

Example of essay on walking into the history

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I have this weird feeling since a week ago. I feel so lonely and empty in this big city that I'm living in. This feeling of loneliness seems to flashback memories of a recent journey that changed me in such a way. While waiting for the bus at the stop on the way home, I tried to recall the memories of the day that I started to have this strange feeling that even I could not explain. There was this ordinary night where the chilling December winds seemed to come as usual. Suddenly, I woke up in the middle of the night panting and sweating. There was silence; the sound of the ticking clock up on my wall is the only thing that breaks the quietness in the dark corners of my room. I sat on my bed for a while, wondering what my dream was about. I could only sit and recall the breathtaking sights of my dream that still flashes at the back of my head. However, I find it difficult to comprehend the rest of the story in my dream because of the dizziness that pulls me back to sleep. I closed my eyes and it didn't took too long before the pictures of my dream began to play back. I heard a light and soft music flowing pass through my ear. There was a group of people walking into the woods. One of them turned his head and looked at my direction. I think he was trying to tell me something, when I looked into his dark, deep and very emotional eyes, I somehow felt like know who they are.

A hand waving in front of my face suddenly stopped me from wondering. I turned my head and there is this young lady about my age standing right beside me. "The bus is here," she in a soft voice and gives a tentative smile. I smiled back and get on the bus.

I used to listening to music while on the bus. However, today I feel like I'm not in the mood for any music. The only thing that I want to do is to continue on thinking about that weird dream. That young lady who called me at the <https://assignbuster.com/example-of-essay-on-walking-into-the-history/>

bus station quietly sits down beside me. "Are you ok?" She says, " you look confused." I'm staring outside the window so I didn't hear her talking to me. After a few minutes, most of the noisy students got off the bus. For me silence is the best thing ever. The sun passes through the windows and shining down on those empty seats, what a peaceful moment, I thought. The young lady next to me calls me again with a tinny sound as if she doesn't want to scare me. I looked at her and gave her another smile with a question on my face. "Nothing, just want to talk to someone because I'm bored," she says. After a short conversation, I began to tell her about the dreams that have been bothering me for a week. One-hour distance is a long way. From the conversation with her I found out what the dream really wanted to show me. She keeps on asking question so I started to tell her my story.

The story begins at my 9th grade graduation ceremony. Our teacher tried to speak in a serious manner but all of my classmates are busy laughing. He was struggling to show a serious face while talking in front of us. We were all not used to the way he talks now. Cutting through the chase, what our teacher is trying to tell us is about our graduation trip. Storms of cheers appeared suddenly and died down when the teacher said "however". "This graduation trip will be on January next year, which means you all have six month to prepare for that graduation trip." The speech ended and left all of us a question without an answer.

Six month later, after a long wait, our journey begins in winter of 2009. Our goal was simple and straight. To cross over from Taiwan's Far West to the Far East, through the highest mountain in East Asia in ten days. The entire journey was on the oldest ancient path in Taiwan.

The path was made in 1874 during the period when the old china

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government was trying to explore the East side of Taiwan. The path was practically gone when china ceded Taiwan to Japan. The Japanese soon decided that they must control the native Taiwanese, because they thought they were dangerous and savages. Therefore, they made the native Taiwanese to restore the ancient path once again. Afterwards, they restored path was used by them Japanese to control the country.

Our journey was long, but beautiful. For the first 4 days, we hiked tirelessly up into the high mountain. I was tired and hungry most of the time and my body is aching so much that I could not hardly talk to anyone. Every step of the way was a challenge. However, those beautiful sceneries made me feel like I'm in a movie and felt the energy back within me. The sky was painted with a shade of light blue as we walked through the rainforest and the pine trees. The teacher told us histories about this ancient path as we walked through it. Gravestones were placed everywhere as a result of the battles between Japanese and Taiwanese. Many people had died on this ancient path. We usually bowed in front of those gravestones to show our respect to the dead and hope that they would protect us through this long journey. Everyone was extremely exhausted after a long travel through the cloud-kissing mountains. We had already walked half way through our rough journey. We stopped and decide where we are going to stay the night after which a moist plateau appeared into our lenses. Endless, soft clouds were shining behind the plateau as the golden sun slowly sank down into the horizon. That night, the stars were so close to us as if we could reach and touch them with our bare hands. Taking a deep breath, the fresh and freezing air cleared our minds. With my teammates, we imagined lying in the middle of the dark, but magnificent universe. We swallowed into our

imagination until drowsiness struck us down to sleep, forcing us to wander in our dreams. The cold winds made me to curl deeper into my warm sleeping bag. The night was short. However, the experience of embracing Mother Nature was an unforgettable experience. We talked about our special dreams in the morning and most of it was about the native Taiwanese accentors. I think they came with blessings and left.

Our journey ended so fast that everything that happened seems to fade in a sudden blur. We were back to the big city and continued with our daily lives. Something had changed me since that trip. Not to mention about the several things that I learned. I somehow feel like I am in that foggy forest path and making my own journey alone.

I stopped talking for one moment; the pictures of my memories came back into my mind while the bus is still on its way.

The young lady uses her big eyes staring at me and says, "that is interesting! So do you understand your dreams know?" "Maybe." I say. My destination arrived, say goodbye, and get off the bus. On my way home, the sunset surprised me with its lovely warm colors. I lifted up my head and stare at the sky for a moment as it the clouds change its color. "I'm not lonely and empty anymore" I told myself. The spirit of our ancestors on those high mountains will always be with me. People tried to create a fancy world without the slightest consideration of its nature. However, without those spirits, humans will be just an empty vessel with no recollection of wisdom or will remain a cold-blooded and horrible creature, insolated away from the love that Mother Nature provides.