

Descriptive narration about an important event

Business



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I want to tell a story about my first trip, the event which changed my life dramatically. It took place two years ago during the summer.

The tickets were bought in advance, but the day before the departure, doubts began to occur in my mind. My parents and close relatives did not take my decision seriously and twisted their fingers to their temple. I felt that it was the starting point and the new page of my life, instead. For me as a person who grew up in civilization, the first days of the trip were difficult physically as my whole body ached and hurt. But the people I travelled with were really encouraging as they made my mood positive during the whole trip, and this outweighed inconvenience and difficulty I faced.

Moreover, on the fourth day of the hike, it was much easier for me to overcome these problems. Somewhere deep in my heart, I was struck by the changes that had happened to me. My entire life I was afraid of heights, bodily injuries, and crawling insects. Moreover, I extremely disliked indelible clothes and sleeping in a tent. Now, I realize that too much importance was given to these fears and aversions which actually hindered me from enjoying the life.

I got all these in abundance during the trip: a rapid rise from 800m to 1520m, then from 1750 to 2235m, lots of insects around, and sleeping in a tent. Now, as I write these lines, I understand - this is what I had missed. At some point in your life, you come to realization that you need to do something extraordinary to evaluate yourself and see your life from a completely new perspective and become aware of the fact that you possess endless abilities and potential. One of the brightest events was the first climb

to the mountain. In the evening, we spent the night at an unusual meadow of fairy fears.

We were going up for a few hours surrounded by dark gray blocks and then saw a place that looked spectacular. It seemed as if we had got into old fairy tale where the gnomes hid from the evil witch. In the morning, we had planned a serious climbing without backpacks from 1720 to 2450 meters. During the ascent, the weather was not favorable to us: strong wind, fog, rain, snow, and hail followed our way. I was ready to stay near some stone and just wait for everyone. Fortunately, our group leader helped me to gather strength.

Grabbing my hand, he controlled my steps and encouraged me to continue going saying that I could manage to do it. And finally, we got to the top of the mountain. It was a real victory for me. It was not initially my goal to conquer the mountain. I think that mountain welcomes only brave and courageous people, and I was really proud of myself after my accomplishment.

It was just the most valuable experience I have ever had. On the ninth day of the hike, my moral strength was exhausted. I terribly wanted to go home, and beauty did not excite me since then. On the way to the mountain, our water supplies quickly came to an end, and we were dying of thirst. We went the whole route in ten days instead of the planned twelve ones.

At the end, my feet were swollen and ached badly. But at the entrance to the city, I was astonished by its view - it was a real miracle: beautiful cliffs, lots of labyrinths, and 50 huge balloons flying in the sky early in the morning
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made a lasting impression on me. I will never forget my first trip as it was bright and fabulous.