

Rock essay

Business



Thing Essay The first time I left the state was to go visit my cousins in Colorado. While I was there I got this awesome stone. It meant a lot to me since I was able to take back with me a “ piece” of Colorado. My first trip was very memorable because I got to experience so many new things.

Visiting my cousins was awesome! It was like finding some long lost siblings that were your age too and you all had so much in common. My Journey all began during Christmas vacation, and it was very cold. As soon as we walked out of the airport it hit me, a freezing blast of dry wind tearing through my little bones. I loved it. We finally made it to the car we peeled out and went exploring. For me it was like experiencing a whole new world.

Seeing snow for the first time was amazing. We hopped out of the car at Jack In The Box and jumped into a big pile of fluffy white snow. The cold wet touch of the snow was numbing on my hands when I twiddled my fingers together attempting to make a snowball for the first time. I exhaled enjoying the cold refreshing air and was dumbfounded when steam spewed forth from my mouth. This amused my siblings and I for a good hour, running around the parking lot of a Jack In The Box.

Before we were about to head up to the mountains our cousins came sliding into the parking lot. After they reigned us in like a bunch of wild animals they announced where we Kilmer 2 would going. A few hours later we began climbing up into the high mountains of Colorado. SCREECH!!! The car in front of us suddenly starts sliding across the ground. None of us understood why until we saw that the ground was covered in a thin layer of ice.

The ice was treacherous and almost impossible to see. If the car had been going faster around that corner they would have gotten down that mountain in record time. Slowly we resumed our journey up the mountain. Finally making it to the top we turn around and look out into the never ending land before us. Astonished I noted just how small I was and how much I had yet to explore and learn in the world.

Turning back around something flashes in the corner of my eye. Whizzing by us was a snowboarder. My mouth spread into a huge grin when I realized what we were there for. The day I received my stone is still very memorable. The night before consisted of me traveling at high speeds down a mountain on a snowboard, it was exhilarating. Unfortunately all good things come to an end and we were soon falling asleep in our room.

THUD! My body lands on the ground my already sore body gets wracked with another onslaught of pain with the impact. I look up and see my brothers and cousin laughing about the prank they had just pulled. They lend me a hand up and begin our descent down the stairs to meet our parents for breakfast. The breakfast was delicious and filled me with energy for the day. Right before I was going to go jetting out into the snow my mom pulled a small box out of her bag and gave it to me.

I looked at her quizzically searching for an answer for what it was and she urged me to open it. In the small box was a beautiful rock. I picked it up gingerly with my small hands and studied the golden rock. It was a shiny gold but had blue splashes in the rock. The stone felt like glass but Kilmer 3 wasn't. The rock felt so warm and was vibrating with energy.

It meant so much to me, it was absolutely priceless. There are a lot of reasons why my stone is so important to me. My stone has lots of memories of my trip to Colorado in it. Just by looking at the stone I can recall many things that I had experienced there. I now like to make a collection of rocks from every place that I visit (out of state).

But my favorite stone is by far the one I got from Colorado. My stone is absolutely useless, although I keep it because it has sentimental value. It is very similar to taking a lot of photos. The only difference is that with the stone is more three dimensional. There are lots of stones out there and they are all over the world. It's not just the stone that makes it so important.

It's the memories of where it came from that made it into what it is.