

Glamping at Pali

The night sky over Pali was nothing short of magical, with stars that twinkled ever so gently and a moon shining a light over campers sleeping peacefully on the ground.

Yet the cruel leaders of our camping vacation did not believe in “sleeping under the stars,” it seemed. For we were told to sleep in a cabin, with air conditioning, heaters, music, bathrooms, even heated floors? We were supposed to experience the outdoors, not lounge in horrible buildings (Except for the bathrooms, I don’t know what I would’ve done without them)! I couldn’t believe it! But it started to seep into my brain that this was our fate.

Fast-forwarding to sleepy time, no one really got any sleep the first night with people whispering to each other, moving around in their sleeping bags, and a random person in the middle of the night saying, “Stop touching me!” (I’m not joking.)

Thinking about this, I remembered our trip to Catalina Island just a year prior. With the tents and the outdoor feeling, snoozing away was so easy that the second my back touched the mattress, sleep deprivation felt miles away, so far it was almost laughable. In Pali, however, surrounded by the cushy luxuries of modern civilization, the comforts of sleep were even farther away than the idea of insomnia had been at Catalina.

After an hour, it was obvious to me that sleep would not take hold, so I just waited for morning to come. Maybe, just maybe, there was a chance, however small, that the night sky could have given me a wink of sleep. Maybe it was the darkness, with all of the horrifying creatures I can’t even begin to list that I imagined were about to eat me alive (I play too many video games). It could also be because I usually go to bed much later than 8:30, but that didn’t really explain it. With all of my thoughts in mind, I lay in bed, waiting for the morning to arrive.

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