
Save and Smell the Roses

It was the night before my trip was set to take place, an annual event for me. Something I look forward to all year. I am intrigued by nature's beauty and peacefulness. This year I would travel without my parents a night of just me and nature. I had just finished my final year of high school, overwhelmed with exams, university applications and future planning. This night felt as though it was Christmas eve I was eager and exhilarated for my peaceful trip in the wilderness. My family has always been extremely adventurous, we were passionate about taking advantage of what our earth has to offer. I packed my backpack and collected all of my hiking gear. That night I fell asleep anticipating what the following days would bring.

Newfoundland, Canada a place I am lucky to call my home. Known for its beautiful scenery. I began my trip to Little Bald Head campsite along the Spout Path, one of the many engaging East Coast trails. The walk to my campsite was 12.7 Kilometers, giving me ample time to enjoy and appreciate my surroundings. It was the month of June, a popular time to travel to Newfoundland. During the hike to my camping spot I saw two beautiful ice bergs and an exuberant whale. As the fresh crisp air brushed across my face I began to think of the beauty of ice bergs, the large unknown below the water's surface. I used my life straw to hydrate my body during my expedition, purifying and utilizing what the earth provides me with.

Ahead I could see the Spout, a sight so magical. As the rocks expelled the ocean's water, it gushed vertically into the air. The water and the sun collide causing a rainbow to radiate across the bright blue sky. I sat along the ocean's edge watching the waves as they rolled in. I unpacked my novel and began reading as the sun pressed on my skin and the wind whistled past. When my stomach began to growl I made a fire out of the branches I collected from the woods above me and the matches I had stored in my backpack. I took out my can of soup and camping pots and cooked myself a meal as I watched the golden sun set around me.

I pitched my tent as the last bit of sun lit up my camping spot. This is something I learned to do at a young age and therefore took me no time. After a tiring day of hiking and exploring I fell asleep to the wind squealing above me and the harsh waves as they crashed along the rocky cliff. I was awoken to the sound of early birds chirping, I unzipped my tent granting the morning air access to my nest. I hung my travel hammock among two trees, providing a view of the ocean below me. I watched as the birds dove for their breakfast, the waves danced to the wind and the noises of nature providing me with all the dialogue I needed. The spout washed my body, a relaxing shower as the water brushes up past me, dispersing into the sky.

I thank nature for all it provides me with. As I pack up my camping supplies I reminisce and

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have gratitude for all of the things that have been supplied to me on my camping trip. The water I washed in, the logs and fire that I cook upon, the rivers and ocean that can be purified to hydrate me, the ground that I sleep on as well as the animals and surroundings that entertain me. All of these things were provided to me without cost, they are available to everyone. By utilizing my surroundings and allowing my dependency to become on our earth instead of my wallet, I have grown to realize that the most beautiful things come without a price tag. I motivate everyone around me to experience a day or night alone with nature to understand the beauty that comes along with it. To the Little Bald Head campsite and East Coast trail I will return again. As the memories and experience is given out complementary and one that is truly priceless.

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