

A trip through the mountains essay

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**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

A wise man once said “ Sometimes you have to stop and smell the roses. ”

To most people this means that there are certain times in your life when you need to take a minute to enjoy what life has to offer, unless your a gardener, then (Assuming that there aren” t any roses or they need tending to) it probably means you need to get to work. Which is what I had done every summer since I was fourteen. Although not a gardener my occupation did have some similarities, only my work was done a much larger scale. Where as a gardener used a shovel to gently till the earth, I used a thousand horse power diesel-eating monster to inflict deep lacerations over acres of lifeless land. Instead of the gently touch a gardeners hand placing each individual seed into the soft, dark brown soil.

I used a thirty-foot wide planter that injected thousands of seeds into the ground with mechanical precision. Being a farm hand was hard, monotonous work but for a seventeen year old there was no better way to earn plenty of gas money. The day started at “ 7: 30 sharp” while Neil finished his usual breakfast of cigarettes and coffee, periodically briefing me on the morning agenda between puffs.

For a me this was the best job I could have. I was constantly driving some sort of vehicle and always had access to a radio, which to most adolescents are the two most important elements to a happy teenage life. After work I would go home, jump into the shower, put on my “ street close” as my mom would put it, and grab something to eat.

About the time I was done my friends would show up, unless they were hungry, (my mom was and is notorious for fixing large meals fit for a king),

then they would be waiting on me in the driveway. Once the feasting was over my cohorts and I would go out for a night of mischief and unsupervised fun. This was my daily cycle of events everyday until one night. It was a steamy evening in the middle of July when I received the phone call from my good friend Matt. His voice burst from the receiver “ Dude, my parents and I are going to Yellow Stone and they want you to come with! In shock and amazement I replied “ Seriously?! ” He then went on to tell me that they were leaving in two weeks and to find out if I could go a. s.

a. p. The next day, during our lunch break, I asked Neil if it would be alright if I went. Considering I had never asked for a day off and was rarely late I was certain he would say yes. To my dismay however, he replied “ NO.

” Once again in shock and amazement I blurted out “ Seriously?! ”

Reinforcing his previous statement he told me that if I did go to not bother coming back. At the time I accepted the answer, but after a few days of persuasion from my friends and family I decided that it was my turn to smell the roses... at Yellow Stone.

It was still dark out when we left that morning. The crisp, cool air greeted me as I waved goodbye to my parents. We were on our way, destination Alliance, Nebraska. As most Kansans know there aren” t very many interesting things in Nebraska, but our first stop proved to be the most peculiar of the whole trip. Without warning Matt’s father pulled off the road into a small gravel parking lot. Following his parents lead we made our way to a path with a sign over head, printed on it was “ Welcome to Carhenge.

" As we made our way down the narrow path, large primer colored objects began to appear over the horizon. At first the objects in the distance actually resembled the world famous Stonehenge. Upon closer inspection the objects were really 1950s model cars delicately poised on top of one another to form the ominous door way like structures at Stonehenge. After taking a few pictures left Carhenge and drove nonstop to the hotel in Alliance where we all welcomed leaving the confines of the car. On the second day of our journey we set out for South Dakota in search of " The big heads" as Matt and I liked to refer to them, but more commonly known to the masses as Mount Rushmore. After visiting the national monument we headed toward Wyoming to see another national monument, Devils Tower. With its louvered sides, this one of a kind land formation resembles a tapering up-side-down cupcake the color of Oklahoma mud. Surrounding the base of the lowly tower are large, smooth stones that seem to get smaller as you get closer to the tower.

As soon as we entered the park Matt and I took off toward the natural skyscraper, quickly making our way up its rocky base. We soon found ourselves at a point where we could no longer climb any higher, we also found a sign that specified if we were to go any higher without properly registering with the park officials we would be subject to fines as high as fifteen-hundred dollars. So we decided that if we stayed at the same level and moved around to the other side where we couldn't be seen and therefore wouldn't be violating any rules. We soon realized that not only had they not placed any signs on the east side of the tower, it was also possible to go even far up the side of this natural wonder. As we once again reached a point where it was virtually impossible to climb any higher, we set back and marveled at

the amazing vantage point we had achieved. The highway we had traveled in on looked like a gray, twisting piece of rope draped across the green canvass of trees and pastures. Looking toward the north-west the sharp outlines of the Rocky Mountains seemed to burst out of the horizon. That one moment alone was more satisfying than any amount of money, or any job well done could ever achieve.

From Devils Tower we traveled to Custards last stand memorial reserve in Wyoming. Here we had the delight of being put to sleep by an Indian women who presented the common knowledge history of the historical event in a muffled attempt at speaking English. After the public sleeping session we were on our way to Yellow Stone National Park. In order to reach Yellow Stone we had to cross the Rockies. My friends father pick the most beautiful stretch of highway I have ever seen and I can" t image there is any other in the country that could possibly compare to it. This particular road is know as Bear Tooth Pass{Alt.

10, 947ft}. Many of the sights are beyond words ability to describe. As we begin to ascend the snake-like road we soon notice mammoth pine trees that reach toward the sky farther than most office buildings. These trees hid the mountains and valleys from site making the mostly gentle incline seem nonexistent.

Then without warring we broke out of the grasp of the beautiful green beasts and realized the elevation we had already achieved, and how much farther we had to go. After mile upon mile of steep curvy roads and breath taking

scenery we finally reached the top. From there I could see what seemed like a never ending stream of pointed peaks in every direction.

In the small micro-valleys crystal clear, lifeless pools of water had formed from what was once snow. The decent from Bear Tooth Pass proved to be just as intoxicating. Yellow Stone at last” were the words I woke up to as we pulled into a crowded parking lot. We were at the part of the park were Old Faithful forces water up into the air on a timely basis.

Having just mist the pervious expulsion of steaming liquid we were in for a several hour wait. As the time drew near for the next burst of water learned a rather disconcerting fact about the event. Old Faithful has far large time frame to erupt in, and on that particular day he took it down to the wire. After leaving Old Faithful we did a little site seeing and then to my dismay, we left, and the following day was to be the last day of trip. We got up early on the last day so we could go to the “ redneck circus” as my friend and I called it.

Needed less to say we didn” t want to go. It was actually called the worlds largest rodeo, held annually in Cheney, Wyoming. Although when you think about it can” t possibly be the “ worlds largest rodeo” every year unless they actually get an increase in spectators every year, which I find a little hard to believe. It was by far the most scared I” ve ever been in my life. I was awash in a sea of cowboy hats, the distinct smell of Copenhagen and beer, mixed with the sound of cowboy boots against metal bleachers. Lucky they were also having a carnival at the same time, so me and my friend rode rides until the afternoon. Then we packed up and headed toward home. On the way

home I evaluated everything I had experienced during the week we had spent on the road, all the places I" d seen, all the things we did.

I wouldn" t have trade that for anything. To this day I haven" t experience anything that even comes close. So don" t forget to smell the roses.