

Name

Instructor

Couse

Date

Near Death Encounter

Every once in a while, we encounter moments that that change how we think and feel. Such moments change our perspective towards life and give us reasons to appreciate every moment when we are alive. For me, I had such a moment when summer when I literally came close dying. Near death experiences are not the best to have. When you experience something traumatic that almost ends your life, you become more cautious and tend to live life differently than you did before. Initially, I thought it was just something that people said because they grew up and became more reflective. However, when I had a near death encounter while climbing a rock, I understood the value of life and I try to live mine in the most fulfilling way since then.

I always enjoyed rock climbing from a tender age. I practiced hard and felt confident in my abilities. At first, I practiced climbing rocks with straps to support me so that I do not fall. However, as I advanced, I mastered free climbing. This is climbing rocks without protective gear. When you become good enough at climbing rocks, you can scale steep slopes with ease and without flinching. Climbing rocks became my most preferred pass time activity. Derived joy and satisfaction out of it and participated in it to calm myself whenever I was nervous or under pressure.

One of the things that I enjoy about climbing ricks is that I get to enjoy scenic views. Once you climb to a high point, you enjoy the surrounding nature without any interruption. Plus, when you climb to hill peaks that only you can access, you enjoy the surrounding views in ways

that others can never do. Whenever I saw a rocky hill, I got the urge to climb it. Rock climbing gives me immense pleasure as it helps escape most of the challenges of daily living.

Of all the rock climbing adventures I have had in my life; one remains memorable to this day. The day began like any other normal day, nothing out of the ordinary. As usual, I went out to enjoy nature. On this day I had visited Yellowstone National Park. The scenic view was amazing. I enjoyed the open air and its cool breeze that blew across my face. The fresh air is refreshing to the lungs. You take a few deep breathes and feel your body calm down. Also, I enjoyed the silence. Retreating to the silence and serene environment of nature refreshes my mind. Hence, I make a point of taking time off the hustle of the hustle big city and retreating to a quiet environment where I rejuvenate.

Despite there being many lovely places in the park to visit and see, one place kept crossing my mind. The rocky hill that stands tall and mighty in the park. I stared at the hill for a moment and tried to imagine what the scene would be like when I get up there. I wanted to see the point at which the water fell to the ground and enjoy the cool atmosphere up there. The thought of the hill filled me with joy. I felt eager to climb it. I wanted to conquer the hill and stand on it as a sign of my triumph.

I went to the foot of the rocky hill to assess it. I saw the edges of the rock, places I would hold as I scaled. I saw its steepness up-close and understood how challenging the climb would be. Still, I did not fret. I stated my climb one step at a time. I saw protruding rocks that I held on to and found large enough edges for me to step on. I planned, strategized, and executed my climb with precision. All this time, I had not protective gear. I had been practicing free climbing for a while and knew that I had the skill and experience to make it to the top.

Some parts of the hill are easy to climb. However, other parts are hard and dangerous. You have to be careful not to slip. Also, you must plan your climb so that you don't run out of space to hold. I continued my climb, being very meticulous. I was fully focused on my goal of reaching the top. As I went higher, I glanced down. I saw myself moving further from the ground. Some people are afraid of heights and would never dare to look down or climb a hill. However, I am not afraid of heights. In fact, I love being at high points. It gives a vantage point. At such high heights, I feel complete and comfortable.

Glancing down from time to time helped me to appreciate the beauty of the park. I saw the vegetation and birds. I also loved the way the water fell to the ground. It was captivating. I enjoyed the view very much. For a moment, I was lost in contemplating the beauty of nature. I felt as part of that beauty. I felt lucky that I was having that unique experience. Although enjoying nature as you climb is important, one has to be careful. Especially when it takes your mind off the climb. This is exactly what happened and it put me in great danger. Losing my concentration when I had scaled to such a high point put my life at risk.

The rocky hill at Yellowstone National Park is not an easy climb because of how steep it is. Therefore, losing concentration for a split second can end in disaster. The mist from the waterfall settles on the rock, making it damp. This increases the likelihood of falling because the rocks become slippery. Also, the water tends to soften some parts of the rocks. As a result, a piece can easily break off and fall. But, since I was experienced, I had anticipated all the dangers involved and resolved that I was capable of handling them.

In that split second when I was distracted by the view of the park, I grabbed a rock that chipped off the hill. I lost my balance as my other hand also lost grip and my foot slipped. My heart beat faster and I felt an adrenaline rush in my body. A cold chill ran down my spine as I

regained my balance by quickly moving hand to an adjacent rock and finding a new place for my foot to step. I held on for my dear life. I felt panicked and fear stricken. I tried to catch my breath as sweat rolled down my face and armpit.

I felt my strength fade away as my legs kept shaking. I tried to summon my strength to complete the climb but none of my limbs would respond. I was stuck, unable to continue climbing up or moving down that hill. Many thoughts rushed through my mind at that time as I tried my best to stay calm and collected. Suddenly, I felt like I did not want to be far from the ground. The forest underneath me and the clear sky above me were not as beautiful as I had found them to be moments earlier. The only thing I wanted was to get to the ground safely and reconnect with my loved ones.

Luckily, a few climbers who were nearby noted my distress. They immediately jumped into action and came to my rescue. They helped to get down the hill. I was still panicked when I reached the bottom. I could not thank them enough. I owed them my life. After a short rest, I set out to return to where my parents were.

The walk from the foot of the hill to where my parents were takes about an hour. This gave me ample time to think and reflect on the near-death experience I had had. I thought long a deep of how life could have been if I had died. I thought about the things I would miss doing and all the special movements I would never be part of again. Also, I thought about the things that I regretted the most. Since then, I have become more reflective in my approach to life. I try to leave each moment and enjoy it to the fullest. Also, I try not to do anything that I regrettable. I understood how life can end in an instance without one achieving their goals. The events of that day changed me. Although I still do rock climbing, I have become more cautious and never allow myself to be distracted when I am climbing.