

# Event in my life essays examples



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

I often dream of a beautiful, lush forest with trees that tower with outstretched branches, propped on top of rugged icy peaks, swaying to and fro in the cooling winds, losing a branch or a leaf here and there. This forest that I dream of is nothing more than an imaginary place, and for some reason I have never wandered father, I just stand in one place admiring those towering trees and listening to the whispering of the wind. So, since I have to write about a place I have visited before, I would like to imagine what it would be like if I wandered ahead into this imaginary forest and spent a day there on my own.

If I were to explore the forest, I can image discovering a path early in the morning with thousands of scattered leaves that have been plucked off by the winds. As I walk down this path, listening to the sounds of the winds in the forest, I expect to wind up in the valley of a river. There the dry ground, the sky and the trees would show hints of recent rainfall. The day would be extremely pure, pleasant and warm despite the winter, and full of the twinkle of sunlight and strongly reminiscent of spring. For some reason, I foresee that my day spent deep within the forest gets enlivened by an exhilarating and fierce wind-storm. I would decide not to set up a tent, but would wander further into the forest to enjoy the storm.

I would not mind even if I ended up losing track of where I exactly was. All I can imagine is the warmth, as the afternoon sunlight comes pouring out of clouds once again, lighting the tops of the trees, the scent of summer mixed with that of the storm emanating from the surroundings. I would continue wandering on, across several narrow valleys, from one hilltop to another, occasionally stopping in my tracks to take refuge under the shade of a tree, or just stand and look around for a moment.

I expect to keep wandering for long, until it is midday, and by then I would have climbed to the peak of the highest hilltop in the forest. I would now be frustrated with all the trees blocking the view and I would decide to climb one of them to get a wider viewpoint. Of course, I would have to choose a tree carefully, one that was strongly rooted, perhaps without too many branches, so that I could grasp it with my arms and legs while climbing. This would be a new and probably a risky experience for me since I have never climbed a tree before, but I can imagine that I would somehow enthusiastically climb to the top. Experiencing the swirling motion at such a height would certainly be thrilling.

I can picture myself sitting there, on top of the tree for hours, sometimes staring at the panoramic view, while often shutting my eyes and just listening to the wind that had been blowing since I had started out.

Eventually, I would climb down and take a leisurely stroll down the path I had earlier taken, hopefully to find my way out of this forest before it got dark.

Regardless of whether the forest I dream of is a real one or not, a day that I can image spending there would be something like this.