

Near the campsite for Elfin Lakes in Garibaldi Park, there is a beautiful green expanse sloping downward; it finds elegance through simplicity, and demands appreciation. The panorama extends for miles, allowing the viewer a breathtaking glimpse of distant glaciers. Here, the unobstructed back country stretches all the way up the west coast – here, there is true wilderness. It was my second day in this place, and as night fell heavy there seemed a charge to the air that was not wholly figurative – late into that night, the largest electrical storm in recent history struck the Lower Mainland. Directly overhead. In the driving thunder and rain, a small two by two metre tent was my only protection, and I could see the simultaneous flash and clap of thunder silhouetted against the thin walls. There was nowhere to go – I spent the night trapped, helpless against the fury of the storm. Eventually, as the elements calmed and day broke, I tentatively left the confines of my tent. Once again, I looked out upon the magnificent landscape, only to find that I perceived a new depth to this wonderfully barren land; my fear from the long night had melted with the sunrise, and I felt a common bond between myself and the rugged terrain. Our shared experiences, forged in a trial by fire of sorts, showed me there is often more to something than the immediately obvious.