Essay on a memorable trip to rio de janeiro

Family, Father

{Student's Name}

{Professor's Name}

{Course Name}

{Date}

The phrase of ' curiosity killed the cat' is ever known. The same thing happened to me when my family and I decided to take a break from our daily life and go to Brazil for vacations. Even though the phrase didn't fulfill its entire meaning, killing me, it did succeed in something close to that. It is said that our elders don't stop us from things because they know better; they stop us from things because they have already done them and know the outcome isn't going to be any good. Yet, it is in human nature to experience things yourself and not listen to what others tell you. The same thing happened to me where my trip to Rio de Janeiro became an event that placed my life in danger.

If one looks back at their life, it is impossible to remember each and everything that happened. Honestly, for me it is difficult to remember the sequence with which the events took place in the previous day. What one remembers are vivid memories which make up the summary of the eventful things that happened. These are memories which have been of the most important things in our life like marriage, graduation, trips or of certain events which embed in our mind forever. I have a certain memory as well where things were perfect but all of a sudden my curiosity got the better of me and placed me in danger.

A couple of years back, my parents decided to take me and my siblings to Brazil for our summer vacations. Visiting Brazil was something which I always

had on my to-do list. I was very excited about the trip as I was finally going to fulfill my long last dream of visiting Brazil. For the first three days of our trip, we had arrangements in Rio de Janeiro. Our hotel was beautiful and the balcony of my room opened up to the beautiful deep blue sea. We used to walk around the never ending beach and spend our entire day over there while sunbathing, surfing and enjoying the array of water sports available. One place which I really wanted to visit was the Rocinha hill which was home to one of the biggest favela in Brazil but my parents would always negate the idea as they thought it was dangerous and not suitable for us to go. Rocinha was located not that far away from our hotel and to me it looked like a beautiful hill with small houses.

On the eve of our last night in Rio de Janeiro, we attended the local festival arranged in a market nearby. People were dancing and eating and it was a lot of fun. My parents, however, decided to leave early as we had an early flight to Sao Paolo in the morning. We came back to our rooms by ten and everyone was deep asleep by 1030. I could not manage to sleep and kept on gazing at Rocinha from my window which looked like a hill lit with candles. Looking at the hill, I could not resist as I decided to go there myself. I checked if everybody was sleeping, wore my sneakers and left the room swiftly. I went downstairs and asked the receptionist to tell me about the shortest way of getting to Rocinha. The directions were pretty simple and I started marching towards the breath taking view. As I kept on walking, it seemed like the infrastructural development of the city kept on deteriorating. I was lost in between buildings and could not see the hill anymore. I kept on walking until I reached a place which looked exact

opposite of the astounding view that I had before me a few minutes ago. The houses became smaller and smaller and there was a sickening smell in the air which kept on increasing. I thought that this was just a small crossing and kept on walking when all of a sudden a few boys came out of nowhere in front of me. A couple of them were holding small knives while the other looked curiously towards me. They offered to sell me drugs but I declined the offer. They then asked me about my origin and then started to talk amongst themselves in what seemed like Portuguese. My heart kept on pounding harder and harder.

I decided that if they continued for a few more seconds, I would just turn around and run. Their discussion seemed like it was going to last a while and I turned back and decided to run. I would have hardly taken ten steps when two boys appeared in front of me; I stopped immediately. One of them pushed me against the wall and put his knife on my throat. He threatened to take my life if I tried to be clever. I started feeling like this was the end for me; images of my family started to flash before me and I regretted the moment I decided to leave the hotel. The boy still held the knife close to my throat and I kept on sweating feverishly. The next thing that I remember is hearing a gun shot after which I fainted. I woke up to find myself in my hotel room with a doctor and my family around me. The sun was shining brightly now as I immediately enquired about the previous night. My father told me that he found me missing from my bed last night and immediately went to the reception. The receptionist told him that I had set off for favela and he left off with the receptionist and a couple of sea guards to look for me. He told me that the boys left as soon as the guard launched the flare gun into

the air.

I was embarrassed and started apologizing to my father immediately. My father forgave me but I will never forget this event in which I could have lost my life.