

# NARRATIVE ESSAY



My essay is about my first visit to a cave. It was a trip organized by our Wildlife club patron in my primary school course. The trip involved a visit to the nearby mountain. The previous night, I kept on foreshadowing how the trip would incur changes in my life. My heart was full of anxiety that made an increase in my rate of heart beat. I kept reflecting the remarkable opportunity I got to travel in a vehicle for my first time. The whole of the night kept on discussing with my brothers about the trip. My heart was full of joy to an extent that denied to my supper that previous night. One could tell from my physical appearance the amount of pleasure in my heart.

Before I slept, I requested my sister to iron my school uniform for the preparation of the trip. I brushed my shoes to such that they could reflect a ray of light from a far head source. I packed all the materials for use including some extra clothes to wear when the uniform becomes dirty.

In the day that we had scheduled the trip, we woke up as early as 5:00AM. We gathered in the school playground for the last lecture from the school head teacher concerning the trip. He gave us some directions on how we would carry ourselves in the journey and the mountain. The trip was scheduled to take two days. We drove our school bus to the site of the trip.

During the journey, we tried to figure out some of the things that we could find on the mountain. We shared more ideas with my colleagues about how we felt about the trip. As we approached the mountain, the weather kept on changing. We experienced the sensation of cold that rendered some of us to shiver. The bitterness increased such that all of us had wet noses. Our journey took around three hours to arrive at our destination. We all stood at the bottom of

the hill our eyes directed at the dark, gloomy hole in the nearby rock. My jaws appeared to be more tightened, and a turned up stomach when I saw the cliff.

Our trip aimed at observing a cave within the mountain which was set aside on a yellow sandstone cliff that was two hundred fit above the green forest far below. Our mission was to climb the cave. As we approached the cave, sounds of birds in the forest could be heard. I felt uneasy on the occasion when we stood beneath the hill. At first, I was anxious to survey the area but my mind drifted off quickly. I started reflecting on how my brother had been advising me to keep off from this passionate hike. We packed our backpacks that were full of food, blankets, water and started our journey to the cave.

My legs started to ache as the topography of the area became steeper. There was no a straight groove to the cave. We used our routes that involved the use of deer trails when possible. We could make a short rest take our drinks because the steep climb made us wear out quickly. When waved my eyes around the region, I realized that we had covered only a third of the distance. The underbrush and forest growth was soothing. It made me feel at peace.

The sight from the top of the bluff appeared spectacular. We identified a clear observation of the Mississippi river and its source. The river seemed to be glisten when the sun reflected on it. The green islands with dark water made the river look attractive. I saw a tugboat pushing slowly towards the upper part of the river.

We made an investigation of the area and found a pathway that took us inside the cave. The path wound into the cave like a chimney. The climb looked painful and scary. We decided to look for firewood before starting down. We gather enough wood and they them into the cave. I climbed the cave, and my colleague threw the packs to me. The cave looked more scary and delicate. The other pupils climbed into the cave. Our knees were shaking as we made a

ten fit jump into the cave.

The cave had a soft sandy floor and a balcony. The floor had a perfect campsite. As the day approached the end, darkness started to overtake the light. We decided to prepare a campfire. We used our firewood and a matchbox. All the smoke from the fire went out of the cave while the heat remained inside the cave. We made the fire big enough to enable us to cook our cans of soup. Our make-shift dinner tasted like a gastronome meal after the long trek. After our meal, we sat down around the fire and shared stories. We could engage in singing as well as riddling.

When we exhausted our stories, the frame had been diminished. We covered up in our blankets and went to bed. Our minds were full of adventurous idea and excitements. In addition to the condition of the cave, the tiresome moment we experienced made up asleep within a short period. We had a deep sleep without even wishing a good night to my colleague.

The next day, we woke up in the morning and prepared a fire. The weather was freezing. We warmed ourselves using the fire and cooked our breakfast. We had a small breakfast of beef jerky and the hunger for our water on the upper part of the bluff. We craved a lovely meal and a cup of coffee. We gathered our utensils and ensured that the place remained as we met it. We threw the remaining firewood out of the cave. We started leaving the cave at around 8:00 am. My body had already rested from the night's sleep on the sandy ground.

Our journey down the hill was much easier than climbing the hill. The journey only looked like half of climbing the hill. When we returned to the school van, we spent some time staring up the hill where we had spent our night. It looked so small and very far away. We all bore in mind that we had made our achievement. We drove away from the scene towards the school. The journey

to school also appeared to be short. The trip made a transformation in my life for conquering the toughest rock climb in the region. When I went back to school, I explained the entire story to my classmates. As I reflect on my experience, I am aware that if I get another chance to go make a similar crazy journey, I will never be hesitant.