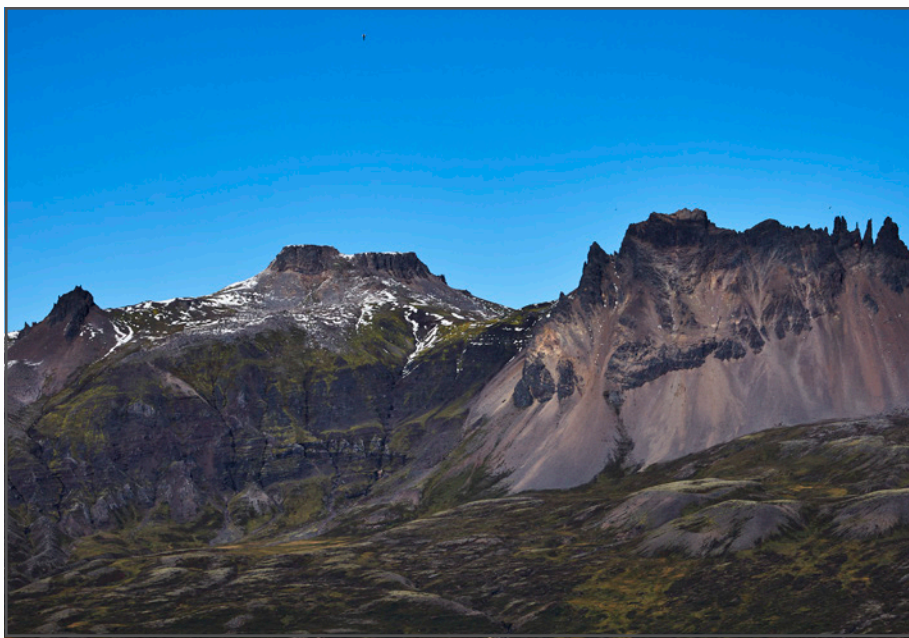




felt like a mirror of Iceland’s earth—raw, colorful, and full of surprises. The abundance of semi-precious stones especially delighted us, and in the clear autumn light they seemed to glow from within. It was a place that fused knowledge and beauty, leaving us full of wonder. Grateful for this stop, we continued south. The further we drove, the more the landscape opened. The fjords grew broader, the mountains gentler, and the sunlight bathed everything in warm tones. By late afternoon, we reached a place we had long awaited: Vestrahorn. This dramatic mountain rises sharply from the southern coast and is among Iceland’s most iconic photo motifs. We drove out onto the Stokksnes peninsula, where countless possibilities unfolded to frame the interplay of mountain, sea, and sand. The black dunes of volcanic sand contrasted strikingly with the jagged peaks of Vestrahorn, mirrored in the still waters of the lagoons. The low sun cast a golden glow across the scene, and with every passing minute the colors shifted—sometimes the peaks gleamed copper-red, then purple, while the sky transformed into a firework of orange and pink. After the sun finally sank, a gentle twilight spread. Following a short rest at our lodging, the true highlight of the day began. At first delicate, almost shy, then ever stronger, green veils appeared in the sky. It was as if the heavens themselves were awakening. The aurora borealis revealed itself in full splendor. Within minutes, the sky over Stokksnes had become a grand performance of glowing green, pulsing red, and deep violet. The northern lights stretched across the entire sky, in every direction, and seemed to dance. At times they shot upward like rays, at others they drew themselves into curtains fluttering in the wind. We stood speechless, unable to do anything but gaze in wonder—and of course, capture it in photographs. Reflections in the water, black dunes in the foreground, and the majestic Vestrahorn rising behind made the scene complete. It was the absolute pinnacle of our road trip, a moment so overwhelming that words could barely describe it. We forgot the cold of the night, forgot the time, and lost ourselves completely in this spectacle of nature. The firmament above was a firework of color and movement. Again and again the shapes shifted, as if the sky itself were painting. We photographed, laughed, cheered, and then stood still once more, simply lingering in the moment. The aurora borealis had gifted us a vision that will remain forever in our memory. As the lights slowly faded, a deep sense of gratitude remained. We knew that this evening we had witnessed something extraordinary. It felt as though Iceland had given us its most beautiful gift as the day’s finale. With shining eyes and hearts brimming with joy, we finally made our way back.



















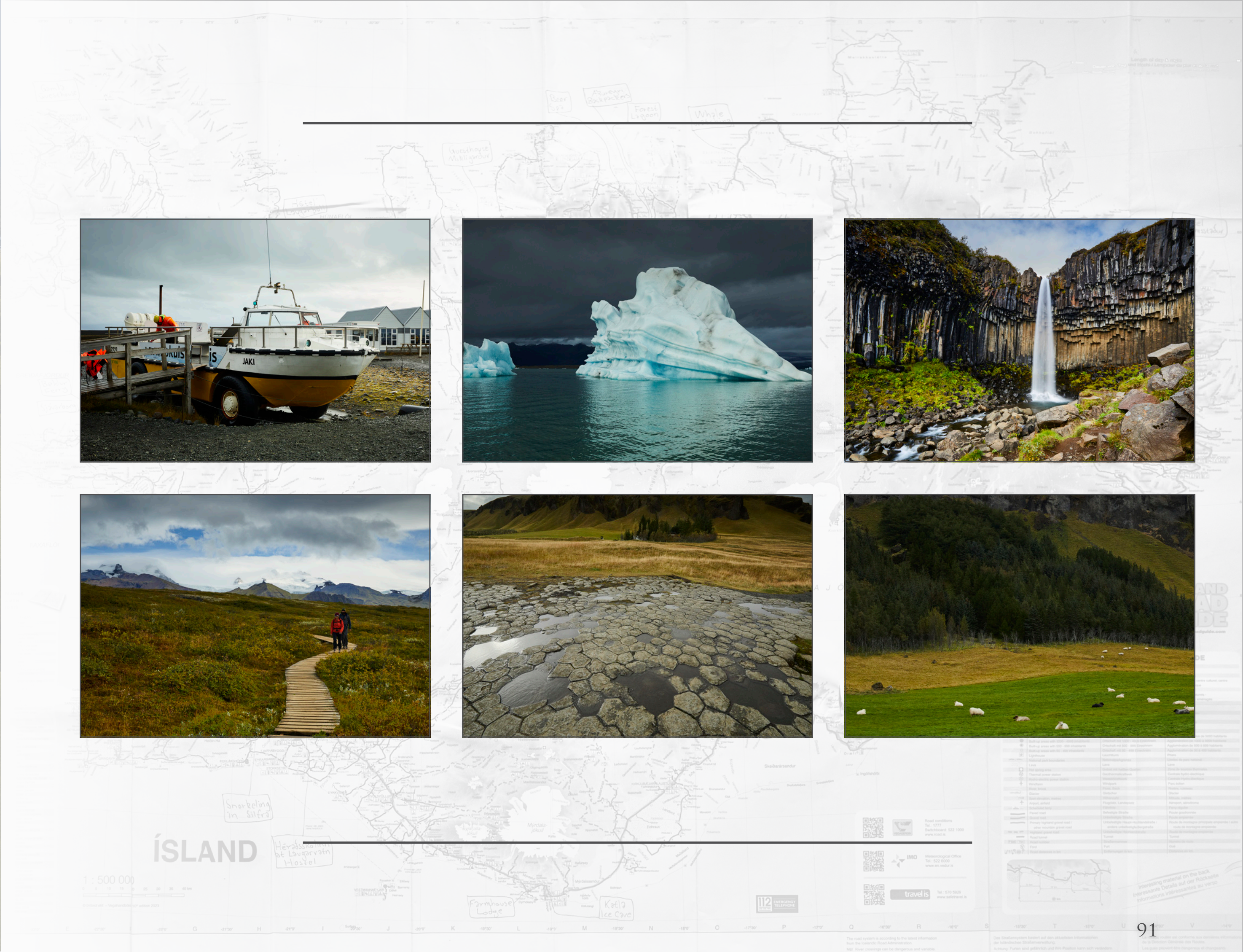




# DAY 11: HÖFN - VÍK

Distance: 270 kilometers, travel time: 3 hours 20 min.

- Jökulsárlón - glacier lagoon
- Breidamerkursandur - beach
- Skaftafell - nationalpark
- Svartifoss - waterfall
- Kirkjugólf - basalt columnar floor
- Fjaðrárgljúfur - gorge

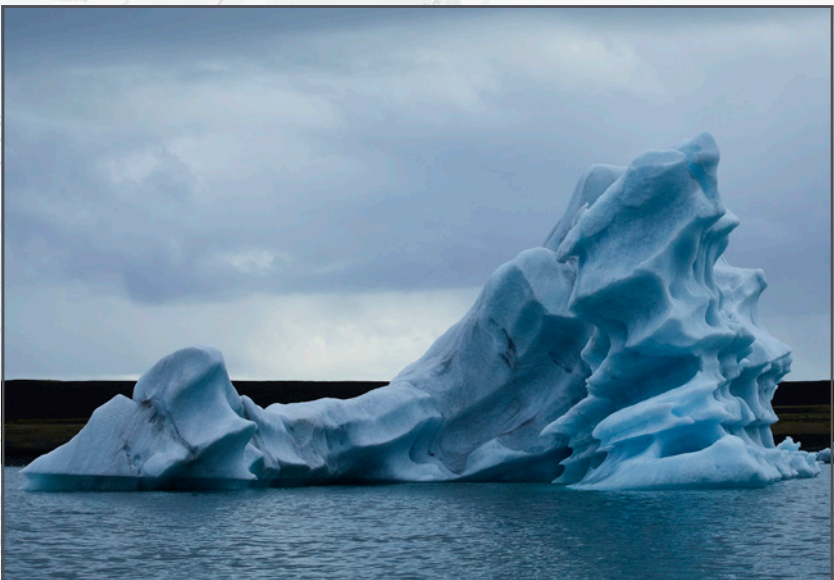
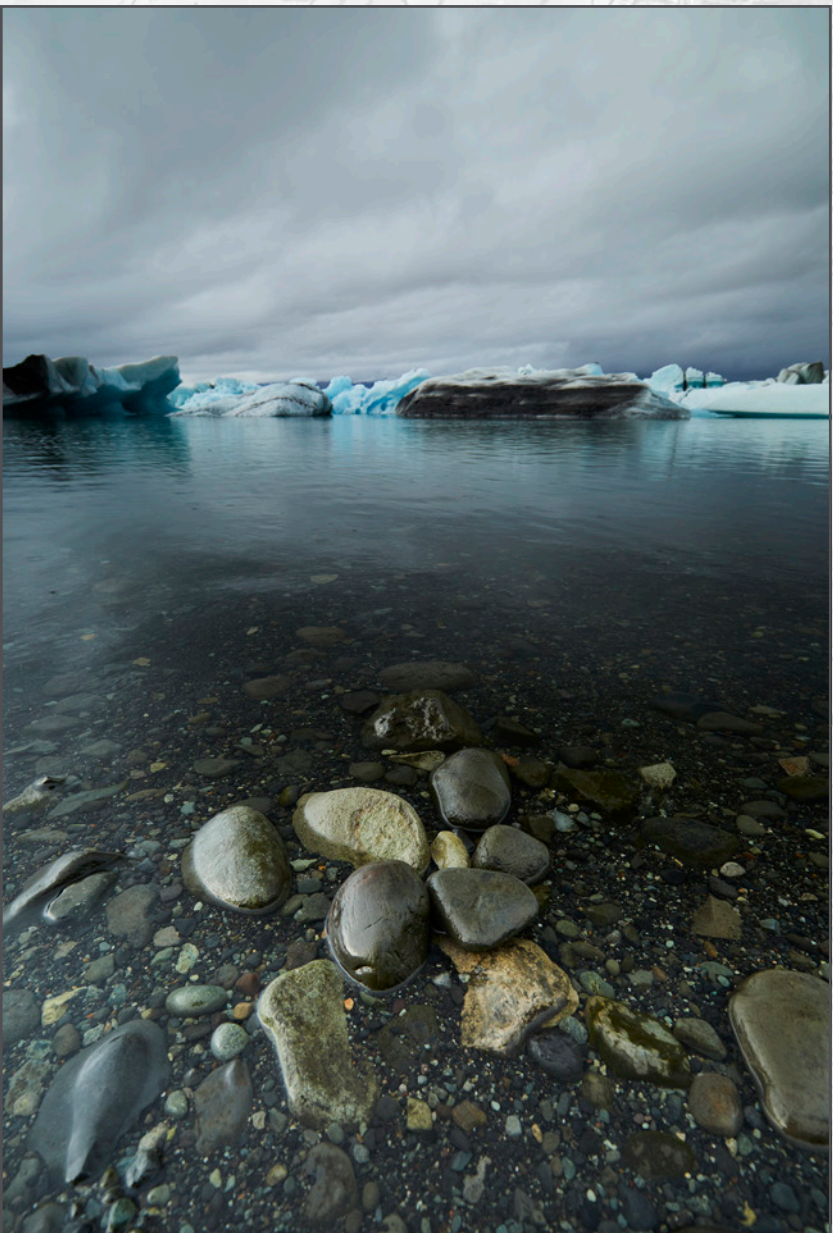




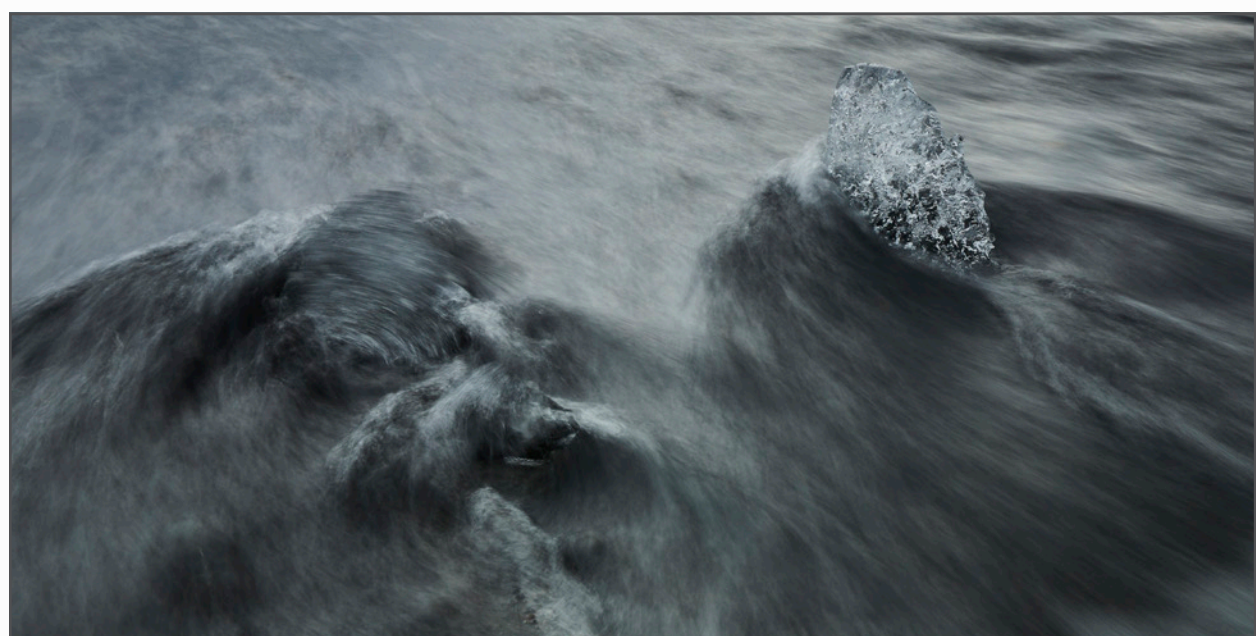
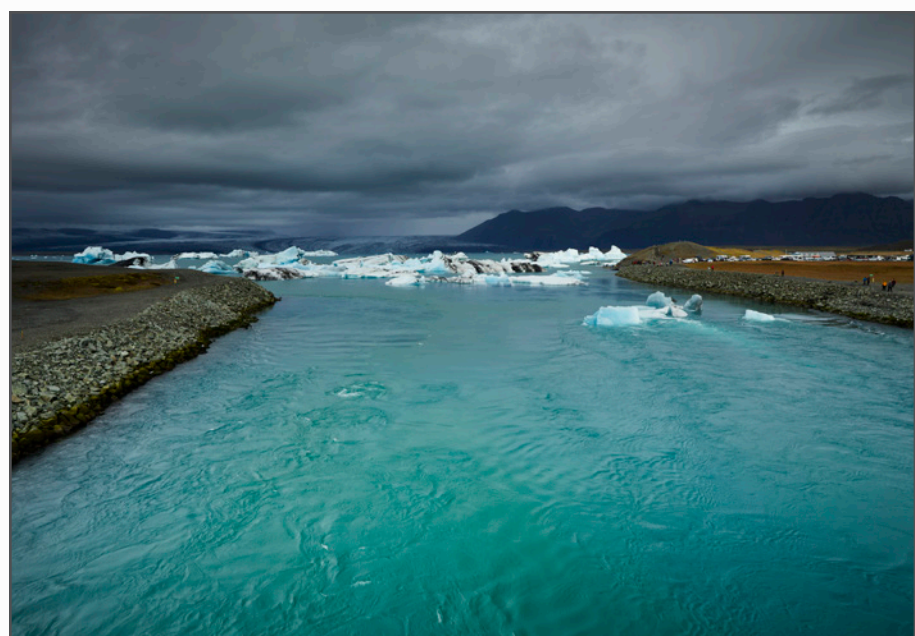
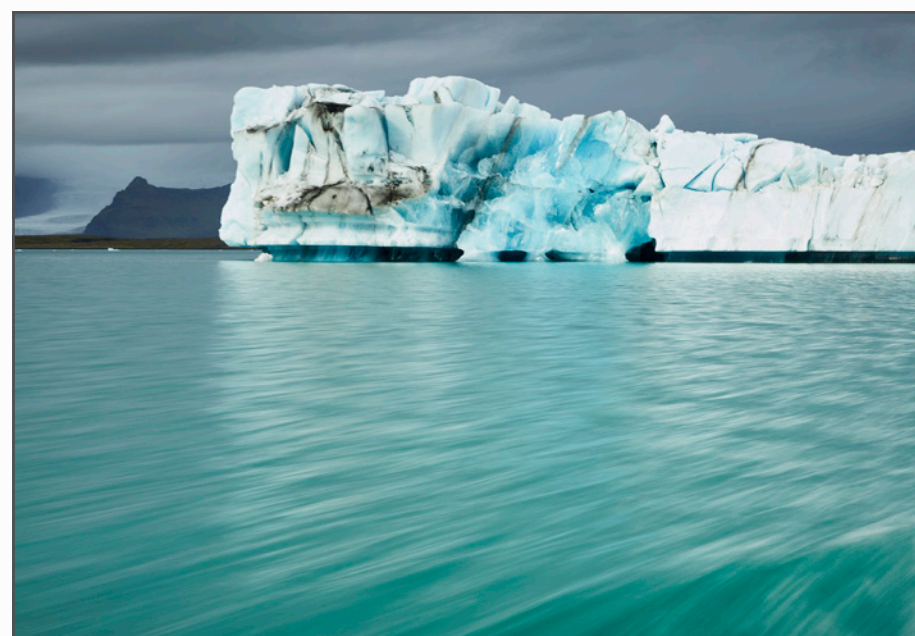
In the morning, we left Höfn under a sky heavy with clouds. The air was fresh and clear, and the diffuse light gave the landscape a mysterious aura. Driving along the Ring Road, we were constantly accompanied by the massive glacier tongues of Vatnajökull, which appeared again and again between the mountains. Soon we reached the famous Jökulsárlón glacier lagoon. The water shimmered in shades of gray-blue, and countless icebergs floated silently on the surface. Some were pure white like snow, others glowed in deep blue, and still others were streaked with layers of black ash. We marveled at the variety of shapes—some smooth and rounded, others sharp-edged and bizarre. With great anticipation, we boarded an amphibian boat that would take us out onto the lagoon. The feeling of slowly gliding between these mighty blocks of ice was indescribable. The boat moved almost silently across the water, the only sound the cracking and crunching of ice. The guide explained that many of these icebergs are thousands of years old. It was fascinating to come so close to these witnesses of natural history. One iceberg slowly turned in the water, revealing deep blue ice that shimmered mysteriously beneath its surface. Back on land, we strolled for a while along the shore. Again and again we saw small pieces of ice drifting out into the open sea. That was where our next stop awaited us: Breiðamerkursandur Beach, better known as Diamond Beach. At first glance, it was clear why this place bears such a name. Scattered across the black volcanic sand lay glittering chunks of ice. Some were small like gemstones, others as large as sculptures. We wandered along the water's edge as the waves lapped at the icy fragments. It was a mesmerizing play of black, white, and blue. Kneeling down, we pressed our hands against the cold ice and felt millennia-old chill seep into our fingers. Some pieces were so clear they looked like glass, while others had bizarre structures, resembling modern works of art. Later in the day, we drove on to Skaftafell National Park, a place like an oasis amid glaciers and sandy plains. We laced up our hiking boots and set off toward Svartifoss. The trail led us through rolling hills that still glowed green despite the early autumn season. Gradually, the path climbed higher, revealing ever more beautiful views of Skaftafellsjökull. The glacier gleamed in the sunlight, which now cautiously peeked through the clouds. It felt as though nature was opening itself to us piece by piece. Soon we heard the sound of rushing water, and then it appeared before us: Svartifoss. With elegance, it plunged from a wall of basalt columns into the depths. The pillars, shaped like organ pipes, looked both artistic and monumental. The contrast between the white water and the dark stone columns was breathtaking. We sat on a rock and absorbed the view. Here, it was easy to lose all sense of time. We took many photos, but more importantly, we captured the image deep within ourselves. After this impressive stop, we slowly made our way back, once more enjoying the vistas of the glacier tongues and the wide landscape. It felt as though nature had granted us a special moment of stillness. Back on the road, we stopped at Kirkjugólf. At first glance, it looked as if humans had paved a stone floor. In reality, it was a geological curiosity: hexagonal basalt



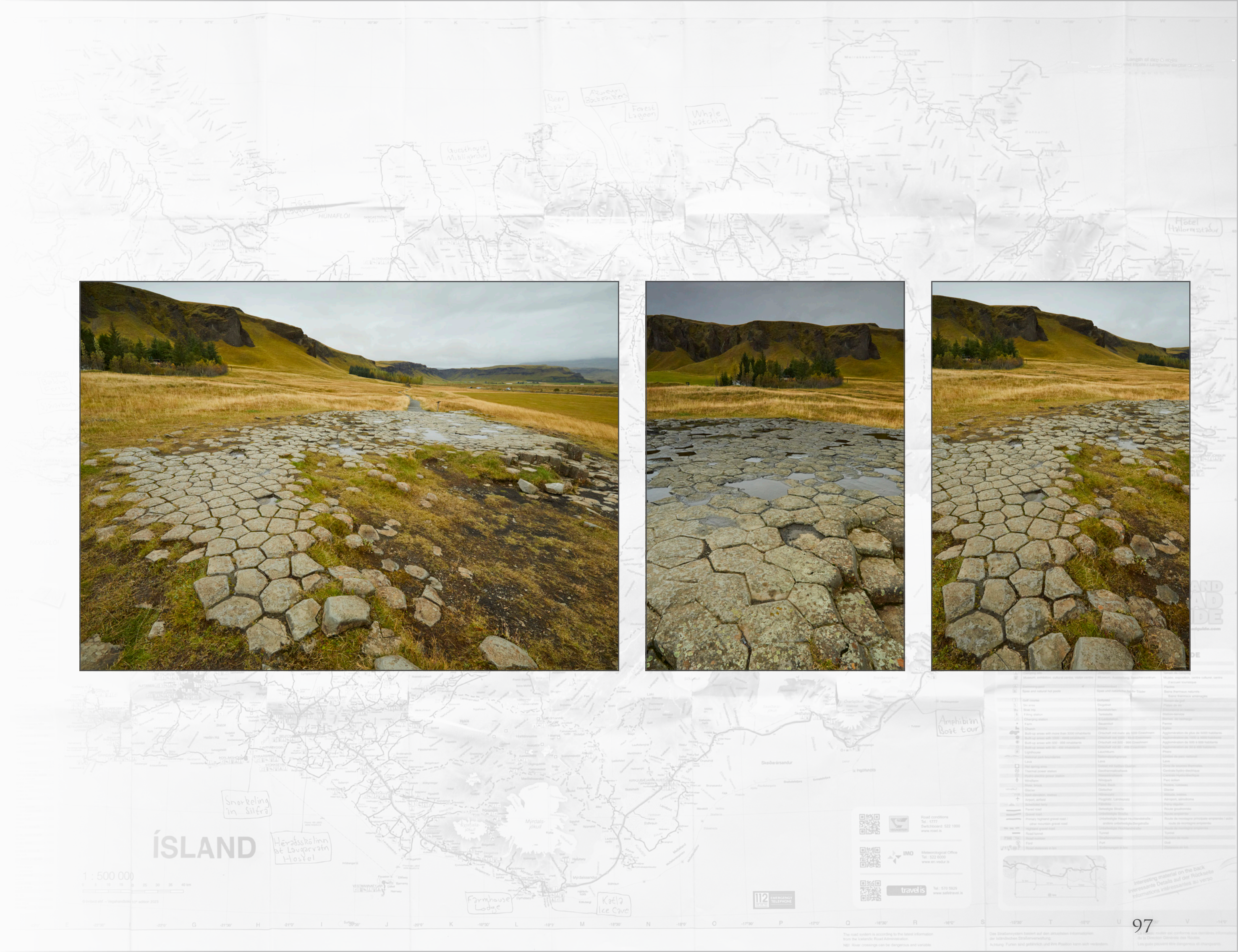
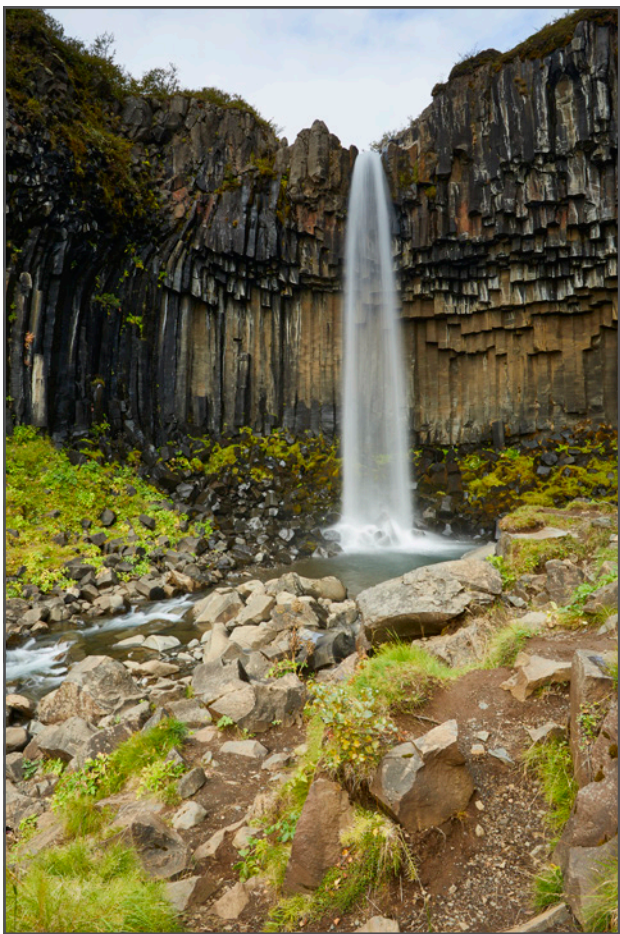
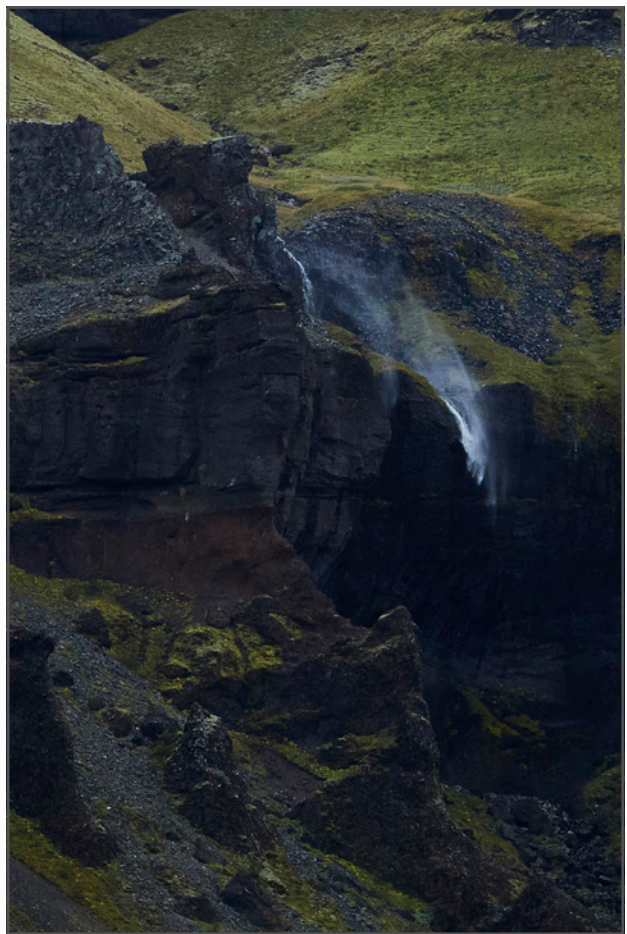
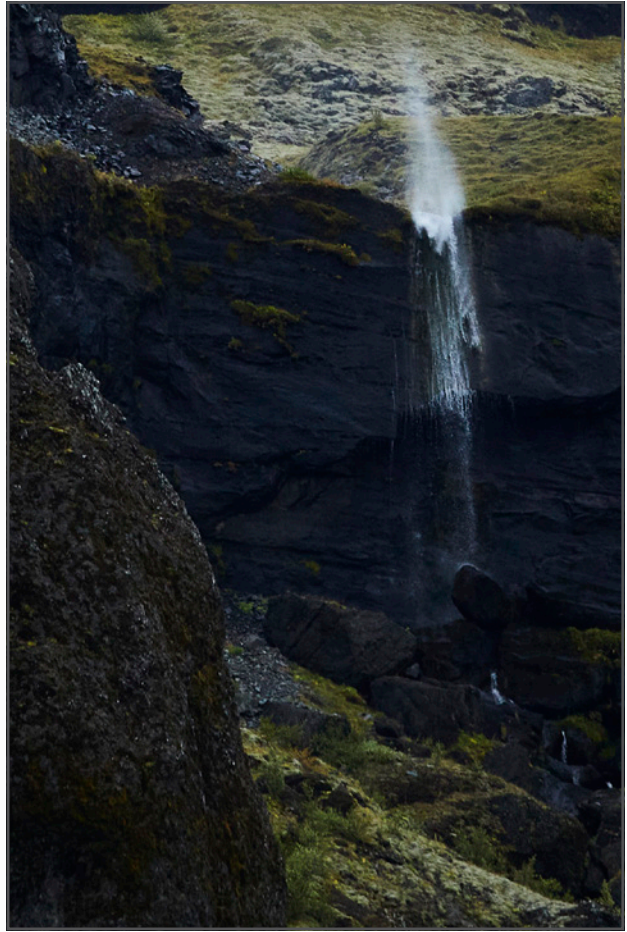
columns lying side by side like a mosaic. Walking across them, we imagined the lava cooling here long ago, creating these unique structures. A small but fascinating site that once again revealed Iceland's endless variety. In the afternoon, as the clouds gradually gave way, we arrived at Fjaðrárgljúfur Canyon. The first view from above was breathtaking. The canyon wound through the land like a green ribbon, deeply cut and framed by steep rock walls. We hiked along the upper rim, each step unveiling a new, even more spectacular perspective. The river below glittered in the light, while the lush green moss shone intensely. We stopped again and again, leaning over railings to take in the depth. Some sections looked like something from a fairytale, with gentle curves and mysterious shadows. Others were wild and dramatic, almost intimidating. The diversity of the landscape was simply incredible.



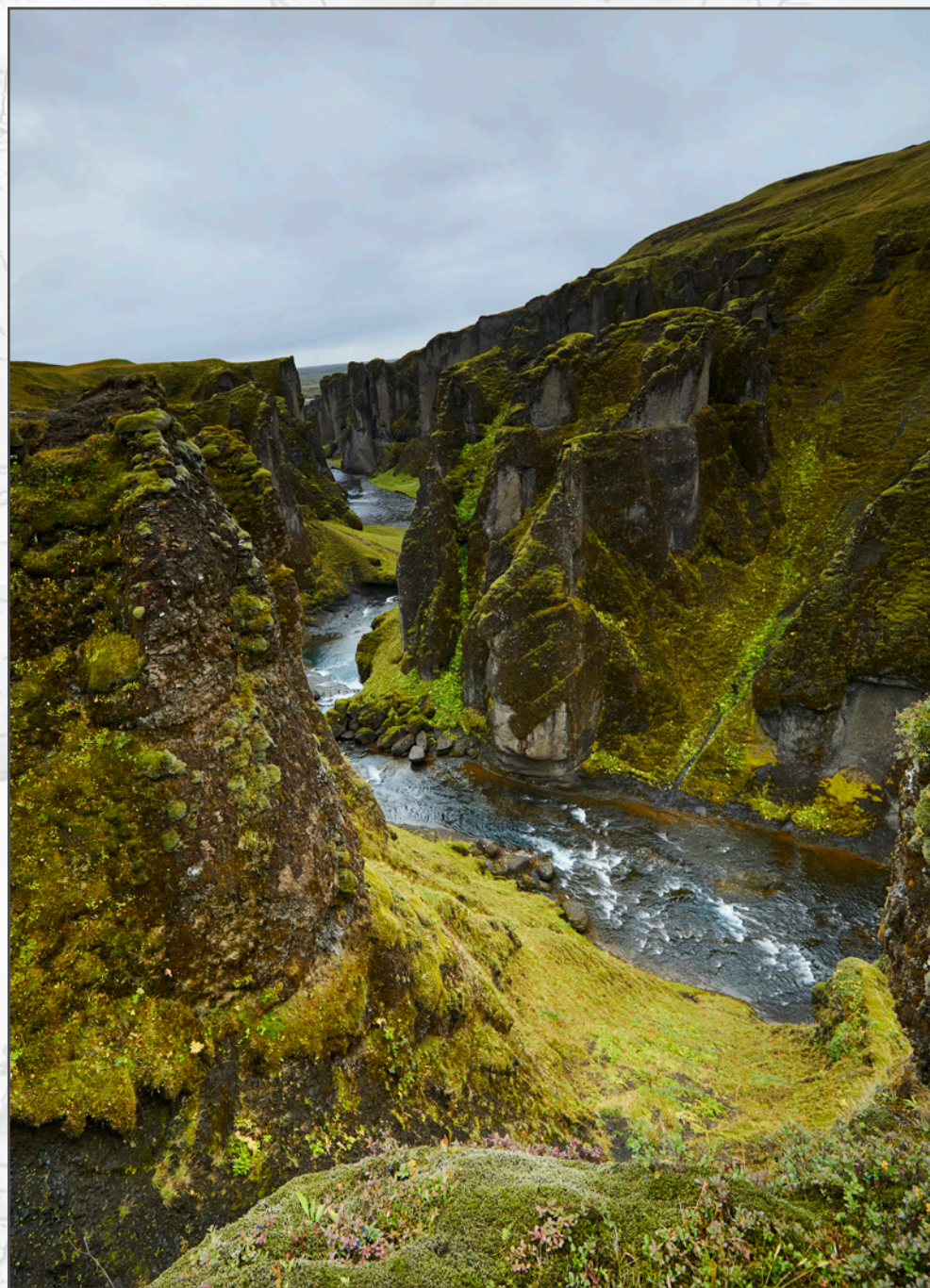




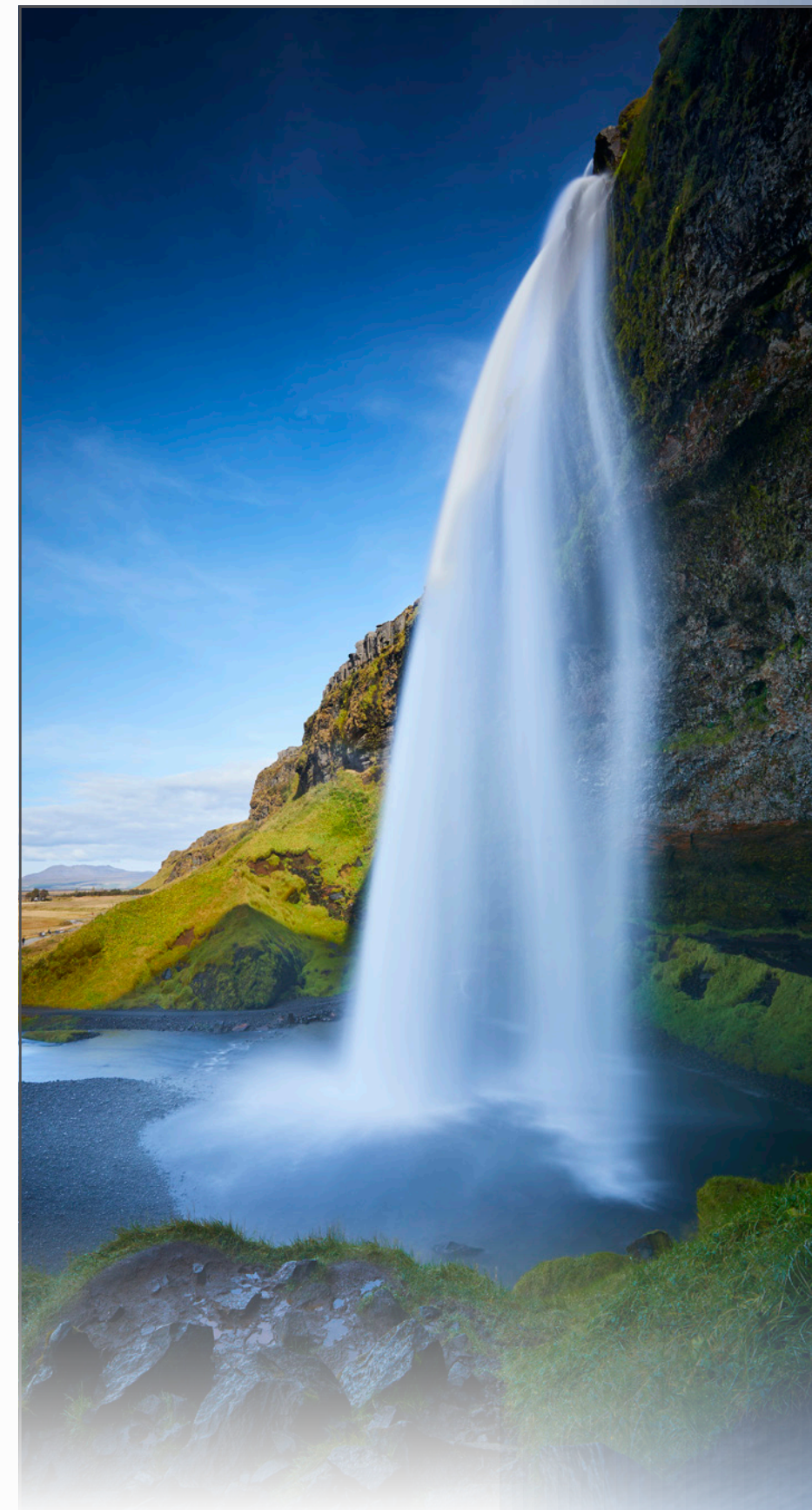












## DAY 12: VÍK - LAUGARVATN

Distance: 220 kilometers, travel time: 3 hours 15 min.

Reynisdrangar - basalt columns  
Reynisfjara - beach  
Mýrdalsjökull - glacier  
Katla - ice cave

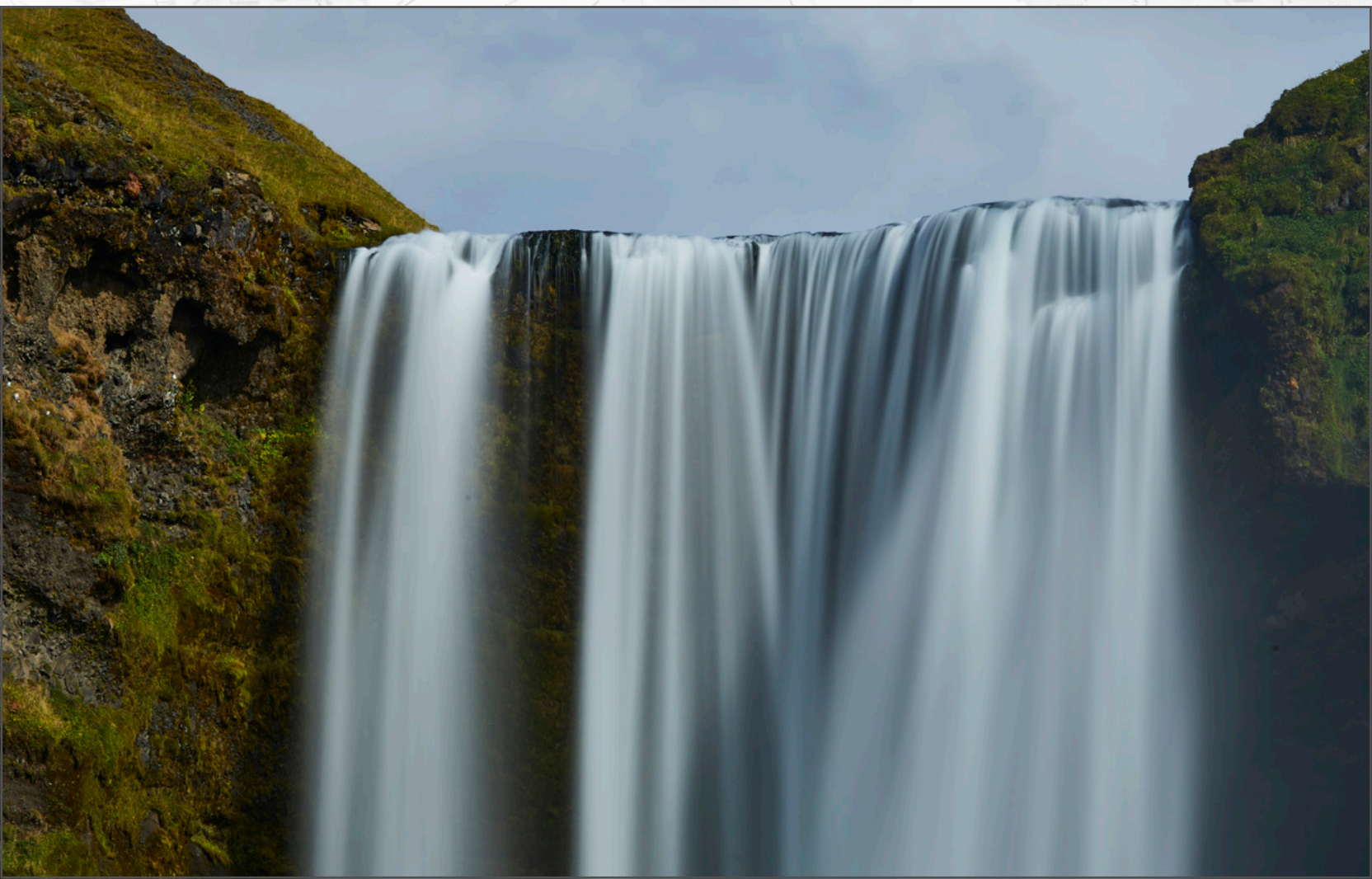
Skogafoss - waterfall  
Seljalandsfoss - waterfall  
Raufarhólshellir - lava cave and tunnel  
Kerið - volcanic crater



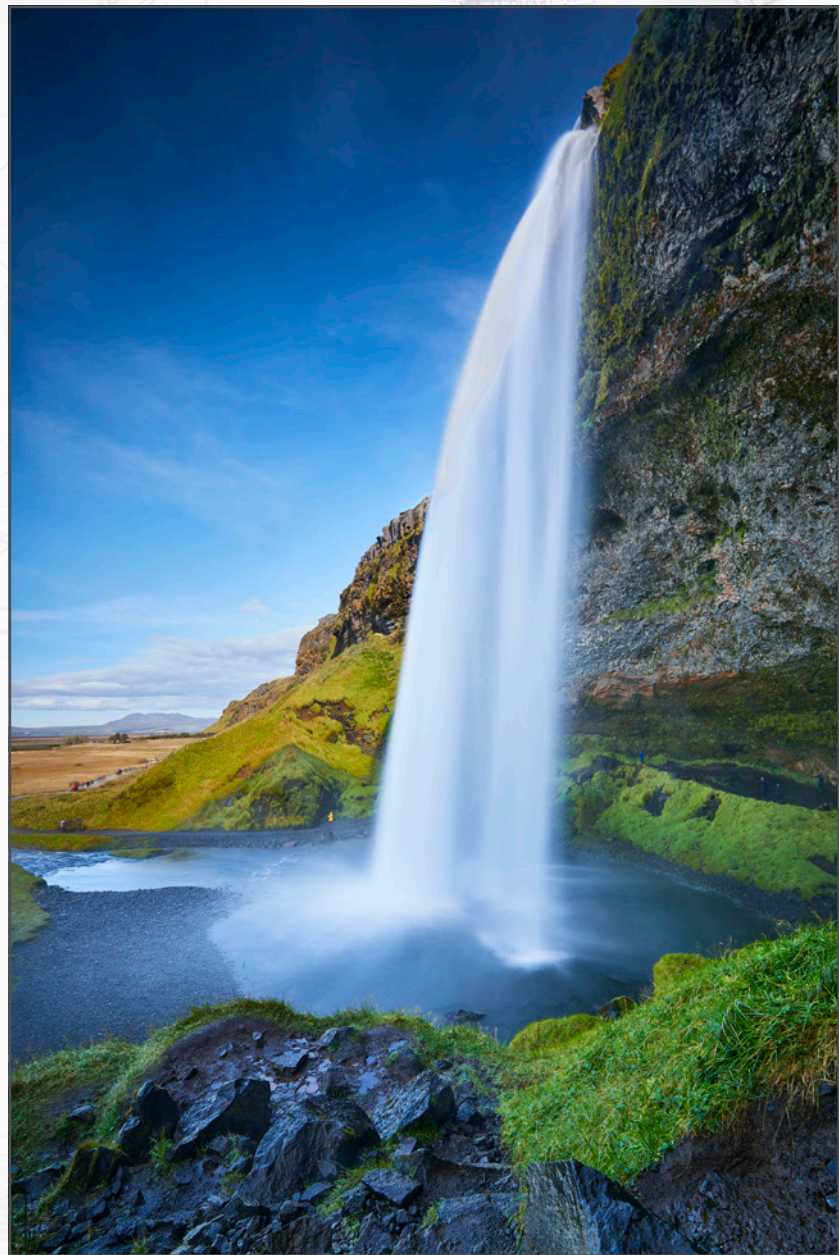
Long before sunrise, we set out for Reynisdrangar—an absolute top-class photo motif. The stillness of the early morning lay like a gentle veil over the landscape, while the sea rested unusually calm. The blue hour bathed the black basalt columns in a cool, almost otherworldly shade of blue. We stood on the beach and listened to the quiet lapping of small waves retreating gently. The rocks rose from the sea like ancient guardians, surrounded by an atmosphere that felt almost magical. With every passing moment the light changed, turning the scenery into a living painting that we absorbed with all our senses. As the first birds flew over the sea, we lingered for a long time, photographing from countless perspectives, enjoying the play of shapes, colors, and silence. Only a few steps further we reached the famous Reynisfjara beach, whose black sand began to sparkle in the morning sun. The mighty basalt cliffs reminded us of a stone cathedral, while the sound of waves rhythmically pounding against the coast filled the air. We walked slowly along the beach, admiring the geometric beauty of the stone columns and sensing the power of the ocean tirelessly working on this shore. The vastness, the darkness of the sand, and the incomparable backdrop made this one of the most impressive places we had seen so far. After this early natural spectacle, we continued our journey, accompanied all the while by bright sunshine that made the day feel special from the very beginning. In the distance lay the mighty glacier expanse of Mýrdalsjökull, and our next destination was a guided hike to the Katla ice cave. With crampons on our feet and helmets on our heads, we followed our guide across the icy landscape, its surface shimmering in white, gray, and blue. Each step crunched beneath our boots until we stood before the entrance—not so much a cave as a vast portal. The ice gleamed in the sunlight, its layers telling of centuries of snow, wind, and volcanic ash. We stepped inside and gazed upward at ice streaked with deep blue, hanging above us like a gigantic frozen roof. Light streaming through fissures transformed the space into a glowing cathedral of ice. We were overwhelmed by the raw power of nature displayed here and took our time to observe every facet. Soon after, we descended back into the valley, where the sun cast warm light over the glacier’s crown. Back in the car, we headed to Skógafoss, one of Iceland’s most famous waterfalls. From afar, we could already hear its thunder, and as we approached, the spray touched our faces. The waterfall tumbled down like a curtain of liquid silver over the high rock wall, with rainbows sparkling in the fine mist. Standing at its base, we felt the immense force of nature wash over us, filling us with energy. We climbed the steep staircase beside it, rewarded with a magnificent view across the vast land and coastline. Yet the experience at the foot of the falls remained the most powerful—there, you were in the very heart of the waterfall’s strength. Next came Seljalandsfoss, which greeted us with elegance. What makes it unique is the path leading behind the falling water. We carefully stepped along it, refreshed by the fine spray as the water plunged



down in front of us. Standing behind the curtain of water, looking out into the landscape, felt like entering another world. It was a play of light, water, and motion that left us speechless. Our journey then took us inland, to another adventure: the Raufarhólshellir lava cave. Even the entrance was impressive—a dark chasm leading downward. Equipped with helmets and lamps, we entered and immersed ourselves in a world of frozen lava. The walls glowed in shades of red, brown, and black, telling stories of fire and molten rock. Some formations looked like frozen waves, others like sculptures. We ventured deeper, hearing our footsteps echo, imagining the molten lava that once surged through these tunnels. It felt like a journey back into Iceland’s geological past. Emerging once more into the dazzling sunlight, we needed a moment to adjust after the darkness. Our route carried us through a landscape shaped by lava fields, green meadows, and distant mountains. Finally, we reached the Kerið crater, its turquoise water shining in the depths. The red and black slopes stood in sharp contrast against the pale sky, and we circled the crater along a narrow path. From above, the view into its depths was especially striking, a moment of silence and awe at the forces of nature that shaped Iceland. On the road again, we came upon a group of Icelandic horses standing in a meadow bathed in golden evening light. Their coats glowed warmly, their manes danced in the wind, and their calm presence felt almost poetic. We stopped, watched them for a long while, and captured countless photos of this peaceful, timeless scene.















DAY 13: LAUGARVATN - REYKJAVÍK

Distance: 170 kilometers, travel time: 2 hours 20 min.

- Strokkur - geyser
- Haukadalur - hot spring area
- Gullfoss - waterfall
- Faxi - waterfall

- Bruarfoss - waterfall
- Thingvellir - nationalpark







The day began in Laugarvatn under a sky heavy with gray clouds. Not a single ray of sunlight broke through the even blanket above. We packed our things, ready for the final great stretch of our road trip that would lead us back to Reykjavík. The air was fresh, clear, and cool. Our first stop was the famous Strokkur. From afar, the geothermal area announced itself with plumes of steam rising from the earth. We stood in a semicircle with other visitors, all waiting in anticipation for the spectacle. Strokkur, an active geyser, lay before us, surrounded by sulfurous puddles and small bubbling springs. Suddenly, a luminous blue bubble swelled upward, shining like glass. In the very next instant, a powerful column of water shot several meters into the sky, accompanied

by a hissing sound and a fine mist that sprayed across our faces. Geysers like Strokkur function through the interplay of water and heat deep beneath the earth's surface. Rainwater seeps down through cracks in the rock until it reaches scorching-hot layers fueled by volcanic activity. There the water heats until it is under immense pressure. When the pressure becomes too great, the energy is released explosively upward—and the water erupts in the form of a towering fountain. A fascinating spectacle, it laid bare the raw forces of the earth before our eyes. The Haukadalur geothermal field is a place where the earth seems to breathe without pause. We wandered among steaming grounds, bubbling mud pots, and brilliantly colored mineral deposits. The sharp, unmistakable scent of sulfur hung in the air. The soil shimmered in yellows, oranges, and browns while small bubbles endlessly rose to the surface. Again and again, we stopped to marvel at the forms and colors shaped in this natural laboratory of fire and water. It was as if we were looking directly into the heart of the earth.

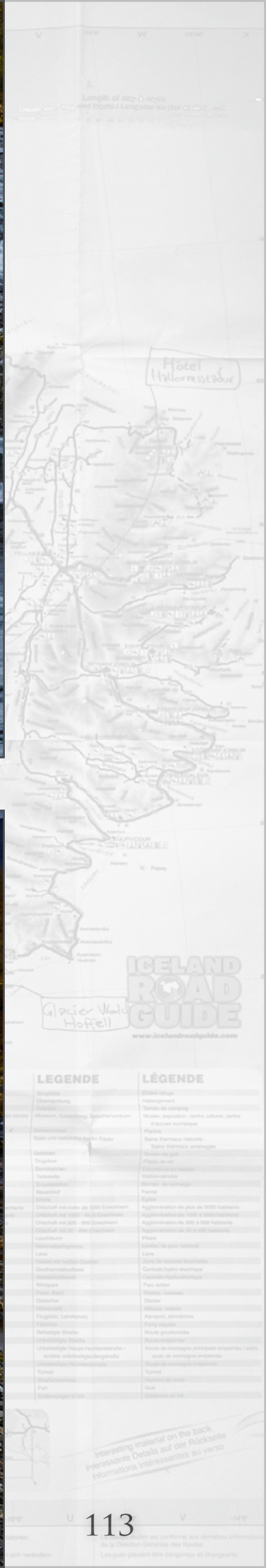
From there, the road took us to Gullfoss, one of Iceland's most famous waterfalls. We could hear its roar long before we saw it, until suddenly the canyon opened up, revealing the mighty Hvítá River plunging in two tiers into the depths below. The torrents whirled, sprayed, and vanished into the gorge that the river had carved into the land. We stood at the edge, wrapped in mist, gazing down at this spectacle of nature, overwhelming in both size and force. Even under the gray skies, the waterfall radiated a mystical beauty. We took countless photos, yet we knew no picture could ever capture the power and magic of the moment. Not far away lay Faxi, smaller, quieter, yet equally captivating. Here, the water cascaded evenly in a broad curtain over the rocks, less



violent than Gullfoss, but with a nearly meditative grace. We lingered, enjoying the peace and the stillness that surrounded this place. One of the highlights of the day was the hike to Brúarfoss. The trail led us over small bridges and narrow paths along the ice-blue river. The gentle murmur of water accompanied us as the clouds thickened, painting the sky a uniform gray. When we finally reached the waterfall, our breath caught. The water surged down in powerful streams, glowing with an almost unreal, milky-turquoise blue. The reason for this striking color lies in the fine rock particles carried by glacial water, scattering the light in a unique way. It felt as though we had found a window into another world, the blue so intense and pure it resembled a precious jewel. We stood for a long while, mesmerized by this beauty that shone all the brighter against the overcast sky. Our final stop of the day was Þingvellir National Park, a place of immense historical and geological significance. More than a thousand years ago, this was the site of the world's oldest parliament, the Alþingi. Yet history was not the only thing that made the park extraordinary. We wandered through a landscape riven by fissures and cracks—visible signs of the tectonic plates slowly pulling apart. On one side, the North American plate; on the other, the Eurasian; and we stood right in between. It was a humbling moment, to stand at the very place where continents drift away from one another, slowly but inexorably.









DER ROADTRIP  
ISLAND

- 382 photographs on 114 pages -

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traveller and photographer by passion



with loads of thanks to







Iceland – the island of fire and ice, where the earth itself seems to breathe. Above steaming springs, the breath of the world rises like white smoke, merging with the clouds. Deep beneath the surface, the earth rumbles, and one feels the untamed forces of the planet at work.

The mountains are not merely stone—they are ancient guardians, shaped by glaciers, carved by wind and rain, and born of lava. Their peaks vanish into the mist as if to conceal their secrets. Between them flow rivers whose waters are so clear they appear like liquid light.

The waterfalls are the voices of the gods—thundering, roaring, unstoppable. Every drop carries the breath of eternity as it plunges into deep gorges, accompanied by echoes that sound like ancient songs.

Across the black beaches, the ocean rolls in—wild and relentless, as though it seeks to reclaim the island. Basalt columns rise like cathedrals of stone, crafted by invisible hands, a sanctuary of the elements.

And then comes the night - when the sky opens and green and violet veils of the aurora dance across the heavens. It feels as if the universe itself lingers in Iceland for a moment.

Iceland is a place between worlds - between fire and water, light and shadow, myth and reality. Here, time seems powerless, and those who set foot on the island carry its magic in their souls forever.